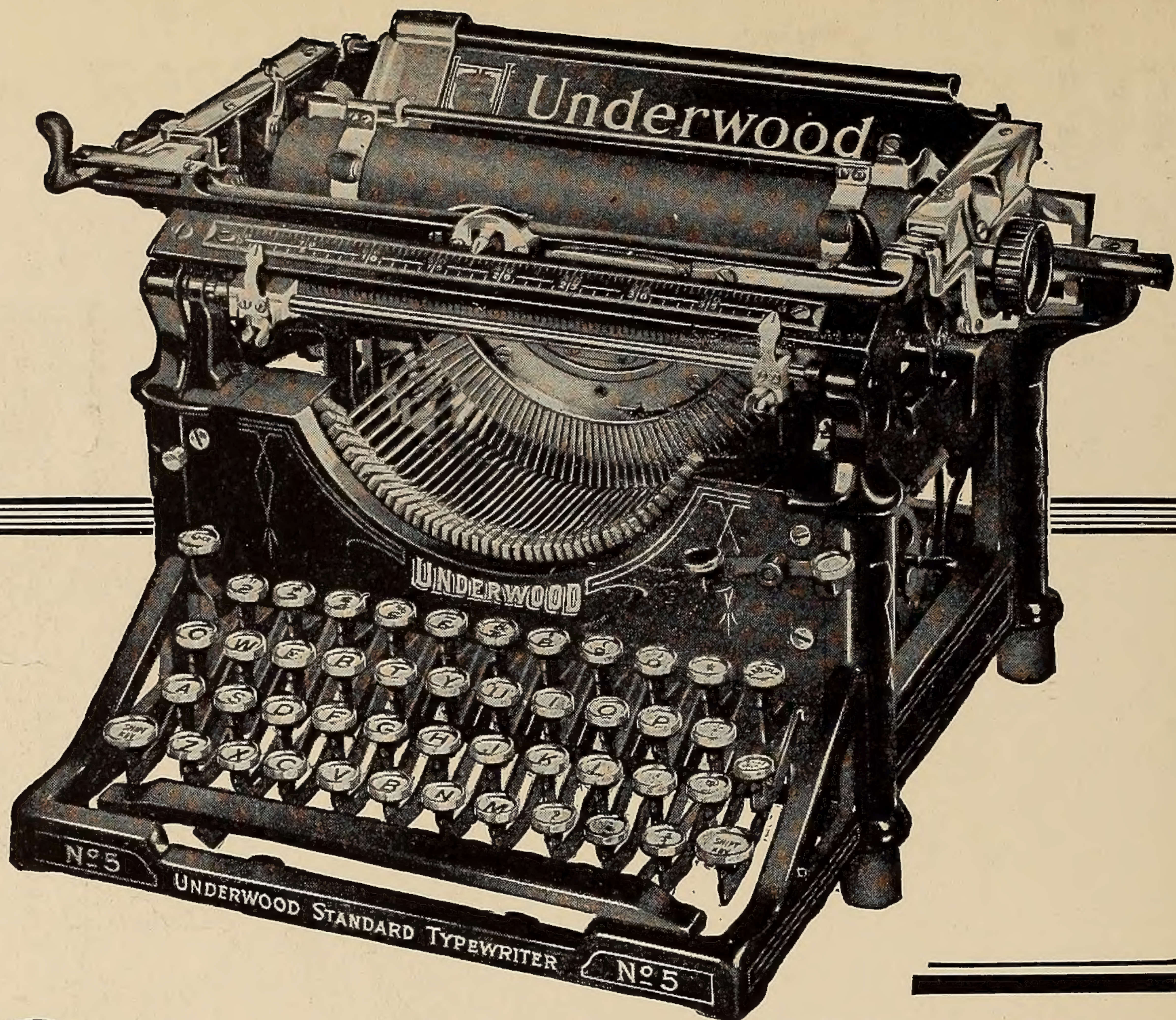


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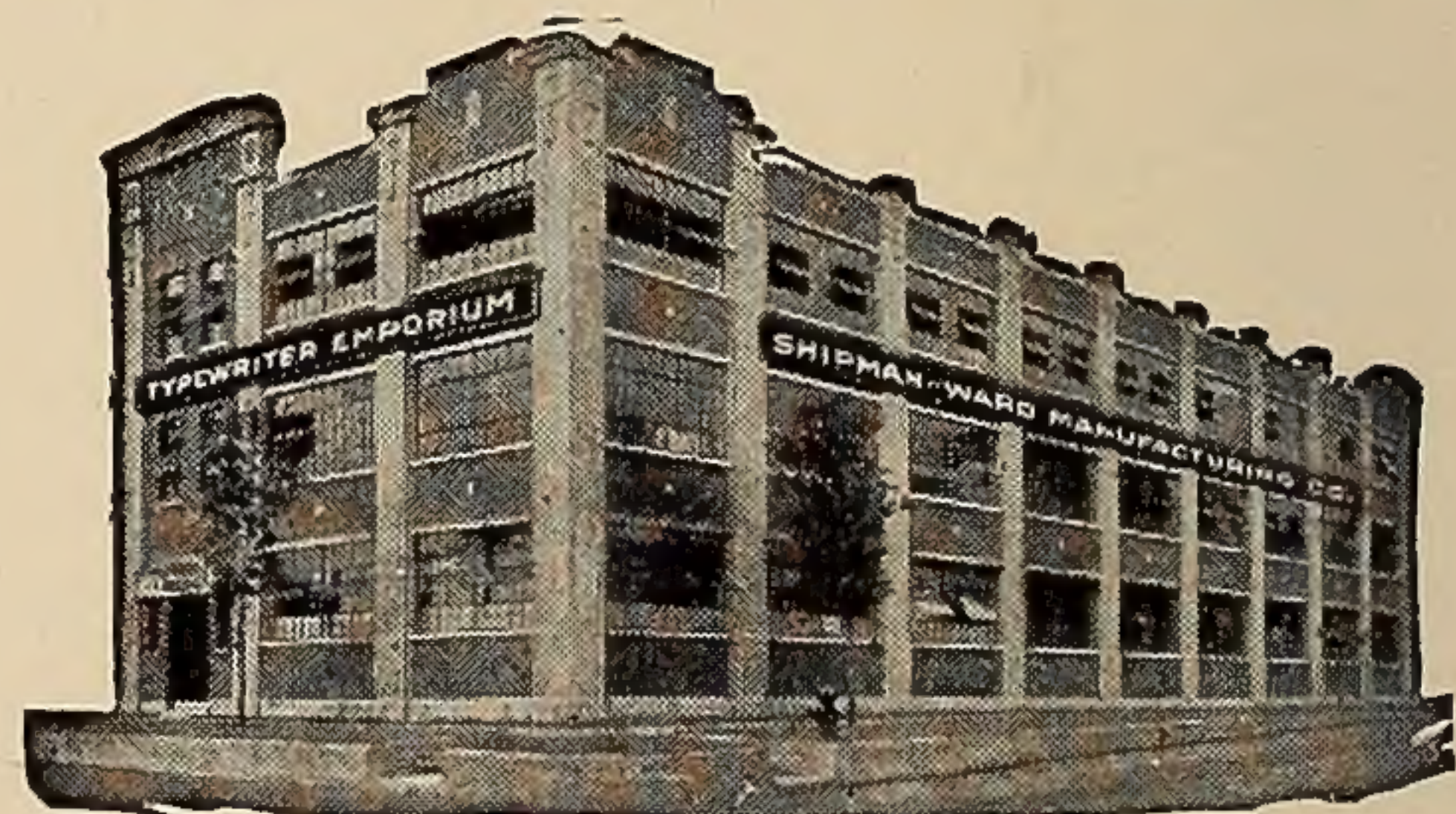
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Again She Orders — “A Chicken Salad, Please”

FOR him she is wearing her new frock. For him she is trying to look her prettiest. If only she can impress him—make him like her—just a little.

Across the table he smiles at her, proud of her prettiness, glad to notice that others admire. And she smiles back, a bit timidly, a bit self-consciously.

What wonderful poise he has! What complete self-possession! If only *she* could be so thoroughly at ease.

She pats the folds of her new frock nervously, hoping that he will not notice how embarrassed she is, how uncomfortable. He doesn't—until the waiter comes to their table and stands, with pencil poised, to take the order.

“A chicken salad, please.” She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why *had* she ordered that again! This was the third time she had ordered chicken salad while dining with him.

He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She didn't know how to pronounce those French words on the menu. And she didn't know how to use the table appointment as gracefully as she would have liked; found that she couldn't create conversation—and was actually tongue-tied; was conscious of little crudities which she just knew he must be noticing. She wasn't sure of herself, she didn't know. And she discovered, as we all do, that there is only one way to have complete poise and ease of manner, and that is to know definitely what to do and say on every occasion.

Are You Conscious of Your Crudities?

It is not, perhaps, so serious a fault to be unable to order a correct dinner. But it is just such little things as these that betray us—that reveal our crudities to others.

Are you sure of yourself? Do you know precisely what to do and say wherever you happen to be? Or are you always hesitant and ill at ease, never quite sure that you haven't blundered?

Every day in our contact with men and women we meet little unexpected problems of conduct. Unless we are prepared to meet them, it is inevitable that we suffer embarrassment and keen humiliation.

Etiquette is the armor that protects us from these embarrassments. It makes us aware instantly of the little crudities that are robbing us of our poise and ease. It tells us how to smooth away these crudities and achieve a manner of confidence and self-possession. It eliminates doubt and uncertainty, tells us exactly what we want to know.

There is an old proverb which says “Good manners make good mixers.” We all know how true this is. No one likes to associate with a person who is self-conscious and embarrassed; whose crudities are obvious to all.

Do You Make Friends Easily?

By telling you exactly what is expected of you on all occasions, by giving you a wonderful new ease and dignity of manner, the Book of Etiquette will help make you more popular—a “better mixer.” This famous two-volume set of books is the recognized social authority—is a silent social secretary in half a million homes.

Let us pretend that you have received an invitation. Would you know exactly how to acknowledge it? Would you know what sort of gift to send, what to write on the card that accompanies it? Perhaps it is an invitation to a formal wedding. Would you know what to wear? Would you know what to say to the host and hostess upon arrival?

If a Dinner Follows the Wedding

Would you know exactly how to proceed to



the dining room, when to seat yourself, how to create conversation, how to conduct yourself with ease and dignity?

Would you use a fork for your fruit salad, or a spoon? Would you cut your roll with a knife, or break it with your fingers? Would you take olives with a fork? How would you take celery—asparagus—radishes? Unless you are absolutely sure of yourself, you will be embarrassed. And embarrassment *cannot be concealed*.

Book of Etiquette Gives Lifelong Advice

Hundreds of thousands of men and women know and use the Book of Etiquette and find it increasingly helpful. Every time an occasion of importance arises—every time expert help, advice and suggestion are required—they find what they seek in the Book of Etiquette. It solves all problems, answers all questions, tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

If you want always to be sure of yourself, to have ease and poise, to avoid embarrassment and humiliation send for the Book of Etiquette at once. Take advantage of the special bargain offer explained in the panel. Let the Book of Etiquette give you complete self-possession; let it banish the crudities that are perhaps making you self-conscious and uncomfortable when you should be thoroughly at ease.

Mail this coupon *now* while you are thinking of it. The Book of Etiquette will be sent to you in a plain carton with no identifying marks. Be among those who will take advantage of the special offer. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 872, Garden City, New York.

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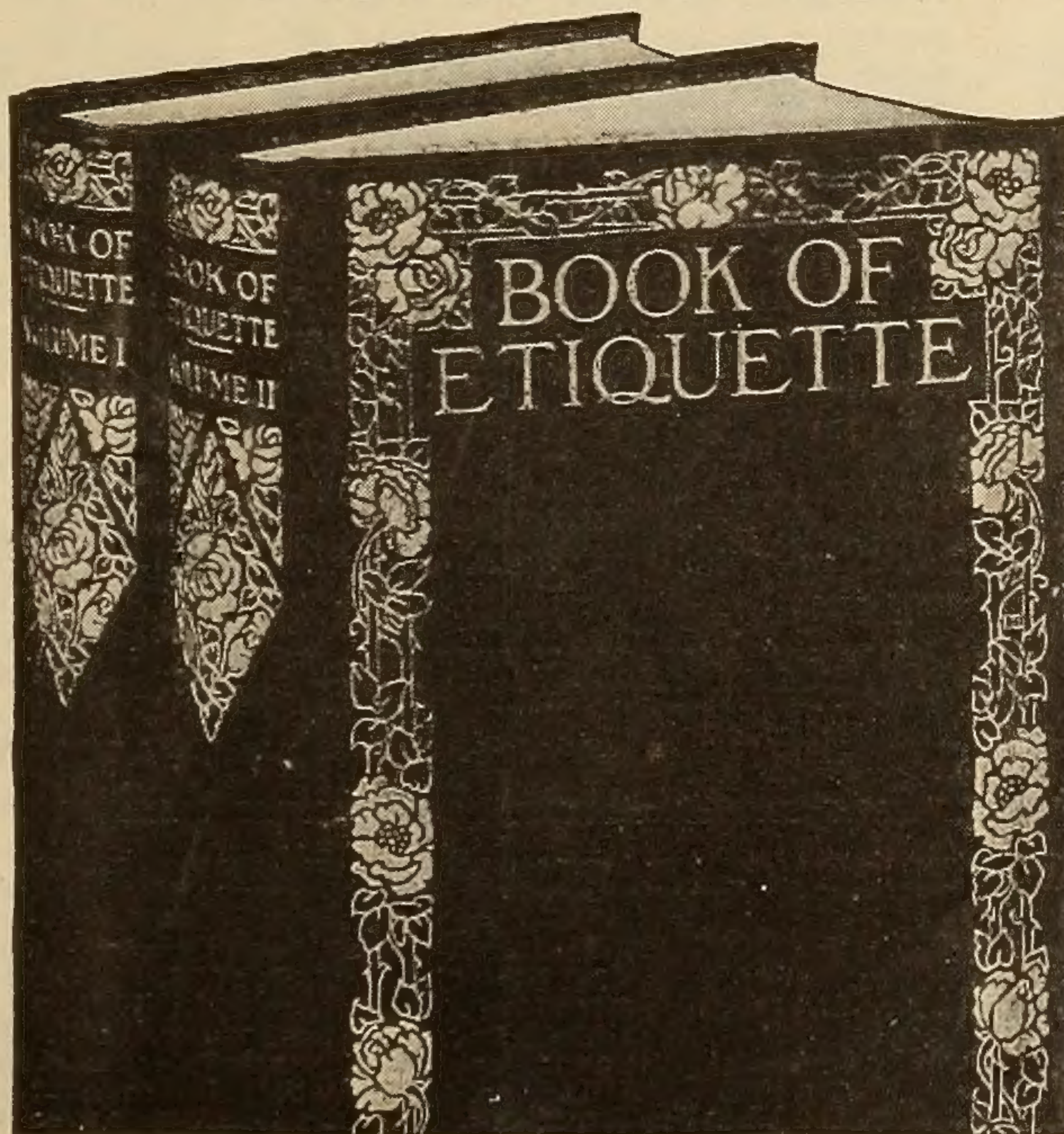
I accept your special bargain offer. You may send me the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette, in a plain carton, for which I will give the postman only \$1.98 (plus delivery charges) on arrival—instead of the regular price of \$3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the books within 5 days and having my money refunded if I am not delighted with them.

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Myron Zobel, *President*

Frederick James Smith, *Editor*

Notable Features of the *Burlesque* Number

- WE BURLESQUE OUR CONTEMPORARIES, in which SCREENLAND gently travesties certain motion picture publications page 34
- IDEAL HOME LIFE OF THE STARS, the famous comic artist, Rube Goldberg, at his best page 48
- JOHN HELD, JR., presents Phyllis Invades the News Reel and a travesty Theatre Curtain pages 24 and 32
- THE DIARY OF A MOVIE PA, you've read what the mamas write, here's where a film father expresses himself, by Anna Prophater page 43
- THE GREAT RASPBERRY AWARD, a celluloid medal for the worst picture page 27

JOHN HELD, Jr.

Creates a striking cover of Our General

FREDERICK J. SMITH

Editorials of force and condensation
page 16

ELDON KELLEY

On Five Great Discoveries of Motion Pictures page 45

H. B. K. WILLIS

In Shot to Hades writes humorously of Hollywood production page 46

SCREENPLAYS IN REVIEW

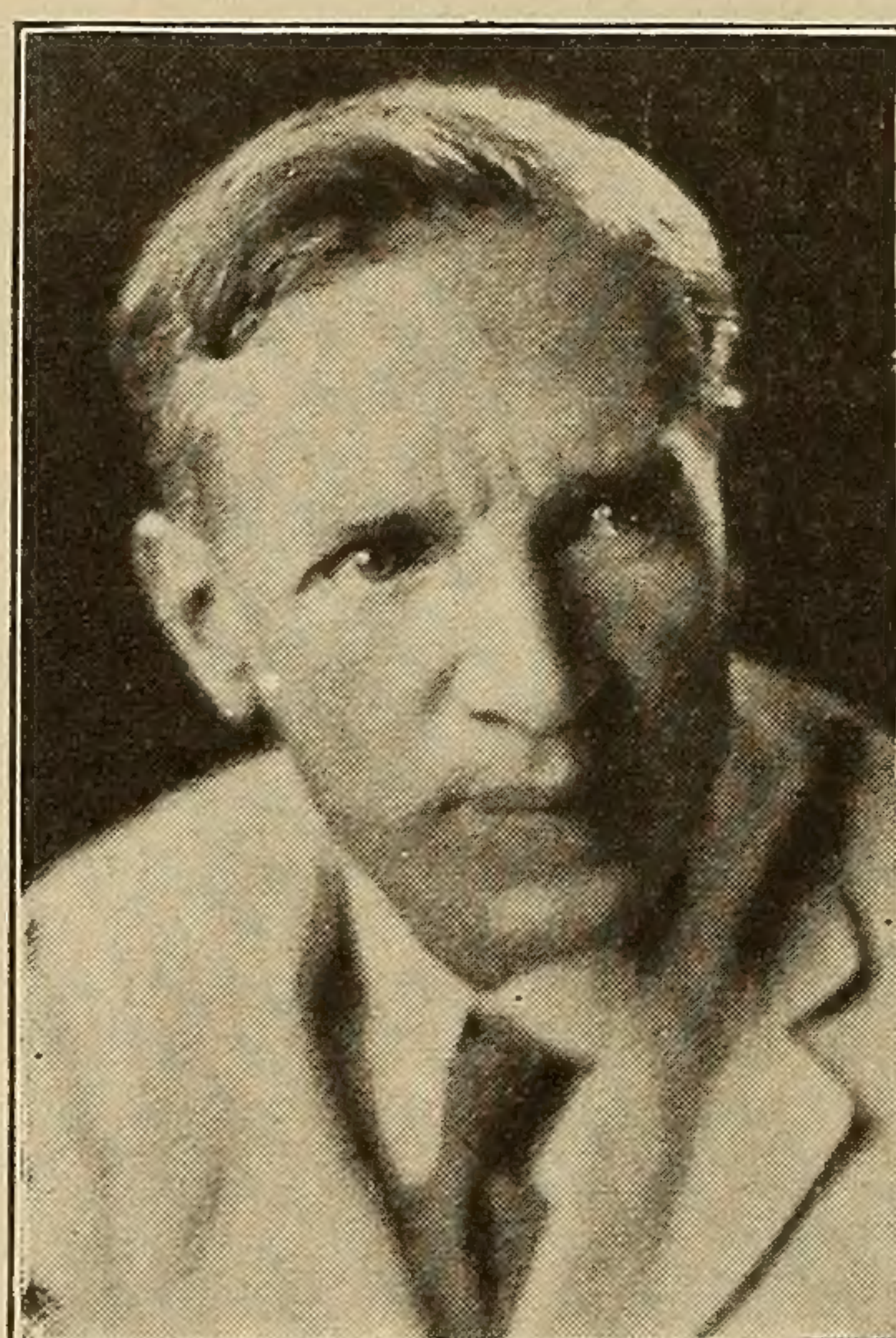
Frederick James Smith analyzes the new pictures page 50

EUGENE McNERNY, Jr.

Furnishes some more piquant girls in Some Valentines page 53

SUSIE SEXTON

Compares the morality of the films and the footlights in Is the Pollyanna Screen Immoral? page 54



Upton Sinclair

Pursuing the policy of continually adding the foremost writers to its already notable list of featured contributors, SCREENLAND will present next month that sensational literary figure, Upton Sinclair.

Sinclair first attracted world-wide attention with his expose of the Chicago stock yards in *The Jungle*.

He has now turned his penetrating mind and his poignant pen upon Celluloidia.

In the April issue, Sinclair answers with his usual fire, the question—

WHY MUST THE MOVIES LIE?

WYNN

SCREENLAND's famous caricaturist visits the theatre page 59

GEORGE J. NATHAN

Brilliant and incisive comments on the speaking theatre page 60

DELIGHT EVANS

Furnishes the newest real life story, this time of Barbara La Marr. page 62

GRACE KINGSLEY

Explains how the newlyweds, James Kirkwood and Lila Lee, are safeguarding their happiness in Divorce Insurance page 69

EUNICE MARSHALL

Discusses the life of a movie star in Three Years—And Then? page 71

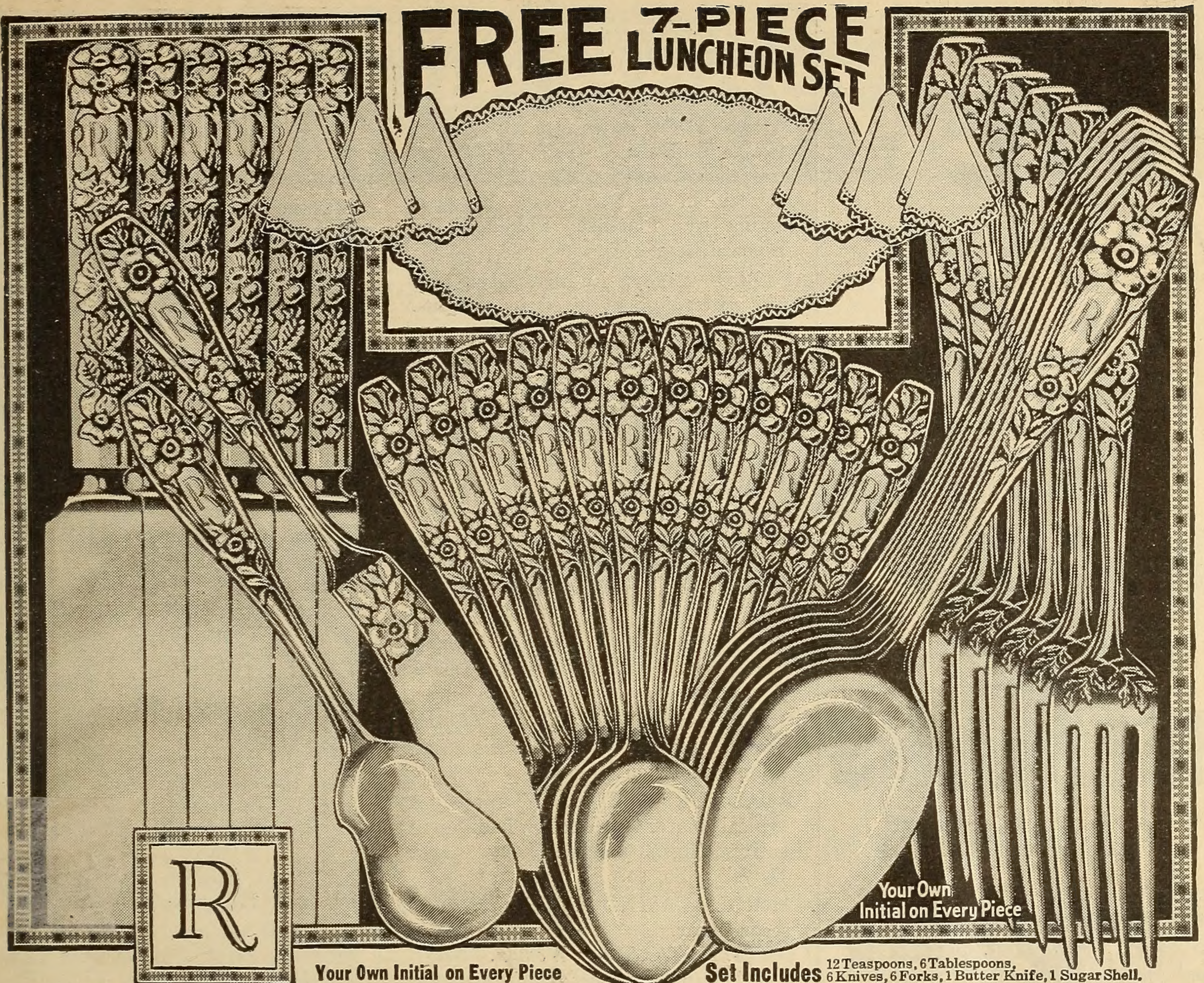
SCREENLAND'S FAMOUS DEPARTMENTS

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BELMONT—*Tarnish*. Gilbert Emery's drama of Manhattan sordidness makes concessions to hokum but, on the whole, it is one of the interesting things in town.

BIJOU—*The Whole Town's Talking*. Lively farce, still doing nicely, thank you.

BOOTH—*Seventh Heaven*. Austin Strong's play of wartime Paris seems to be running on forever.

BROADHURST—*Topics of 1923*. A typical Winter Garden show in different surroundings. Headed by Alice Delysia. So, so.

CARROLL-CASINO—*Wildflower*. In its second year.

COMEDY—*The Shame Woman*. North Carolina mountaineer stuff, by Lulu Vollmer. Good cast.

CORT—*The Swan*. Ferenc Molnar's brilliant and brittle comedy of royalty at home. Intimate and flashing—and superbly played.

ELLIOTT—*Rain*. Still the big thing dramatically. Jeanne Eagels still as scintillating as ever as Sadie Thompson.

ELTINGE—*Spring Cleaning*. Light but smart comedy by Frederick Lonsdale. Played with skill.

FORTY-EIGHTH—*Queen Victoria*. This historical play, covering the reign of Alexandra Victoria, has interest.

FORTY-NINTH—*For All of Us*. The regular William Hodge stuff.

FULTON—*One Kiss*. Clare Kummer's delightful musical adaptation of the Parisian farce, *La Bouche*. Nicely done, too.

GAIETY—*Aren't We All?* A pleasant British comedy.

GLOBE—*Stepping Stones*. The regular Fred Stone show, plus Fred's daughter, Dorothy, who makes her debut and scores one of the hits of the year.

HARRIS—*The Nervous Wreck*. Here's a laughing hit by Owen Davis, with a brisk cast topped by Otto Kruger and June Walker.

HIPPODROME—The big playhouse is open again, this time under Keith

management. A New York institution in new clothes.

KLAW—*Meet the Wife*. Mary Boland lifts the comedy to unusual interest.

KNICKERBOCKER—*The Lullaby*. Edward Knoblock's drama is annoying the would-be censors. Strong stuff, with Florence Reed doing flashing emotionalism.

LIBERTY—*The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly*. Another Cohan show glorifying another Irish gal. The usual dancing entertainment.

LITTLE—*Chicken Feed*. Guy Bolton's small town comedy is highly popular.

LONGACRE—*Little Jessie James*. A musical farce with a Paul Whiteman band.

LYCEUM—*Little Miss Bluebeard*. Appealing song play by Avery Hopwood given high verve by the piquant Irene Bordoni.

HENRY MILLER'S—*The Changelings*. Intelligent comedy of modern manners with an all-star cast.

MOROSCO—*The Other Rose*. Adapted from the French by George Middleton with Fay Bainter starred.

MUSIC BOX—*Music Box Revue*. Third edition and bigger and better than ever before, as Barnum would have said. One of the glittering revue hits.

NATIONAL—*Cyrano de Bergerac*. Walter Hampton scoring the hit of his long and distinguished career in Rostand's heroic comedy. One of the season's interesting events.

NEW AMSTERDAM—*Ziegfeld Follies*. The usual Ziegfeld smashing revue hit. Glorifying the American girl as of yore.

PLAYHOUSE—*Chains*. Jules Eckert Goodman's drama of American family life is gripping—and well played by Helen Gahagan.

PLYMOUTH—*The Potters*. Based upon the syndicated home life stories of J. P. McEvoy and one of the season's hits. Homely, amusing and vital in its way.

PRINCESS—*Sun Up*. Another Lulu Vollmer drama of the Carolina Mountains, with Lucile La Verne in a strong role.

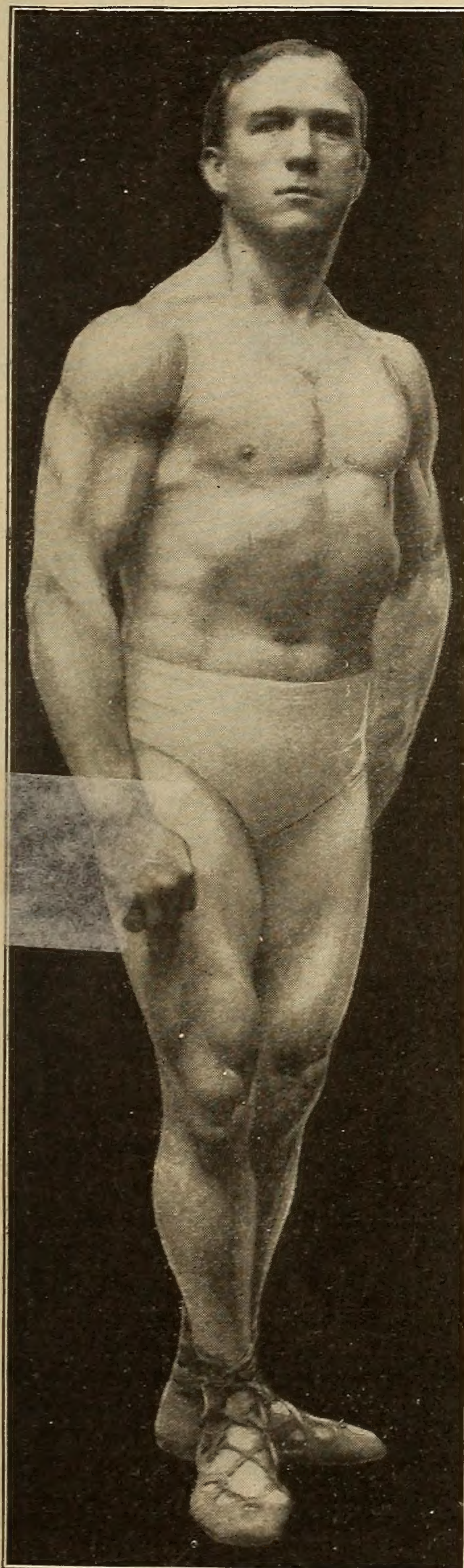
REPUBLIC—*Abie's Irish Rose*. This seems likely to wear out the theatre before it exhausts itself. No waning yet.

SELWYN—*Mr. Battling Buttler*. Musical show with Charles Ruggles and William Kent.

SHUBERT—*Artists and Models*. The undress Shubert revue wears more clothes now that the censors have been after it. Still the stag revue of the town.

WINTER GARDEN—*Greenwich Village Follies*. Colorful and entertaining John Murray Anderson revue.

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Her eyes are clouded by Romance and her love for you. She cannot know the things about your past that YOU know. Her judgment is prejudiced and she cannot see thru the Eyes of Love your many faults and weaknesses that are so apparent to everyone else. You fear to tell her that you are a victim of Youthful Errors, bad habits and excesses—that you are a pitiable apology for a real man. Yet you dare not deceive her and wreck her happiness.

Root Out the Crop of Youthful Errors

You have sown a big crop of "wild oats." You know quite well that the girl you love will reap most of the harvest if you continue in your present weakened, contaminated and devitalized condition. **YOU KNOW THAT**—and you know that her faith in you as a man would not survive the truth. You are facing the crisis of your life. Your decision now will influence your whole future and hers. It looks dark and hopeless to you, but there is a way out. I can help you. I have devoted my entire life to the study of Nature's unfailing corrective forces. I have helped to save thousands of men in your condition. I want to save you.

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Brace Up. Be true to the best that is in you for the sake of the girl you love. You can come back. You can banish the weakness and deficiencies that threaten to ruin your married life and blast the happiness of that pure girl. You can get rid of Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Asthma, Hay Fever, Nervousness, Biliousness, Impotency, Lost Manhood, Vital Losses, and the numerous other results of Youthful Errors and Excesses (see consultation coupon). You can aid Nature in restoring your Vital Powers and Manhood and fit yourself for the joys of Marriage and Parenthood with

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Age..... Occupation.....

Street.....

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THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



Burdette Claire Cleveland

Does it ever dawn upon these great producers to produce the life of a musician or musicians? Their life, if studied back to the stone age, is such a vast difference to that which is on the screen today. Why do they not portray "Beethoven-Chopin," like they have Lincoln. If they study their life they will find plenty of romance, plot and mystery. Why do they not think of the great sacrifices of the musician? Why do they not today portray the life of an ambitious girl like myself today, trying to gain success in music? All of the competitors in life and knocks she receives would be of interest.

BURDETTE C. CLEVELAND,

419 South Adams Ave.,
Freeport, Ill.

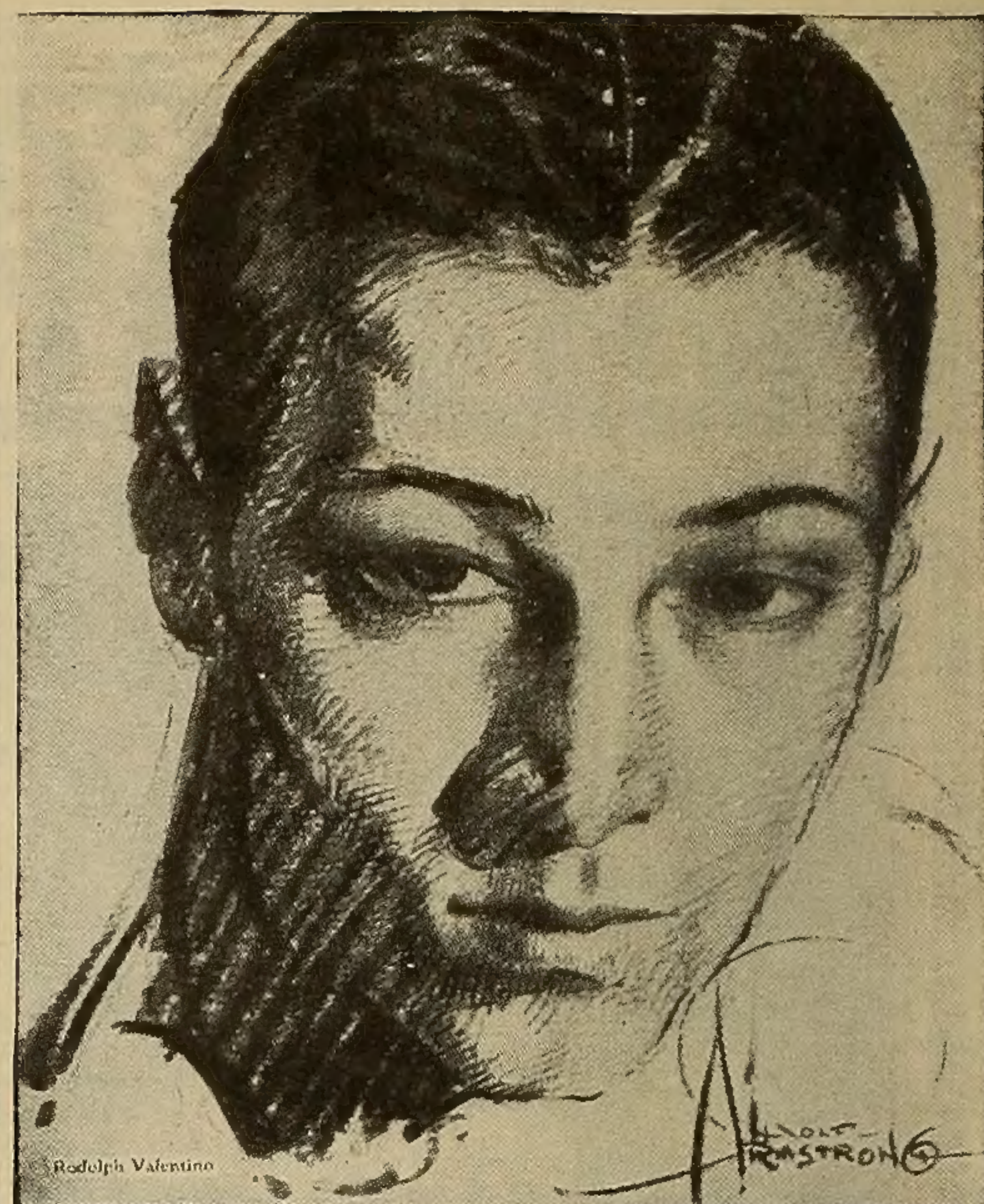
THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



Kate Goldie

In all the years that I have been a very attentive movie fan, there has not been one actress, who could move me to tears, no matter how tragic her role, until I saw Mary Philbin in *Merry-Go-Round*. She in my opinion reached the heights in the scene, where the dashing officer gave her the pretty wrap and hat to wear. It seemed as though she woke up from a wonderful dream into the dreary world again. That pitiful look on her face, how it tore at my heartstrings and made my eyes overflow with tears. Now I want to say a few words about the critics that denounced my favorite, Dorothy Gish, for her role in *The Bright Shawl*, as La Clavel. They

[Continued on Page 10]



Rodolph Valentino

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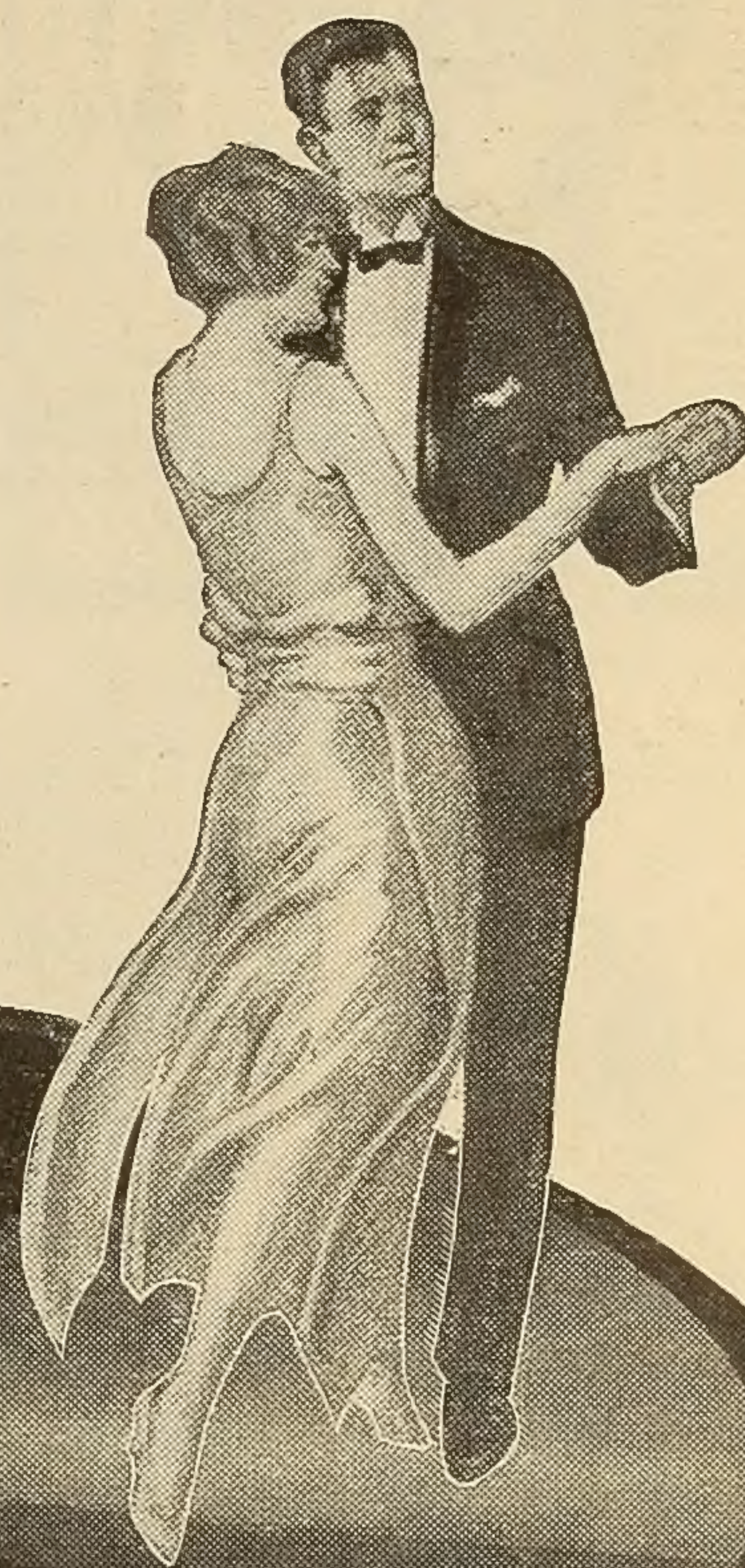
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said all sorts of things about her, that she did not look the part, that she acted like a mischievous kid at times, and a lot of other nonsensical statements.

KATE GOLDIE,

1625 Sonoma Avenue,
Berkeley, Calif.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



☛ Louise Burkhart

Why is it, that as a general rule stars never get credit for being what they are. Like Antonio Moreno. Fans just will not believe that he is Spanish. I have studied the Spanish language

and I know that his is a good Spanish name. But because it is Antonio people say he is a "wop." What difference if he is? He could still act as well. Surely an Italian is just as good as a Spaniard.

Ramon Novarro also suffers such unjust treatment. He is a Mexican. I believe it even though I cannot prove it. I have a lot of faith in magazines and I believe we should give an actor credit for what he is, or is supposed to be.

LOUISE V. BURKHART,

707 Raymond St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

The newspapers have just published stories of the shut-down of some of the biggest moving picture studios for the purpose of a general reconstruction of the movie industry. It is rumored one of the reasons for this condition is that the various companies are at



☛ Grace R. O'Donnell

mored one of the reasons for this condition is that the various companies are at

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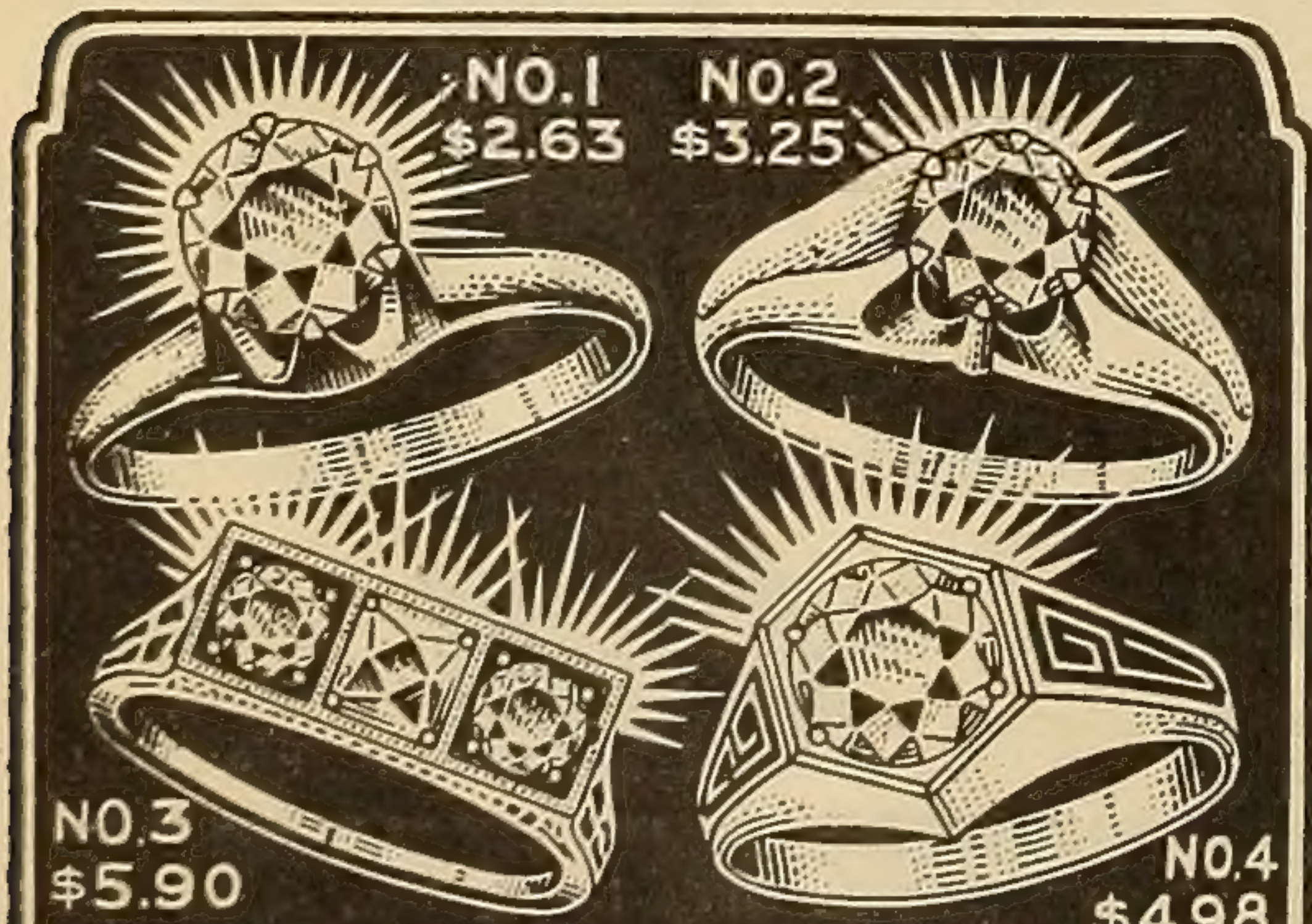
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sea as to what kind of pictures to produce; in other words, they are at a loss to know what sort of pictures the public wants.

There is too much similarity about pictures today. Right now we are living in the day of the costume drama. Costume pictures usually bore me as they are generally nothing more than "spectacular productions," the sets—not the story—being the dominating factor. There is too much imitation and too little originality in the moving picture industry and let us hope this fact is taken into consideration when the "reconstruction of the moving picture industry" has been accomplished.

GRACE O'DONNELL,
620 West 41st Street,
Chicago, Ill.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



There are certainly a lot of knockers in the world today. Also an amount of the sort that praise one star, and one only, namely the best known. Just as if the actors just becoming famous

don't care for praise. I believe the most knocked star of all times is Mary Miles Minter. I am fully convinced it is the movie world in general that hands them to her. I have traveled considerably and have yet to meet a screen fan who doesn't adore Miss Minter. In fact there are a good many who actually prefer her instead of Mary Pickford. Myself included. I admire Miss Pickford, greatly, but Miss Minter is just as good. She is youth itself in all her pictures, and who doesn't love youth? I'm sure if she were given as good pictures as Miss Pickford she would be even more famous. And as good direction also.

HELEN GILLETTE,
986 East 52nd St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

What's happening to Griffith? After much tooting of horns and clashing of cymbals the presentation of *The White Rose* has at last taken place—and bids fair to transform itself into the obsequies of D. W. G. as 'the Master.' With every desire to do justice, with full appreciation of the tenderly poignant artistry of Mae Marsh and the mellow beauty of the southern settings, the fact remains that the public was not convinced. It was obvious to audiences everywhere that the

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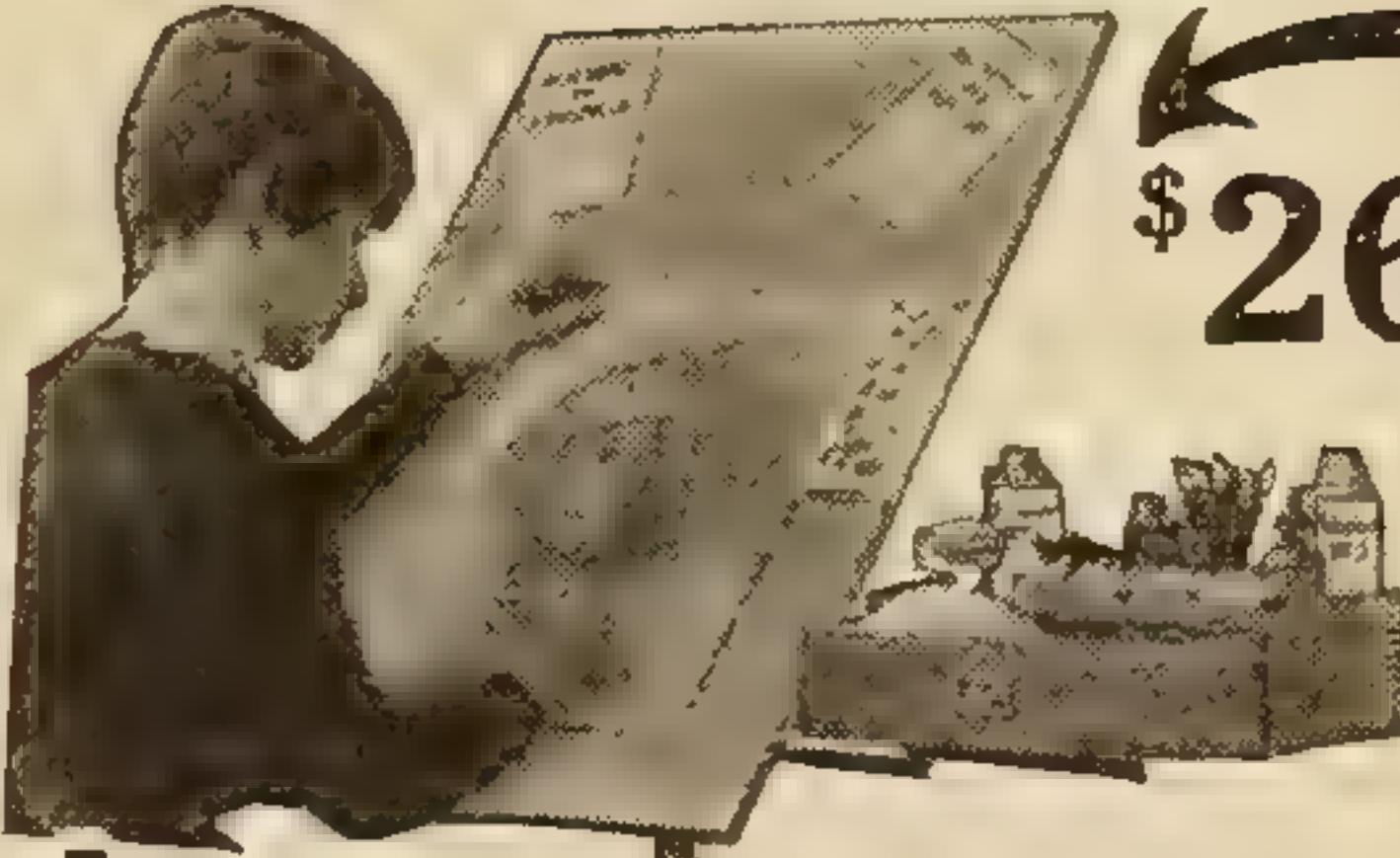
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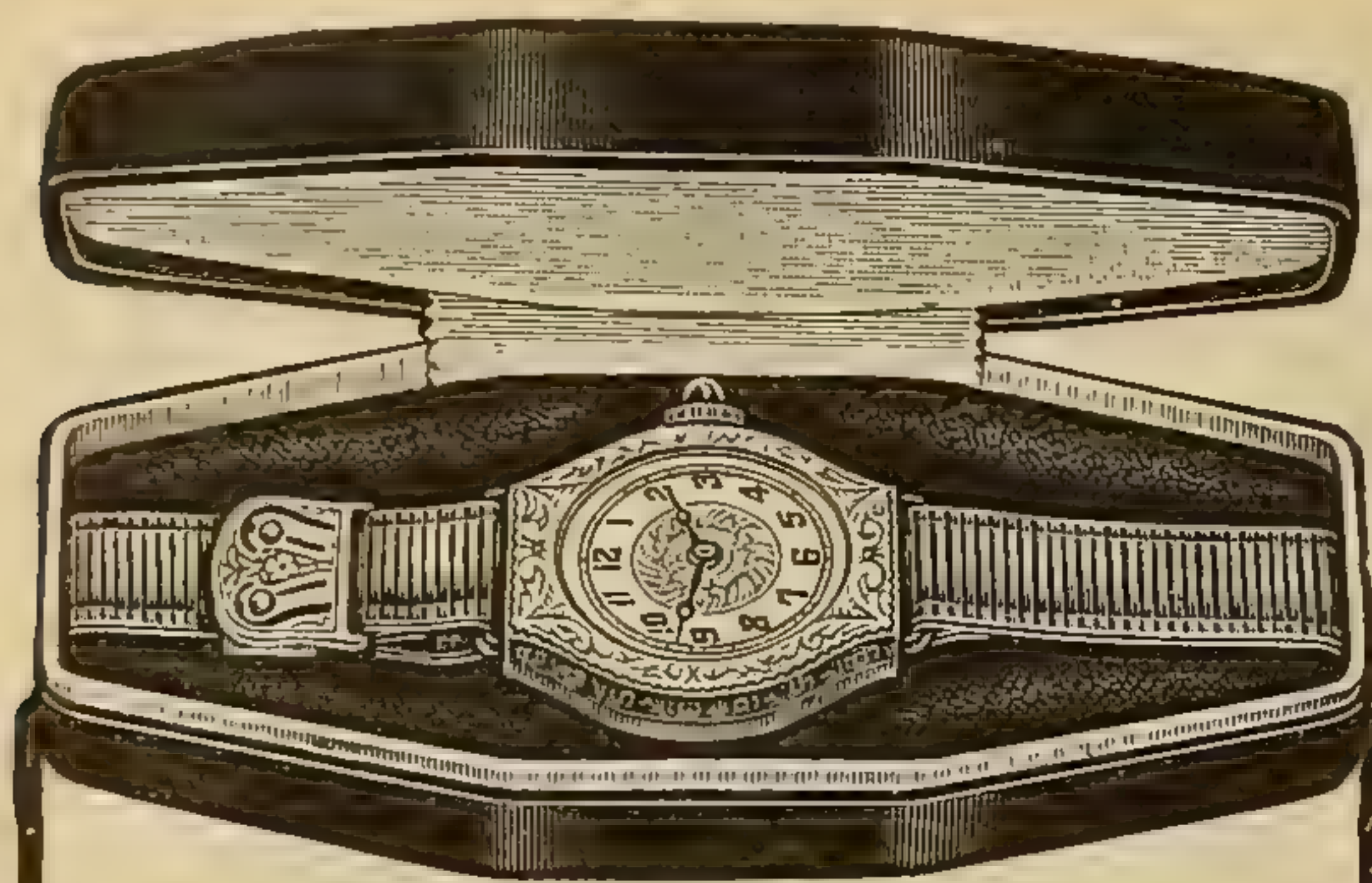
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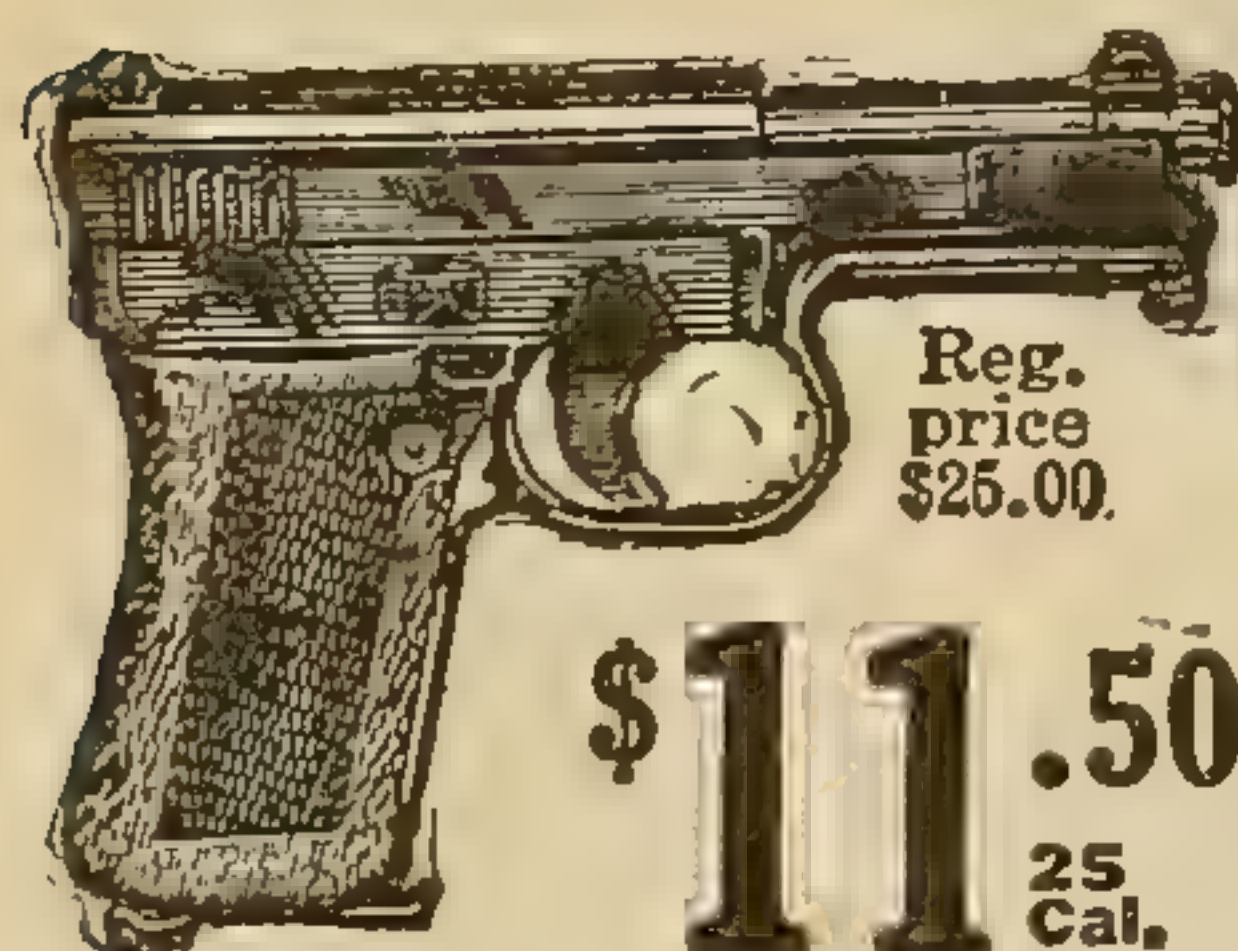
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hand of the Potter is slipping. Aside from musty plot, stupid sub-titles and far-fetched situations, Griffith appears to have lost his old knack of appraising acting ability. The man who discovered the Gishes, Bobby Harron, Mae Marsh and Richard Barthelmess now expects us to be impressed by Carol Dempster, a young lady whose histrionic powers seem limited to the ability to look like a cameo, Ivor Novello, a young gentleman too deeply interested in being beautiful to bother much about acting, and Neil Hamilton who has nothing on any one of half a dozen juvenile leads that might be mentioned. To add to the mischief Griffith permits his players to overact, and if there is anything that's painful it's over-acting by people who can't act anyway.

It is rather a melancholy matter these days for admirers of D. W. G. to look back over the Griffith record beginning with *The Birth of a Nation*, that first great screen masterpiece which bids defiance to time and change and was followed by *Intolerance*, a rather over-dressed and confused opus, but on the whole worthy of the great idea which it put across and generously interlarded with brilliant bits of character work. Soon after, came *Broken Blossoms*, the most exquisite poem that ever shimmered across the silver sheet. Next we had *Hearts of the World*, a war spectacle and nothing else, followed by *The Girl Who Stayed at Home* and *True-Heart Susie*, two pictures which never crossed the border from mediocrity. Then for a change Griffith gave us that colorful thing *The Idol Dancer*, a picture perhaps a little strained in spots but suggestive of the delicate charm of *Broken Blossoms* and at the same time pulsating with an impassioned loveliness which has never been approached except, possibly by Ingram's *Where the Pavement Ends*,—and serving to flash for one moment on the screen of Time the rare, seductive, exotic personality of the wholly unforgettable Clarine Seymour. After this came *Scarlet Days*, in which Griffith tried to convince the public that Carol Dempster can act, followed by *Way Down East*, which was everything that *Broken Blossoms* and *The Idol Dancer* were not, including a box office success. Next came *Orphans of the Storm*, a pretentious, inaccurate historical piece which rang hollow and was followed by that absurd hodge-podge of inferior acting, directing and technique, *One Exciting Night*, in which neatly chopped boughs (supposedly torn off by the storm) floated languidly past the doorway and great giants of the forest were uprooted while two little potted trees on the veranda barely quivered.

"S"

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Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| —how to win the man you love. | —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming |
| —how to win the girl you want. | —how to rekindle it if burnt out. |
| —how to hold your husband's love. | —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men. |
| —how to make people admire you. | —how to attract people you like. |
| —why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love. | —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age. |
| —why many marriages end in despair. | —are there any real grounds for divorce? |
| —how to hold a woman's affection. | —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye. |
| —how to keep a husband home nights. | —how to tell if someone really loves you. |
| —things that turn men against you. | —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common." |
| —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon. | |
| —the "danger year" of married life. | |



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can

the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

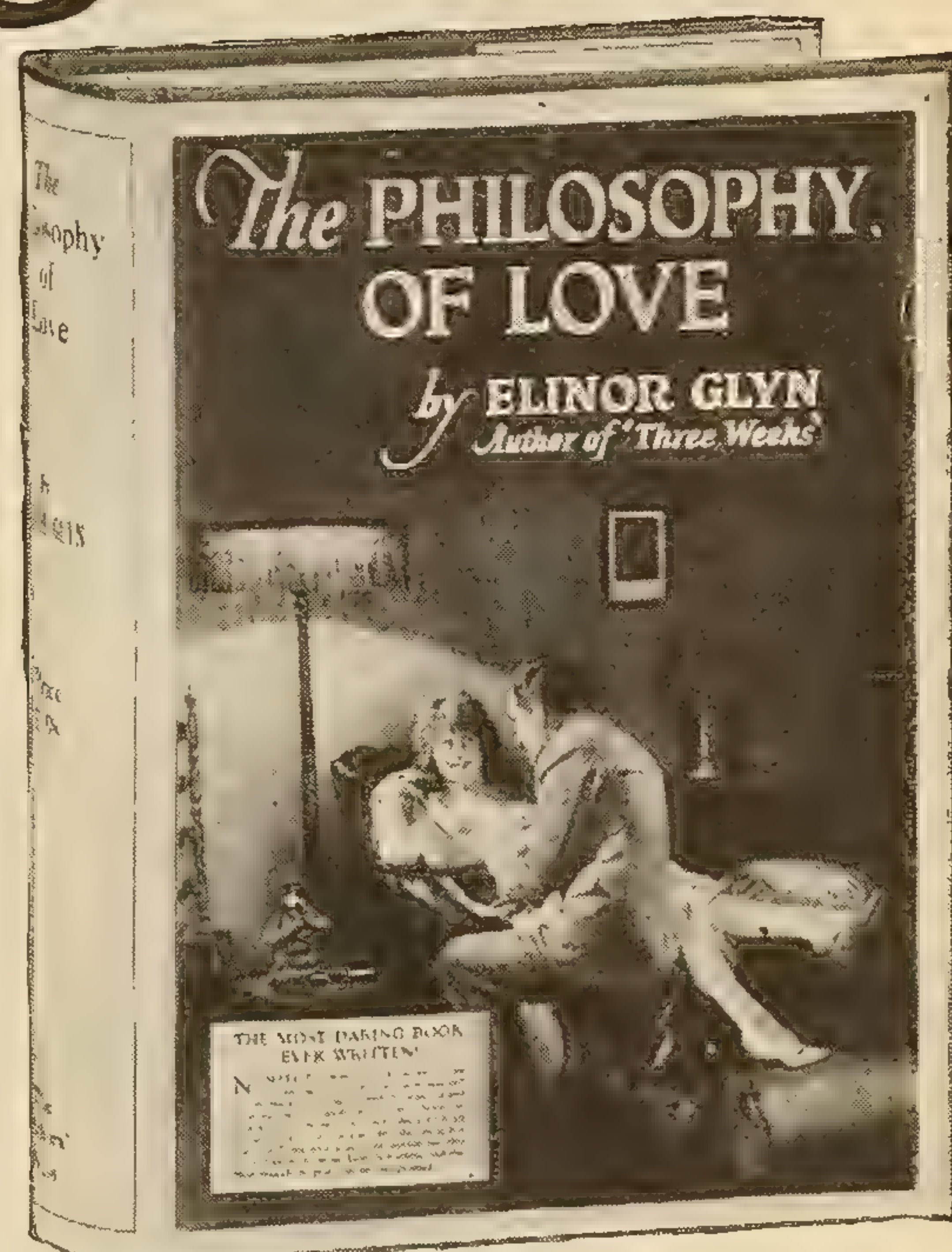
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PRINT DEPARTMENT
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
145 West 57th St. New York City

Reminiscences of a Famous Author and War Correspondent

Phillip Gibbs on Films

PHILIP GIBBS devotes a couple of pages in his new volume, "Adventures in Journalism" (Harper's), to motion pictures, in dwelling upon the progress of mechanical science during the last twenty-one years.

"Moving pictures," he writes, "have caused something like a revolution in social life, and on balance they have been and are an immense boon to mankind—and womankind, especially in small country towns and villages which, until that invention, had no form of entertainment beyond an occasional magic-lantern show or 'penny reading.' They bring romance and adventure to the farm laborer, the errand boy, the village girl and the doctor's daughter, and despite a lot of foolish stuff shown on the screen, give a larger outlook on life and some sense of the beauty and grace of life to the great masses. They give them also a comparison of the present with the past, and of one country with another. Perhaps in showing the contrast between one class and another, in extremes of luxury and penury, they are creating a spirit of social discontent which may have serious consequence—but that remains to be seen.

When Gibbs Acted

I WAS an actor for journalistic purposes in one of the first film dramas ever produced in England. The first scene was an elopement by motor car, and the little company of actors and actresses assembled in the little front garden of a large empty mansion in a suburb in the southeast of London, namely Herne Hill. The heroine and the gentleman who played the part of her irate father entered the house and disappeared.

"Meanwhile a number of business men of Herne Hill, on their way to work in the city, as well as various tradesmen and errand boys, were astonished by the sight of two motor cars, half concealed behind the bushes in the drive, and by the group of peculiar-looking people, apparently engaged in some criminal enterprise. They were still more astonished and alarmed at the following events:

"1. A good-looking youth advanced toward the house from a hiding place in the bushes and threw pebbles at a window of the house.

"2. The window opened and a beautiful girl appeared and wafted kisses to the boy below. Then disappeared.

"3. The front door opened and the beautiful girl rushed into the arms of the

boy. After ardent embraces, he came with her to one of the motor cars, placed her inside, and drove off at a furious pace.

"4. Another window in the house opened and an elderly gentleman looked out, waving his arms in obvious indignation, bordering on apoplexy.

"5. Shortly afterward he rushed out of the front door after the departing motor car (which had made several false starts), with clenched fists and the words, 'My God! My God! . . . My daughter! My daughter!'

"By this time the Herne Hill inhabitants gathered at the gate were excited and distressed. One gentleman shouted loudly for the police. Another chivalrously remarked that he was no spoilsport, and if the girl wanted to elope it was none of their business. A fox terrier belonging to the butcher boy ran, barking furiously, at the despairing father, who was still panting down the drive. Then the usual policeman strolled up and said, 'What's all this 'ere?' Explanation and laughter followed. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in respectable Herne Hill, but they had heard of the cinema and its amazing drama. So this was how it was done! Well, well!

Filming a Runaway Marriage

ASTONISHING things happened in that early film drama, as old as the hills now, but novel and sensational then. The irate father, giving chase in another powerful motor car (which moved at about ten miles an hour), was arrested by bogus policemen with red noses, thrown off the scent by comic tramps, and finally blown up in an explosion of the car, creating terror in a Surrey village, which thought that anarchists were loose. After many further incidents the runaway couple were married in a little old church—I walked in front of the camera as one of the guests—while two of the actors were posted as spies to give warning of any approach of the country clergyman. He, dear man, appeared in the opposite direction and was horrified to find a wedding going on without his knowledge, and an unknown parson (who had dressed behind a hedge) officiating in the most unctuous way. For me it was a day of unceasing laughter, for there was something enormously ludicrous about the surprise of the passers-by, who could not guess at what was the real meaning of the mock drama. Now it is a commonplace, and no one is surprised when a company of film actors takes possession of the road."

SCREENLAND



RUBE GOLDBERG

The famous cartoonist and comic artist, makes his first appearance this month as a Screenland contributor. Mr. Goldberg is probably the best known and highest salaried cartoonist in the world. His Boob McNutt, his Foolish Questions, his Phoney Films and other humorous efforts have made him known in every part of the globe.

Production Moving Eastward

Eastward Moves Production

HOLLYWOOD has been stirred as by a rugged California earthquake through the recent discussions in producing circles that motion picture production is steadily shifting Eastward. There is no question but that a percentage of screenplay making is moving towards the Atlantic.

Hollywood, however, will always be a Western center of film making, because of its ideal location, its atmospheric conditions and its proximity to so much diversified scenic background. But we doubt that it will continue to be the ultimate center of the screenplay.

Celluloid stars are beginning to realize that the narrow confines of a small motion picture colony is limiting to development and work. There is no doubt that the moral handcuffs slipped upon the community by a certain so-called uplift element has been galling to artistic temperament.

Then, too, there is the very vital fact that the screenplay is becoming more international every day. Directors are invading foreign lands to get correct backgrounds and to broaden their viewpoints.

Hollywood will always be Hollywood—but it will not long continue to be the capitol of moviedom, despite all the vast amount of money invested within its borders.

How the Films are Migrating

IN a single year the actual production of feature negatives in California will have shrunk about fifteen per cent. And this shrinkage will doubtless go on.

In 1922 California is said to have done about 85 per cent of actual production of screenplays in America. Fourteen per cent, or practically all of the remainder, was made in and about New York. In 1923 the Eastern production has increased to 22 per cent in the making of screen features and, in 1924, it is expected to increase to about 30 per cent. In other words some \$40,000,000 will be spent in production in New York, against \$19,600,000 in 1922.

The actual figures of 1922 are interesting, in the light of subsequent events. In that year 680 feature films and some 1,400 short subjects were made in the neighborhood of Hollywood. This meant the expenditure of \$119,000,000 in the production of feature dramas and about \$7,500,000 in the construction of short films, principally comedies.

At the present moment there are twenty-four big studios in and about Hollywood, with a valuation of \$24,000,000. And at this writing there are nine big active studios in or in close proximity to New York. Their valuation must run well around \$15,000,000.

Meanwhile the star of production steadily moves Eastward. Hollywood seems to have passed its peak in 1922.

Acting vs. Types

THE movement Eastward will have an invigorating effect upon the making of screenplays in more ways than one. It will help the silent drama histrionically, anyway. Production in and about New York—the stage center of New York and, indeed, of the world—means that thousands of competent actors are always available. It

will mean further that directors can employ actors rather than types for parts, all of which can not fail to improve the acting standards of the screen drama.

The type has been too long a menace to the film play.

Cold Shoulders for Newcomers

LAST month we commented upon Mary Pickford's ten commandments for a person contemplating the screen as a career. The commandments made the screenplay practically prohibitive for everyone save a wealthy genius, if such a being exists.

Doubtless Los Angeles has been over-run with would-be actors and actresses from every part of the country. Doubtless the measure of ability among these adventurers has been pretty low. Yet filmdom should find some way to weed out the incompetents from among this army. Let us suppose for instance, that the various magazine editors decided to ban all incoming manuscripts—and to return all of them unread owing to the low level of the contributions. Certainly human contributions deserve more consideration than typewritten ones.

The recent Los Angeles agitation against these adventurers seems to us to be wholly ill judged. If Los Angeles had its way, these newcomers would be turned back at the railway stations and returned to their homes forthwith.

Still, Los Angeles, having reaped a golden reward from the movie, ought to be able to bear the accompanying penalties. One of them is the horde of seekers for celluloid success. The fame rush of '24, as it were.

Anyway, the screen needs some of these adventurers. Where else will it find the stars of tomorrow?

The Stage vs. the Screen

MAURICE TOURNEUR, the director, made a flying trip to New York recently from the placid confines of Hollywood and declared, just as he departed, that the films had the footlights beaten in every way.

"The stage," said Monsieur Tourneur, "makes no real effort for realism. Nowhere have I seen a fraction of filmdom's careful effort after lighting effects and details of setting." Yet, puzzles Monsieur Tourneur, these same people who go to the theatre and accept the tawdry make-shift realism of the stage will persist in looking down upon the movie.

The director went on to point out the lack of realism in the footlight success, *Rain*, that popular tale laid in the South Seas in the rainy season. "It rains only now and then from the roof edge," Tourneur lamented. "The painted scenery a foot away is perfectly dry. And yet audiences accept this as a fine staging of tropical rains."

Tourneur, it seems to us, has hit upon one of the very manifest weaknesses of the film drama in his statement. This very near-perfection of the screenplay in lighting and setting has caused directors to forget the vital thing of the silent play, the drama itself. *Rain*, for instance, is a terrific and searching analysis of a woman's soul. The lashing rain of the tropics is properly subordinated.

The movie has been worshipping at the feet of false gods. We have too much mechanical perfection and too little genuine life on our screen.

Says FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

The Boxoffice Successes of 1923

THERE is plenty of food for thought in the now-available records of the motion picture dramas of 1923 which scored in the box-offices. In other words, here are the money making screenplays of the year. Herewith we present relative records of two sources:

<i>Motion Picture News</i>	<i>The Film Year Book</i>
1. The Covered Wagon	The Covered Wagon
2. If Winter Comes	Merry-Go-Round
3. Little Old New York	Robin Hood
4. Robin Hood	The Hunchback of Notre Dame
5. Enemies of Women	The Green Goddess
6. Merry-Go-Round	Scaramouche
7. Circus Days	Safety Last
8. Rosita	Rosita
9. The Spoilers	Down to the Sea in Ships
10. (tied) Human Wreckage	Little Old New York
Safety Last	
Anna Christie	
Hunchback of Notre Dame	
The White Rose	
Scaramouche	
Ashes of Vengeance	

The Motion Picture News vote is based purely upon box-office reports. *The Film Year Book* list, on the other hand, is the result of a canvas of newspaper and motion picture publication reviewers throughout the country, some seventy voting on the chosen ten.

You can take either list you like. But it is interesting to find at least a number of good screenplays among the box-office hits. *Anna Christie*, for instance, wouldn't have been among them even a year or so ago. Yes, the screen public is developing. And so are our exhibitors, praise be!

Our Adventuring Filmers

OUR screen players are adventuring everywhere these days. From Africa to the South Seas, the motion picture camera is steadily grinding. The start of the production of General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* reminds us of the famous 1,000-foot production of the novel, which was made by Kalem in 1907 and which caused a storm of litigation.

Glancing through a file of *The Show World*, an amusement weekly of the day, we find this interesting advertisement of this first celluloid *Ben-Hur*:

"Scenery and supers by Pain's Fireworks Company, Manhattan Beach, N. Y., Direction of Mr. Harry Temple, Costumes by Metropolitan Opera House, Chariot race by 3rd Battery, Brooklyn. Book by Gene Gautier. Produced under the direction of Frank Oaks Rose and Sidney Olcott.

"16 magnificent scenes. Nickelodeons everywhere crowded with the magnificent pictures adopted from *Ben-Hur*."

Bad Weather and the Big Moment

ERNST LUBITSCH told us the other day that one of America's biggest distortions of life on the screen is its slur upon the Weather Bureau! No big emotional crisis is ever reached in a screenplay, he says, without the elements letting loose. It either pours torrents or a snow

storm tears about the heroine's windows, uprooting trees and burying the landscape. Herr Lubitsch infers that our directors seem to think the heavens become as agitated as our stars—and with considerable more effect, probably.

Still Herr Lubitsch isn't wholly pessimistic. The bad weather of the big moments, after all, is not such a vital defect. Our screen is broadening, he says. And he points, as well he may, to *A Woman of Paris* and *Anna Christie* as instances in point. He hopes his *The Marriage Circle* will be another. After all, these are actually the pioneer days of the silent drama.

The films have just come to realize that there is no Santa Claus.

The Exhibitor Expresses Himself

SPEAKING of exhibitors, reminds us of some choice comments from film showmen gathered by the film trade weekly, *The Exhibitors' Herald*, in the course of the past year. The publication presents reports from exhibitors upon the various screenplays they run and, naturally, some gems slip in. For instance, there's the exhibitor who reported on *Where the Pavement Ends*:

"A fine picture of the South Seas, but absolutely no pavement."

While another exhibitor wrote of the *Pathe News*:

"I read somewhere that this reel ran for 52 weeks in New York. It must be good."

Then there's the pessimistic showman who said of *Out of Luck*:

"Pleased all who saw it. I even liked it."

Or of *Toll of the Sea*:

"Some of the Smart Alecs told me it was *Madame Butterfly*, but I knew that before."

And there's the harassed exhibitor who wrote of *Cupid's Brand*:

"I once read of an exhibitor who hid in the operating room when his show was off. I didn't dare take a chance on the operating room, so I beat it for the basement."

Another Exhibitor Lament

THE same publication presents a letter from an annoyed exhibitor who has just heard of the almost fabulous salaries earned by the screen's baby stars.

Just before writing the letter the exhibitor discovered that a baby luminary, signed to receive \$200,000 for four pictures, had learned the whole alphabet and could count all the way up to a hundred!

This exhibitor, who hails from a small town in Nebraska, compares the \$200,000 with the yearly remuneration given the president who "knows the whole alphabet, can count up to one hundred and fifty, and, in addition, can recite 'Twinkle, Twinkle, little star'—and yet only receives \$75,000.

Maybe, there's something in the Nebraskan's lament. But, as we've intimated, the thing goes much further than the salaries of the players, a small item after all in the sum total of production waste.

The cost of production must come down, the size of film rentals to exhibitors must decrease and the admission prices to the public must be within reason. The Nebraskan says the motion picture business needs to get a few miles away from Broadway. There's something in that!

AS WE GO TO PRESS:

¶ The differences between Rodolph Valentino and the Famous Players-Lasky Company have been adjusted, so that Rudy is again a screen actor. By the time you read this, he is probably at work upon his first return-to-the-screen picture, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, by Booth Tarkington. By the terms of the arrangement, Valentino will do two pictures for Famous, after which, on or about July 1, his contract for Ritz-Carlton Pictures will begin. *Monsieur Beaucaire* will be made in the East, with Sydney Olcott directing. It is a romantic story of old Bath, providing Valentino with the picturesque role of a barber who masquerades as a nobleman for his night o' nights.

¶ After Lynn Reynolds had shot the first exteriors of *Janice Meredith*, Marion Davies' new production, a change of directors was made. Mason Hopper succeeded Reynolds. The cast includes Maclyn Arbuckle, Holbrook Blinn and Harrison Forde.

¶ Cecil de Mille has returned to the coast after the premiere of *The Ten Commandments*. He is now shooting *Triumph*, with Rod La Rocque in the leading role.

¶ William de Mille is in the East making Owen Davis' *Icebound*, with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson in the leading roles.

¶ Nita Naldi recovering from operation for appendicitis at the Lexington Hospital, New York City.

¶ Theodore Roberts still seriously ill in Pittsburgh, where he was playing in Keith vaudeville.

¶ Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks reported to be going abroad for rest after completion of their present productions.

¶ Clara Kimball Young going on the stage in *Trimmed in Scarlet*, by William Hurlbut.

¶ Ernst Lubitsch announces that his second Warner Brothers production is to be a film version of *Manon Lescaut*.

¶ Rex Ingram, now shooting the exteriors of Edgar Selwyn's *The Arab* in the Sahara, is to do Wassermann's *The World's Illusion* next. Ingram says that in future he will do only two screen-plays a year and that likely much of his production work will be done in the actual country of the story.

¶ Official announcement made that George Walsh is to be the Ben-Hur, and that production of the General Lew Wallace romance is to go ahead at once.

¶ Two important additions have been made to the *Ben-Hur* cast. Francis X. Bushman has been signed to play the heavy role of Messala and Carmel Myers for the role of Iris.

¶ Richard Barthelmess undergoes minor operation at Polyclinic Hospital, New York, and is rapidly recovering.

¶ The Harold Lloyds to make vacation trip to Europe.

¶ Glenn Hunter soon to start on film version of *Merton of the Movies*, production being made in Hollywood by James Cruze.

¶ Maude Adams to make film version of *Aladdin* in colors.

¶ Renee Adoree recovering from auto crash injuries in California.

¶ George Fitzmaurice to make *Cytherea* in Paris and New York with cast headed by Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens, Mary Alden and Constance Bennett.

¶ Dimitri Buchowetzski, the Russian director and maker of *Peter the Great*, is starting on Pola Negri's next picture, *Men*.



MONROE

BETTY COMPSON



RICHEE

WILLIAM S. HART



CARMEL MYERS



HESSER

CORINNE GRIFFITH

*Reproduction of Our General's Address
given at Screenland's Annual Banquet*

A Message on Laughter

LADIES, gentlemen and movie fans. Not since the election of 1920 have I been so touched. [SOBS.] Not since my appointment as guardian of the movies has the industry been so touched. [LOTS OF SILENCE.]

"You ask me to give you a message. You ask me to talk straight to the hearts of the movie fans. [CRIES OF 'HEAR, HEAR.'] Why not? We are all brothers in the screen world, all partners in this art which is second in greatness only to the Ford spare parts industry. [RATTLES OF APPLAUSE.]

"My motto is Confidence and Co-operation. [FAINT COUGHS.] My watchword is progress. [CRIES OF 'LOUDER AND FUNNIER.'] And so I will speak to you in terms of progress.

"The fiscal year just past has been one of progress and uplift. According to reports made to me by my captain, Mr. Bronx Jones, many changes have been effected in the motion pictures to make this the Empress Art of Creation. [CHEERS AND HYSTERICS.]

"Do you know that 109,879,789 laughs were heard in motion picture theatres last year? [TREMENDOUS APPLAUSE.] This is not guess work. My aids actually counted the laughs. And, my friends, 71 per cent of the laughs took place during shooting scenes. This proves that civilization has advanced to a stage when it laughs at crime. [LOUD SIGHS.]

"Do you know, partners, that our organiza-

tion fostered Better Potato Week in Minnesota with the result that potatoes may be found in hash in practically all parts of the country except portions of New England and three counties of Alabama? [YAWNS:]

"May I remind you that we have fostered educational pictures to take the place of dry text books in the schools? After witnessing *The Planting of Coffee in Java*, *How Bees Make Honey* and *A Day on a Rubber Plantation*, three high school students of Venice, Cal., passed their college examinations. [MORE CRIES OF '— AND FUNNIER.']

"Before I close, I wish to bring out some other salient points of film progress. 372,456 suits were made for ushers, of which 7,896 includes sets of brass knuckles (although this vast and magnificent industry naturally does not encourage tipping); the number of bathing beauties in pictures has been reduced 47 per cent and the bathing suits of the remainder increased 63 3-10 per cent [HISSES]; a woman in Green Bay, Wis., who shot her husband, was dissuaded from going into pictures and caused to earn an honest living in another field [CRIES OF 'HEAR, HEAR']; and 2,762 classic dancers obtained employment in movie prologues.

"But [GESTURES] to return to the God-given benison of laughter. There is nothing in our great and glorious land like clean and wholesome humor." [GREAT CHEERS.]



¶ Phyllis crashes the bathing beauty contest at Bergen Beach.



¶ She helps Senator Magnesia Olsen push the button that opens Sugar Daddy Week at Atlantic City.

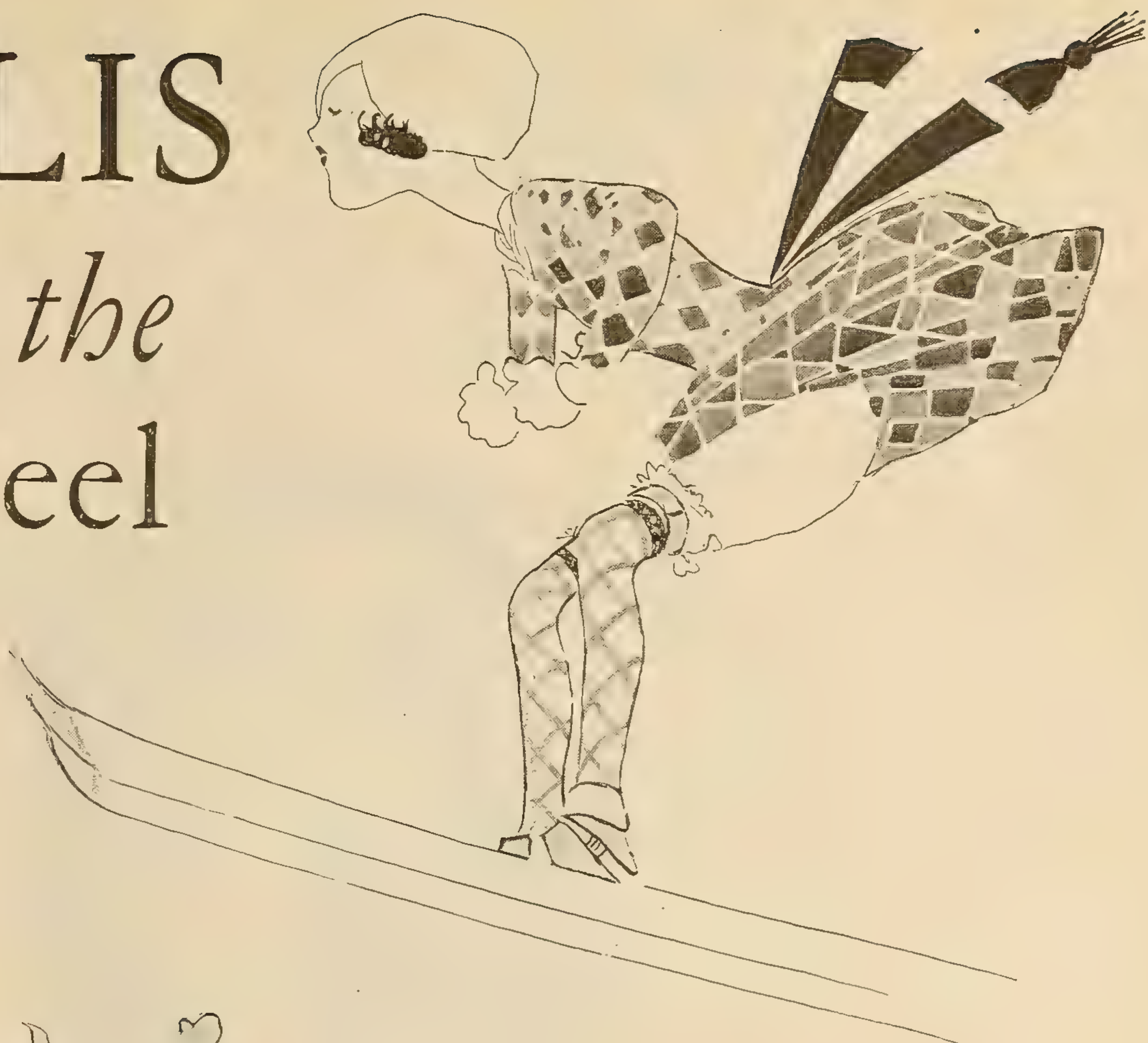


¶ She observes the sensational oil well fire at Socony, Texas.

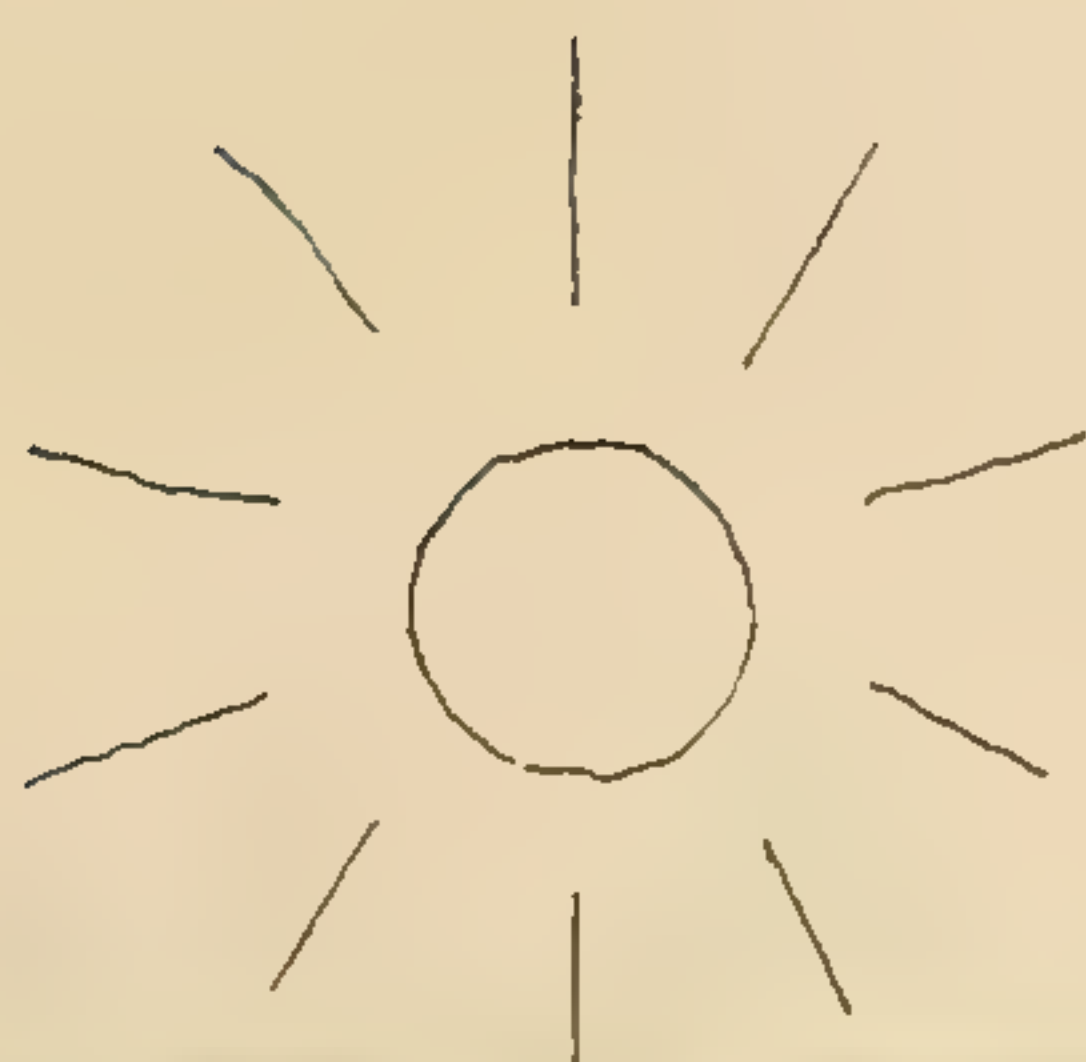
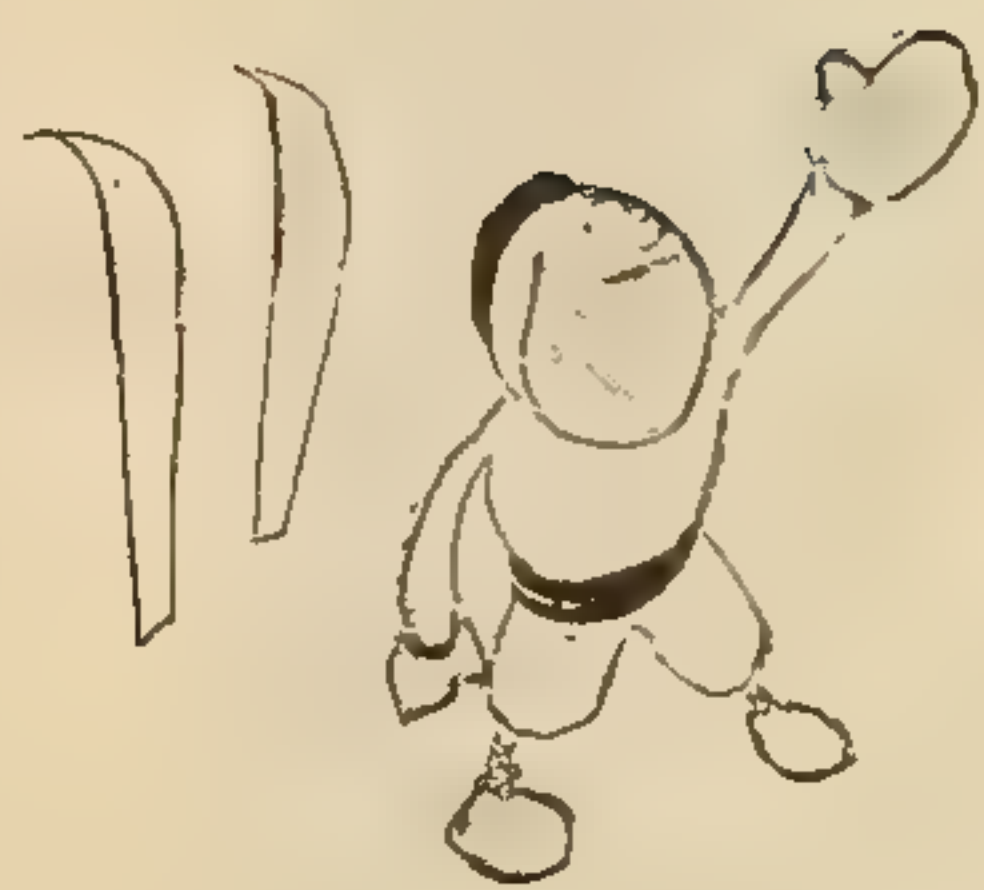
PHYLLIS

Invades the News Reel

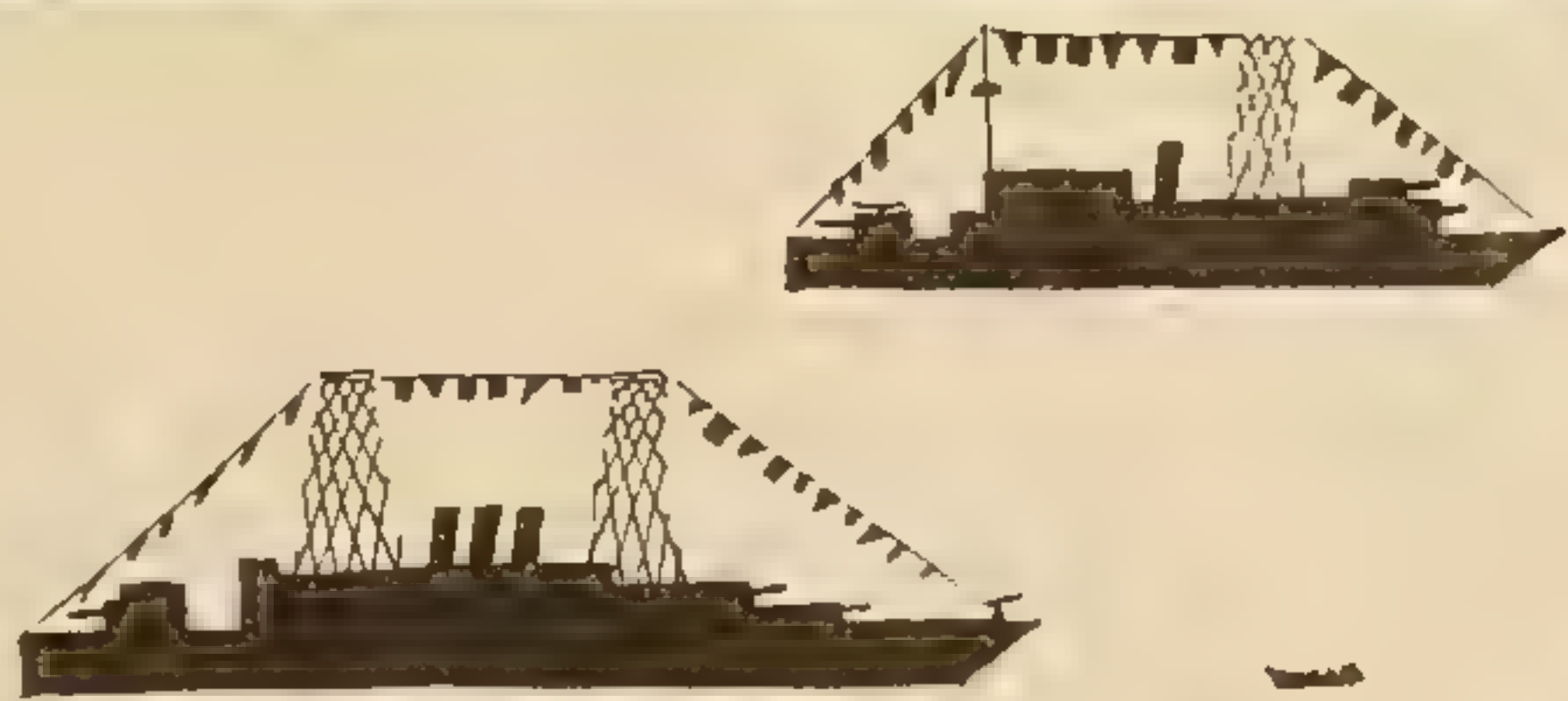
By
John Held, Jr.



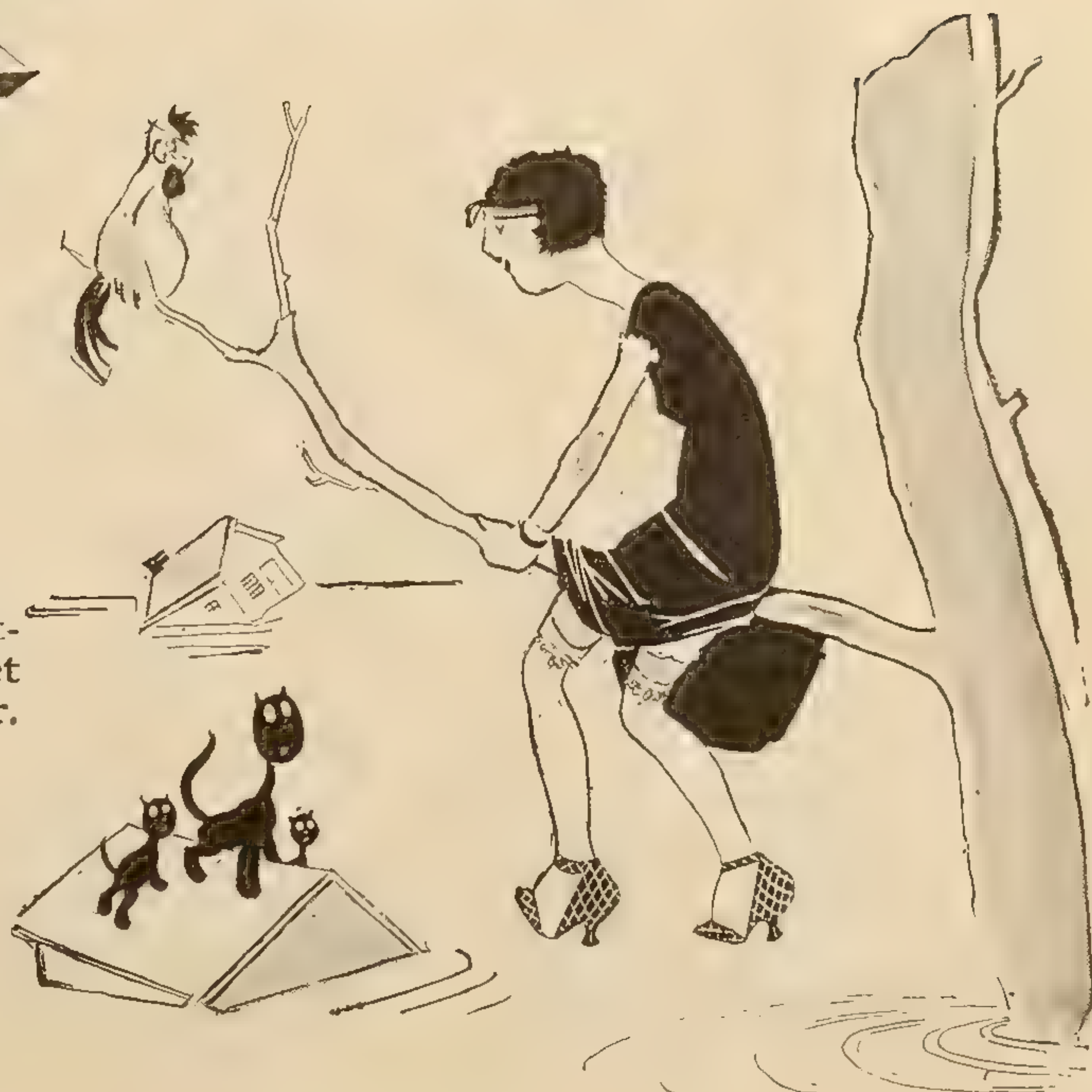
¶ Phyllis snaps up the ski jumps
at Hersheybergan, Switzerland.



¶ She helps out the flood
at Rotaryville, Mo.



¶ She reviews the At-
lantic Fleet at sunset
on the Hudson River.



The J. Burton Hawley Memorial

Screenland asks your assistance
in a Worthy Cause

The J. Burton Hawley Memorial is an outgrowth of suggestions to SCREENLAND from many public spirited persons, both in and out of the motion picture profession. Is the flashing and scintillating comment of J. Burton Hawley, which lifted him to immortality for a day, to be lost to humanity?

Shall Mr. Hawley drop right back into the garage business forgotten? Or shall he receive some sort of permanent reward, something to let him know that he has not lived in vain?

SCREENLAND proposes to build a J. Burton Hawley Memorial, to be erected at the corner of Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevards, where the husbands of film stars, passing daily in their well kept Rolls-Royces, may give thought to the immortal Hawley and realize that life may indeed hold something for them too.

The J. Burton Hawley Memorial grew out of a suggestion made in a brilliant and concise letter from Horace Sniffle of 1236½ Railroad Avenue, Mahoneyville, Missouri. Mr. Sniffle wrote:

"I take my pen in hand to say I have just read in the Mahoneyville *Daily Tidings* that Wanda Hawley says her husband called her a dumb-bell, for which she wanted a divorce and got it. This seems all wrong to yours truly, a faithful reader of your publication.

Can't something be done about it? How long since a husband can't talk to his wife in the privacy of her home? I ask you.

"Mr. Hawley deserves some testimonial from male film fans. Why don't you do something about it? I am trying to

get the Mahoneyville Common Council to build a home for penniless movie husbands and they say they will as soon as the local reservoir is finished. Hoping you are the same."

We wish to call particular attention to Wynn's unique design for the memorial. You have often noticed spoken words coming from comic characters in the funny papers but this is the first time that the "spoken balloon" has ever been utilized by a sculptor. The memorial will therefore stand alone in the art world, as it were.

Our fund is already meeting with great success and many screen folk touched to their heart by Mr. Hawley's bravery, have opened their penny banks and sent their money to SCREENLAND. Here are the contributors to date who have responded so generously:

Three Husbands of Barbara

La Marr.....	\$14.17
W. S. H., Hollywood.....	2.00
Mrs. Charlotte Shelby.....	.50
Two friends of Our Club....	1.69
An Eleanor Boardman Fan...	2.50
Five wives of directors.....	17.28*

* Realized from sale of old puttees.



SCREENLAND WANT

ARTS



TEN SNAPPY POSES OF MOVIE

Mothers. All Art Lovers will be just crazy to send us twenty-five cents for this nifty, classy collection of informal photographs. Show 'em to your friends, boys, and make a hit. Write: PARISIAN ART PHOTO CO., ROCKRIB, KANSAS. R. F. D. 7.

ASTROLOGY

BE A DETECTIVE. BOYS, IT'S GREAT FUN. GO everywhere in Hollywood. Break into the best homes. Learn the secrets of the movie stars. Get a closeup on your film favorites. Be "in the know." Plenty of opportunities. Your work is cut out for you.

Send for our booklet "Sherlock Snoop" and one hundred pairs of false whiskers. Also outfit of evening clothes, sweater and puttees, to enable you to mix with screen society. Write to: THE RUBBER HEEL SOCIETY HUNTER, KATONAH, N. Y.

LEARN TO ACT

DO YOU MAKE MISTAKES? SURE, WE ALL DO.

And it's embarrassing, ain't it? Especially when you are on a personal appearance tour. Movie stars! Do you know how to get on and off a train? Do you know how to receive a bunch of flowers gracefully. Do you know which fork to use at public dinners? Do you know how to walk through the swinging door at the Ritz?

When you go on a personal appearance tour, your public will judge you by your manners. Can you face critical eyes? Are you sure of your deportment? Don't make the mistake of the star who tipped the butler at an exclusive mansion.

Write today for our book: "Handsome Is as Handsome Does," SOCIETY PUBLISHING COMPANY, WAKEEGAN, MICH.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

BE WITTY! BE A MAN ABOUT TOWN! Do you know how to make a good curtain speech? Do you know how to say a few graceful words of thanks? Send for our list of satisfied directors. The Wisecrack Speaking Service, Box 505, New York.

Screenland Raspberry Award

For the Worst Picture Released
During the Year 1923

Voting for the first Screenland Raspberry Award, for the worst picture of 1923, is now open. SCREENLAND intends to present this striking award, a celluloid medal, accompanied by a box of matches, annually. The medal is expected to become a mark of unique distinction in the world of the screenplay.

We are going to put the award wholly in the hands of our readers. The award will go to the maker of the screen-play You designate. The medal, by the way, is a thing of striking beauty. Constructed of solid celluloid, it is a prize of which any producer may well be proud. Particular attention is called to the beautiful design upon one side: of camembert and limberger cheese, backed by a film reel, and intertwined with a laurel wreath.

Here are some suggestions for a vote: *The Queen of Sin*, *The Temple of Venus*, *Children of Jazz*, *In the Palace of the King*, *Red Lights*, *Richard the Lion Hearted*, *On the Banks of the Wabash* and *Adam's Rib*. These are mere suggestions, however. Use your own judgment and mail your vote NOW to the RASPBERRY EDITOR of SCREENLAND before February 30th, 1924.

Do your duty! You want



Dear Raspberry Editor,
SCREENLAND,
145 West 57th St.,
New York City.

Please cast my vote for
to win your Great Raspberry Award as the worst motion picture
of 1923.

Name.....

Address.....

Eyes.....

Height.....

*Teeth.....

†Profession.....

*Exactly how many.

†If bootlegger, leave this blank, but mark address
clearly.

worse pictures, do you not? Here is the way to encourage screen producers to put vision, faith and organization upon their efforts to carry away this great award. Only in this way can the great magnates turn to the future with honest determination and unrelenting zeal. Only in this way may we ever anticipate a completely bad picture—worse than any you ever saw. VOTE NOW!

The Great Raspberry Award is attracting wide attention everywhere. Mrs. Hortense Schultz of R. F. D. 6, Whiffle, Vt., writes:

“Congratulations upon your brilliant idea about the Raspberry Award. It is about time some fearless movie publication pointed out the worst movie each year. Every evening we go to the Gem Theater here but we can't make up our mind.

How late can we send in votes? Every night we see one that seems worse than the one we voted for the day before.”

Yes, Mrs. Schultz, you can vote as often as you like. But listen to this puzzled communication from Aloysius Strudel, care the Parlor City Trucking Company, Center-ville, Ark.:

“I want to vote in your Great Raspberry Award but
[Continued on page 98]

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE, RENT, LEASE

TO MOVIE STARS. ARE YOU QUITE SATISFIED with your own mother? Does she meet all the difficult requirements which your position demands? Can she face interviewers with aplomb and savoir faire? Are you sometimes nervous about introducing her to your friends?

Why not come to us for a mother? We supply discreet, tactful mothers for all occasions. Many of them speak French, all of them eat peas with a fork. Mothers supplied for interviews, trips to New York, dinner parties or as permanent companions to lend atmosphere to the home. References exchanged. Address: HOME COMPANION SERVICE, RICHMOND, VA.

“What Is Home Without a Mother?”

EMBROIDERY

TEN COMPLETE SETS OF WHISKERS (ALL CUTS).

Also one special-extra set of Moses whiskers. Fine for masquerades or to amuse the kiddies. Must sell as have gone into vaudeville. THEODORE ROBERTS.

CANINE INSTRUCTION

TEACH DOGGIE TO ACT. WHY WORK

when your dog can earn money for you?

Do you know that Strongheart, Rin Tin Tin and Lassie are now “cleaning up” in the movies. Movie acting is no secret gift. It is

an art any dog can learn. Hundreds of dogs, not necessarily of fine breeds, are now sup-

porting their masters in luxury. Good, steady work with plenty of chances. Send for trial

package of The Little Marvel Dog Biscuit. Address FILM-

STAR KENNELS, AZUSA, CALIFORNIA.



WILL EXCHANGE

MUST GO TO EGYPT TO FILM SHEIK PICTURE AND

would like to exchange my husband for an electric fan, or what have you? ELSIE.

WILL EXCHANGE TOP OF THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN

in God's country for a headline spot in Keith vaudeville.

Write to WILD BILL HICCUP, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Mid-Winter Fashions *for* Milady



MURAY

¶ Tout a fait charmante is this house frock, shown above, recently imported from Legume et Filet. The delightful freedom of being chez elle may be enjoyed to its fullest by the fortunate milady who is able to avail herself of this model. *Posed by Dolores Rousse.*



HESSER

¶ What ho for the great outdoors! How charmingly practical and yet how deliciously feminine is this sport suit designed by Asperge. It has all the abandon and gayety required by the true sportswoman; and yet the jeune fille who possesses the outfit may flatter herself that she is ready for polo, ski-jumping, croquet, or anything. *Posed by Dolores Rousse.*

¶ The cynosure of all eyes! And yet Madame may assure herself that she will not be overdressed when she dons this costume, from the workshop of Madame Chou, for the opera. With no heavy embroidery, no glittering sequins, there is a je ne sais quoi about their creation that baffles description. *Posed by Peggy Brownè.*

HESSER



¶ *A little goes a long way toward making the debbie's winter costume something to talk about.*

¶ Subtly flattering is this frock, to the right, especially designed by Chouffeur, Paris, for the business woman. The piquant simplicity of its lines, the naivete of its silhouette, would give a delicious sense of allure and camaraderie to the dustiest old business office.
Posed by Wanda Hawley.



INTERNATIONAL



¶ Very demure and yet sophisticated is this dancing frock from Maison Pomme de Terre. The season's debbie will feel quite at a loss without one such creation in her wardrobe. Toute la beauté de Mai is suggested by its lines of daring and youth.
Posed by Harriett Hammond

HESSER

Intimate Glimpses of the Stars



¶ The honeymooners are back from New York. Allow us to introduce Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick. You'll have no trouble in guessing that Mrs. McCormick is Colleen Moore. Did Colleen buy out the swell New York shops? Well, just look at the bundles that John is carrying.



¶ George Walsh, mentioned as the probable Ben-Hur, takes a walk down Fifth Avenue with his brother, Raoul.



¶ "Daisies won't tell." That's why daisies are the favorite flower of Barbara La Marr.

¶ Resourceful? That's Lois Wilson. See the afternoon frock designed by the ingenious Miss Wilson and made from two yards of old cretonne window curtains. The frock took first prize at an exhibition given by the Needlewomen's Guild of South Pasadena.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

¶ All Hollywood is discussing the truly continental salon which Pola Negri is holding in her front parlor. The most intellectual of the screen stars may be found there. Here is an informal portrait of Claire Sheridan and Gertrude Atherton singing "The Holy City" to the delight of Pola's visitors.



¶ "Oh! Oh! Oh! Who do you suppose Aileen Pringle is talking to? Can it be that the tiger lady of *Three Weeks* is getting a few suggestions from Elinor Glynn? Or is she ordering groceries? You'll have to puzzle it out for yourselves.



¶ Nita Naldi rushes to the telegraph office to send her valentine greetings to Craig Biddle, young Philadelphia millionaire whom Nita helped so much in his struggle for screen fame.

¶ No wonder movie stars love to go on location. Look at the wonderful time these members of Cecil B. DeMille's company are having in Pershing Square, Los Angeles, where they have been for ten months making *The Daily Do* en at the tremendous cost of \$37.50 for the prologue alone. Left to right: Lou Tellegen, Charles de Roche, Marie Dressler, Corse Payton and the younger Cherry Sister.



SCREENLAND'S OWN THEATRE CURTAIN

To be used in the Bijou Dream Temple of Cinema Art at Hickville, Vt.

Designed by John Held, Jr., with apologies to Barton, Wynn and the rest of the boys.

[See chart of distinguished theatregoers on facing page]

*I*F Movies were Advertised —like other merchandise

By Delight Evans

BEN HUR

"Just a Real Good Car"

THE LEOPARDESS

"The Skin You Love to Touch"

THE GOLD DIGGERS

"Because You Love Nice Things"

LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER

"Eventually—Why Not Now?"

BLACK OXEN

"Keep That School Girl Complexion"

WHY WORRY?

"No Metal Can Touch You"

THE COVERED WAGON

"Anyone Can Put It On"

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

"Mary, I Owe It All to You"

NAME THE MAN

"You Are Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle"

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS

"Built for Sleep"

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

"Read the Book"

THE SHEIK

"I'd Walk a Mile for a Camel"

A WOMAN OF PARIS

"Accept No Substitutes"

THE STONE AGE

"Sound as The Rock of Gibraltar"

THE EXTRA GIRL

"Others Have Succeeded—Why Not You!"

FIRES OF YOUTH

"It's Toasted"

LILIES OF THE FIELD

"Say It With Flowers"

LOVE IS AN AWFUL THING

"Before and After Taking"

BACK HOME AND BROKE

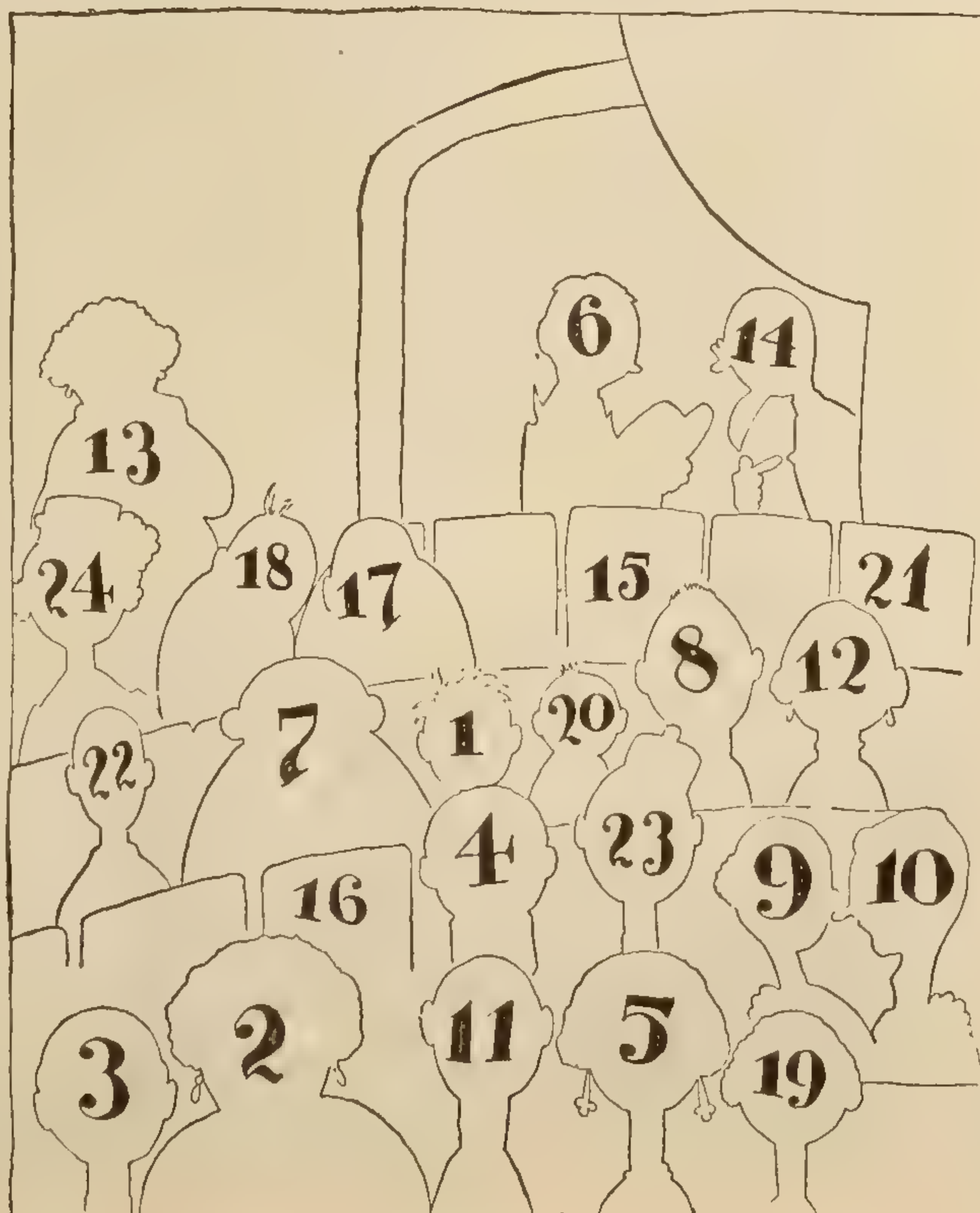
"Let Us Develop Your Bust"
(Censored)

WE TRAVESTY OUR CONTEMPORARIES

¶ With all due apologies to our motion picture contemporaries, SCREENLAND is this month presenting its conception of a few of their pages. We hope our readers will recognize their distinguishing characteristics. For their presentation, the editor is indebted to aid from Anna Prophater, Delight Evans, and John Held, Jr. These burlesque pages will be found immediately following.

Key to the Personnel of the Screenland Curtain

1. MASTER PEEWEE HICKFORD
2. MRS. STEINSKYWITZ, wife of the owner of the BIJOU DREAM
3. MR. STEINSKYWITZ, sole owner of the BIJOU DREAM
4. AL GREEN, whitewashing, ashes removed and leaves raked
5. REBEENA STEINSKYWITZ, eldest daughter of the owner of the BIJOU DREAM
6. JOE WINDICK, the popular soda dispenser in Green's Drug Store
7. MRS. HENRY HICKFORD, wife and best pal of the undertaker
8. MR. AL RAVIOLI, the popular farrier and wheelwright
9. MISS MINNIE PETTER, day telephone operator
10. MR. FRED NECKER, who drives the hotel bus
11. MR. SAMMY STEINSKYWITZ, eldest son of the owner of the BIJOU DREAM
12. Mlle. SLUGDA SVENS, Culinary Engineer for the Wallaces who live in the Big House



13. Miss ELLA GLOB, door-tender, ticket-taker and piano-player at the BIJOU DREAM
14. MR. EB WHIFFLETREE, popular constable and night-watchman at the Embalming Fluid factory
15. An empty seat
16. Ditto
17. MR. JASON JENSEN, banker and financier
18. HIS BROTHER CHRIS
19. GOLDIE STEINSKYWITZ, youngest daughter of the owner of the BIJOU DREAM
20. BETTY BLYTHE HICKFORD, daughter of the Hickfords
21. AN EMPTY SEAT
22. MR. ADAM HICKFORD, the popular undertaker
23. MR. HY LOW JACK, the enterprising laundryman
24. MRS. FLORENCE WATSON, whose husband told her he was going to the movies.

so," said Mr. Chaplin. "A genius. Well, I hardly think so, although a number of critics have said that very thing about me."

Mr. Chaplin said this with all his tremendous

modesty. Coming from anyone else it would have sounded—well, perfectly terrible. But from the great comedian it seemed merely natural and reasonable for

Continued on page 160

The Art of Patsy Ruth Miller

An Intime Study of Film-land's Future Lady Macbeth.

by Burble Diehard

"OH, GOODY, GOODY," cried Patsy Ruth Miller, hitting me in the face with an ice cream cone, "What do you suppose has happened to me."

Poor little me couldn't guess what had happened to Pat. (I call her Pat because she is my girl-friend.) So many perfectly thruriling things are always happening to Pat.

"I am just too excited for words, my dear. Positively thrurrilled, my dear."

I curled up on the porch swing at Pat's bungalow, reached for a marshmallow out of the most scrumptious box of bon bons and prepared to listen to Pat's fascinating adventure. Pat is growing up in artistry and in emotional technique but she is still a girl at heart and likes to have a box of candy around.

"Well," said Pat, trying to look oh, so dignified, "I have been asked to play Lady Macbeth in the Bushwack's million dollar screen version of the celebrated play by Shakespeare!"

I gasped. "But, oh, Pat," I cried, "you will be getting too highbrow for words."

"Not to my old friends," said the merry-hearted girl. "But isn't it thrilling. And haven't I got my nerve to play a role that Julia Marlowe and Sarah Siddons and all the famous actresses have made immortal."

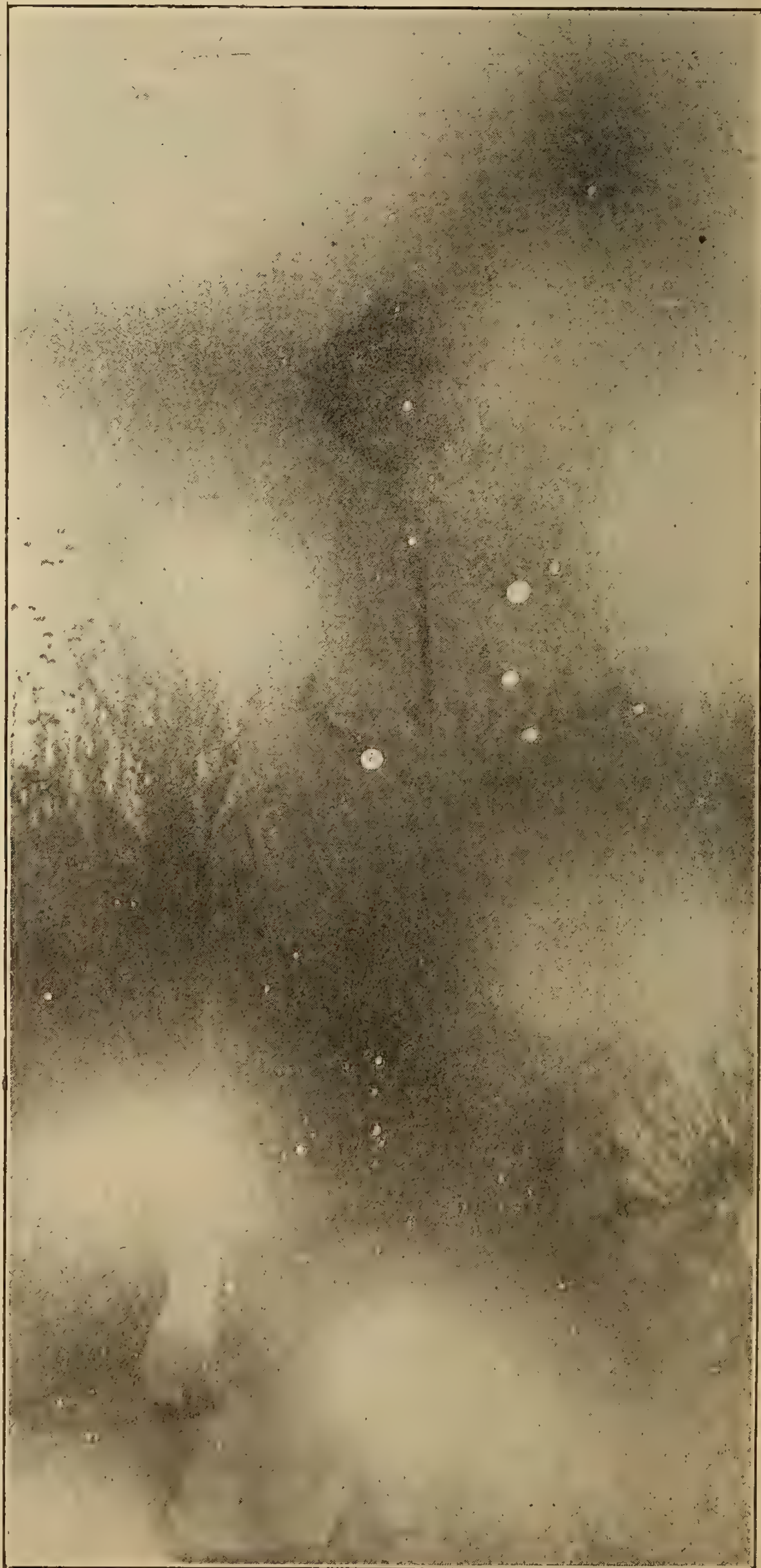
"But I mean to play it differently. Not so gloomy, perhaps, but just as tragic. Solemn without being morbid, if you know what I mean."

And I did know what she meant for just then a look that was solemn without being morbid flitted across Pat's big eyes.

"And I shall make her sympathetic. I don't believe Shakespeare ever meant her to be unsympathetic. I don't believe that great

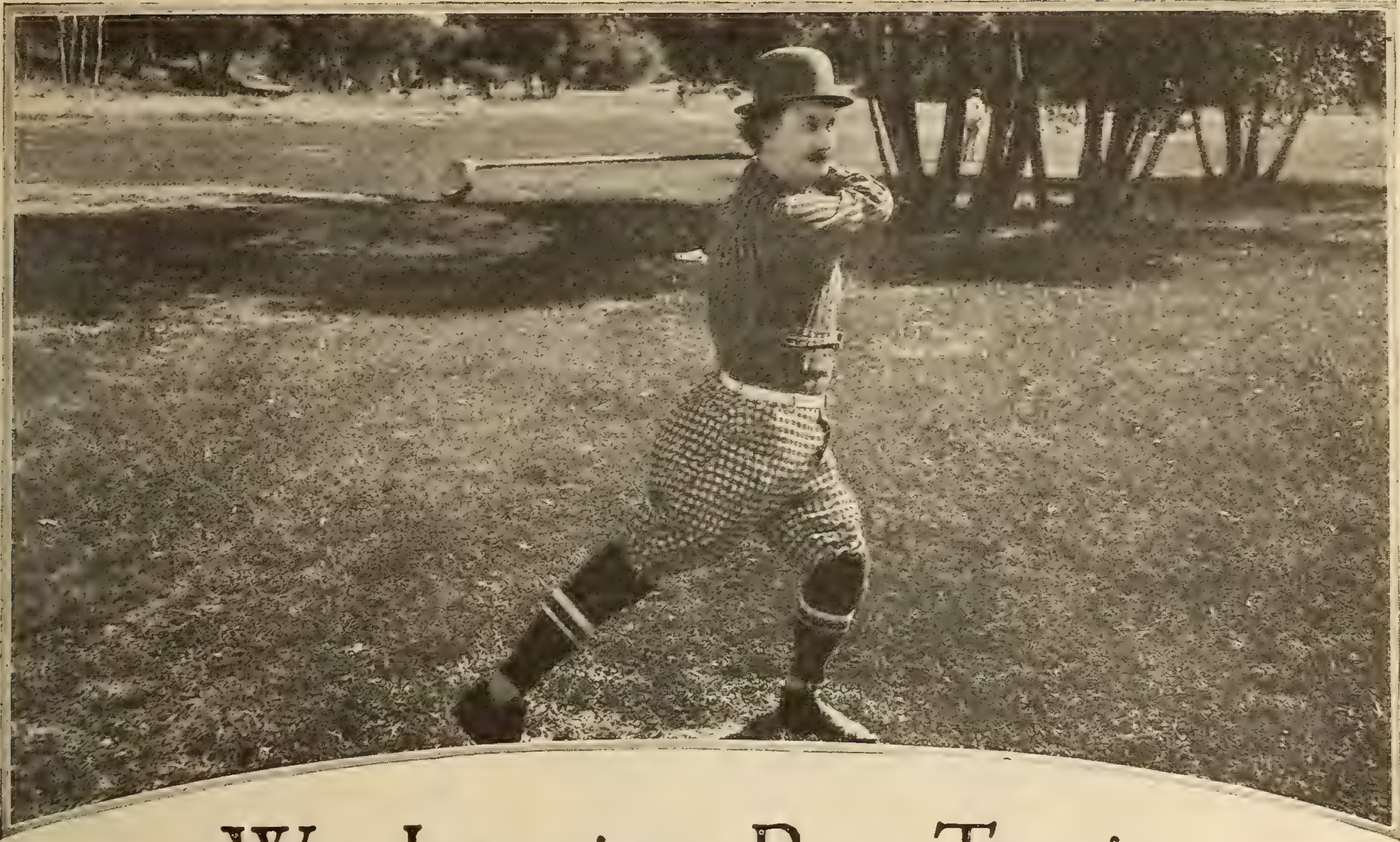
dramatist ever meant anyone to be unsympathetic. I hope the dear public won't be cross with me if

Continued on page 105



At the right, a brand new portrait of Miss Miller, and below, the little school she attended as a child. Little did these schoolmates think of Patsy as a future Lady Macbeth.





We Interview Ben Turpin

A Playful Interview at Cross Purposes

THE CAST

Ben Turpin A Farsighted Comedian
We Gwenn Goop and Angela Whittlemore

Time: Meal

Place: The Automat

THE SCENE IS THE AUTOMAT AT NOON.—Mr. Turpin had asked boy's head with your bow and arrow you killed your director instead?"

ANGELA (*eagerly*): "We can't complain."

MR. TURPIN (*resignedly*): "Well, what'll you have?"

ANGELA (*dreamily*): "It really doesn't matter. . . ."

GWENN (*nudging her*): "After all, it's food, is it not?"

ANGELA: "It's food for thought."

GWENN: "That's a good one. Food for thought. Ha ha. . ."

Mr. Turpin puts a coin in the slot for a cup of coffee and comes back with a glass of milk.

GWENN: "After all, it's life, is it not? Glamorous silences. . . . mystic tintinnabulations. . ."

ANGELA: "Is it true, Mr. Turpin, that in your early days on the screen you played 'William Tell' and in the great scene when you shoot the apple off your little



MR. TURPIN: "I have worked hard all my life and my wife richly deserves my success, Miss Stretcher."

ANGELA (*frostily*): "Whittlemore, please."

GWENN: "Do you believe in marriage, Mr. Turpin?"

MR. TURPIN: "It's all right for some people, Miss Vestibule."

GWENN (*coldly*): "Goop is our name."

ANGELA: "Ah . . . there is a thought behind that . . . we shall find it and fathom it . . . we love to fathom things. . . . Life is like that. . . ."

MR. TURPIN: "Have a cup of coffee?"

ANGELA (*sighing*): "We suppose we might as well."

As a golfer, Mr. Turpin has an unusual optical advantage. As to marriage, he declares some people prefer a mandolin to pick on.

MR. TURPIN: (*returning with a*) (Continued on page 90)

The Lure of the Left Leg!

By Regina Rifle

DO YOU put your best foot or—er, leg—forward?

Frankly, do you know which is your best foot or—er, leg?

This is a question that has been baffling movie stars—and their directors, of course.

Which is it to be, in the interests of beauty, the right or the left leg?

World-famous artists are divided on the question. The movie studios and the ateliers of celebrated illustrators have been shaken by the discussion which was started by Movie Weekly.

But now the vexatious problem has been solved and no girl can say we have left her in ignorance.

For here is the verdict:

The left leg has it. It has the lure, the enchantment and the beguile. The right leg was only a poor second in the voting.

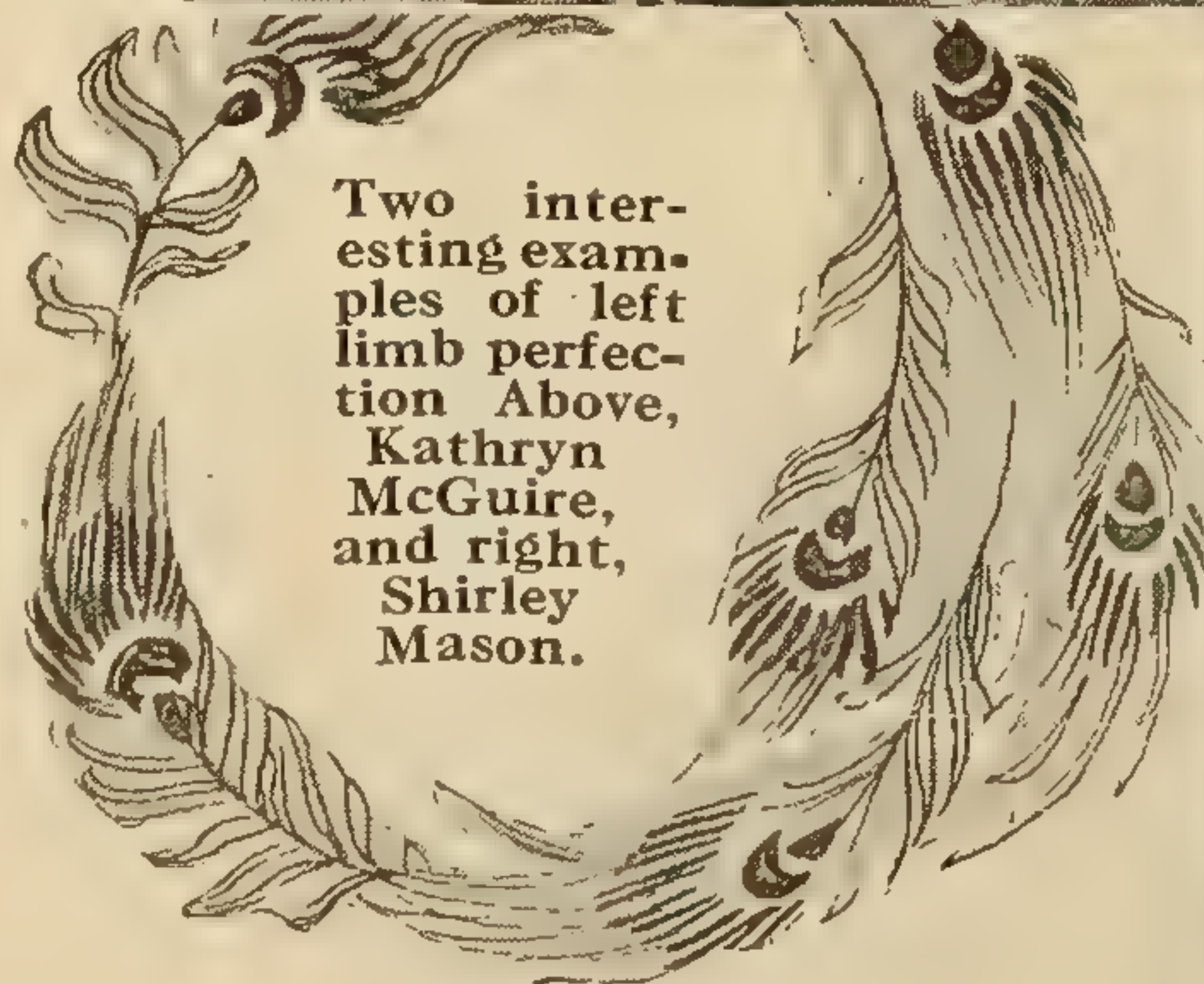
Here is Howard Chandler Millet's witty comment: "The divine right, Madame, *Mais, oui*, but the diviner left. For notice, please, that in all existing portraits of Ninon de Lenclos, it is the left leg that is, er, exposed and not the right. And, if I may be permitted to use slang, Ninon knew a thing or two."

James Montgomery Corot is also all for the left leg, if he doesn't mind our saying so. "The left leg is the more beautiful. Why? Now don't ask me obvious questions. Statistics prove that the dainty left leg is slightly smaller than the more muscular right. It is a trait handed down to us by our ancestors. For which we ought to be thankful to the old dears."

Penrhyn Raphael insists on being a horrid iconoclast by shattering all our illusions. Listen to the devastating Penrhyn: "If you want my frank opinion, there isn't a pretty leg in the movies, either left or right. I shall probably be barred from Hollywood for saying so, but the legs on the screen aren't one, two, three compared with the legs of the amateurs one sees on the beach."

So there, girls!

Harken unto Nita Naldi, the wise woman: "Girls, rouge and powder your knees. You rouge and powder your faces, don't you? And so why not the knees? You never can tell when the street car step will be too high. And you never can tell when it is going to rain in California."



Two interesting examples of left limb perfection Above, Kathryn McGuire, and right, Shirley Mason.

Famous artists tell why the feminine right is the least charming.



The Rheumatic History

of the Motion Picture

By Perry Damsay

Chapter MCVXXVIII

AT ABOUT this stage in the litigation between Joe Bellby and Local 318 over the rights to a folding toothbrush, an event came about which was destined to shake the industry to the depths of its pocketbooks.

Until the Spring of 1878, the motion picture companies had been getting along without a camera and doing pretty well, at that.

But, one fine May day, a little Frenchman named Napoleon Bonaparte presented a letter of introduction to Jackie Coogan's father and announced that he had come to interest him in a camera.

A moment that was of vast import to the motion picture. Napoleon Bonaparte outlines his first crude sketch of the motion picture camera to a lady friend on the beach at South Haven, Mich.

The camera which Bonaparte, who had formerly kept a saloon in Decatur, Illinois, showed to the elder Coogan was an odd contrivance. It was more nearly like a cuckoo clock than the movie camera of today; every time a foot of film was ground, the cuckoo came forth from its cage and registered the footage.

The elder Coogan was interested in the plaything and decided to give it a test. So he formed a producing company and made a one-reel drama entitled "The Shiek's Kiss." The company worked in an old barn on the present site of the Hotel Plaza.

"The Shiek's Kiss" was the first movie and also the first sex drama to reach the screen. In the cast of this primitive feature were the elder Mr. Coogan, Peg Talmadge, Glenn Hunter, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Craig Biddle.

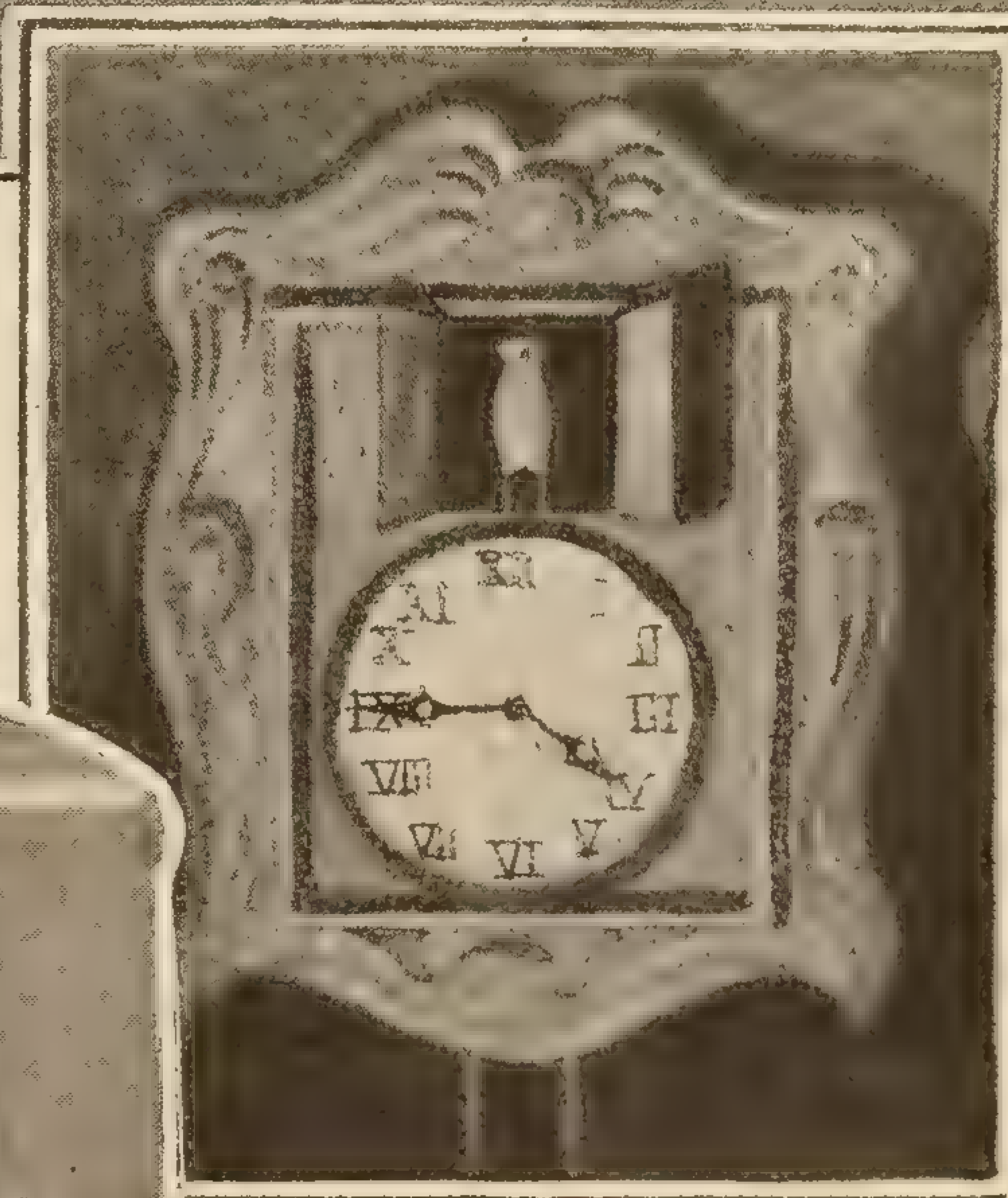
The elder Coogan and Napoleon made a fortune. In Katonah, N. Y. alone the picture grossed \$5,635. At this moment, the Napoleon wars broke out and Bonaparte was called to the colors.

Coogan was left with a mass of lawsuits on his hands. A Swiss clock company sued him for using the cuckoo and the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds filed

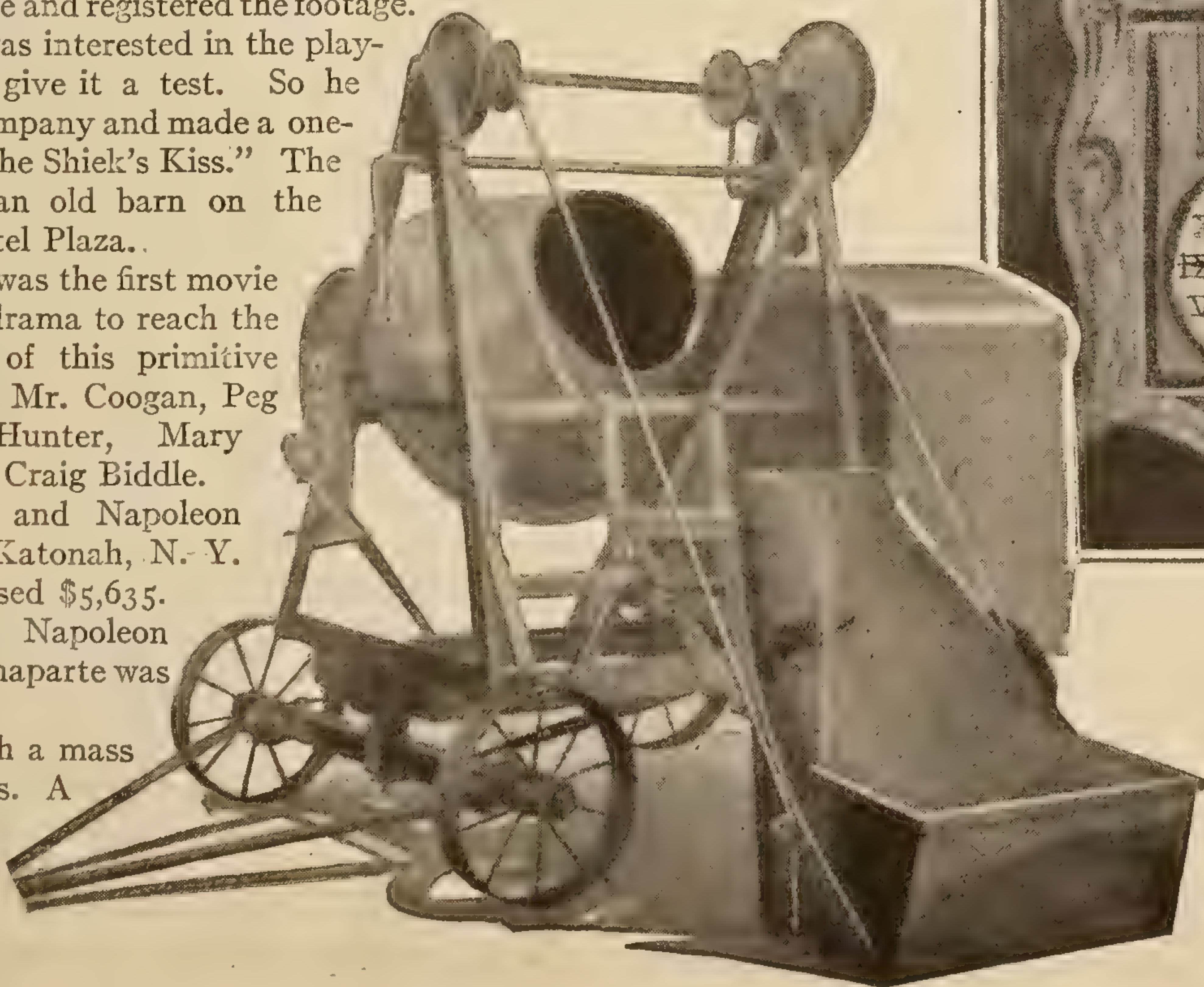
papers at [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

COMPRESSED into this glowing chapter are many of the secrets of the motion picture's most significant early history. The details of the Great Cuckoo Clock Litigation are among the most colorful annals of the cinema's development. Never before has the deep inner history of the screen's development been brought to light with such vividness. Here is an amazing insight into the buried and forgotten romance of the films.

JAMES E. BURKE, *Editor*



An interesting comparison of the vast strides of the motion picture. Above, the early form of cuckoo camera and, left, a modern scenario machine.



My Darkest Hour

By LOTTA LYONS

YOU ask me to tell you my life's darkest moment. I have given thought to this thing, and have finally decided to disclose all. I have kept my secret clutched close to my heart, but after all we owe something to our Public which has gone and done so much for us; and now they shall hear all.

Often I receive fan letters telling me how happy I should be to hold the love and admiration of so many people. And I am; I am. I have tried to keep faith but it has been awfully, awfully hard sometimes. Dear fans, and especially dear girl fans,

m a y
y o u
never,
never
have
to face

what I have had to.

Here I was, happy in my little Hollywood bungalow home with my mother and my grandmother and occasionally my father. I was but a bathing girl—beauty, they call them; but I worked and worked hard; and everyone in the studio was as nice

as could be to me. But one day I decided that I had a future outside of the comedies. Slapstick is the very best training for dramatic work, you know; but I was tired of being just beautiful; I longed to act. I wearied of people passing me by unrecognized on the street. My face was practically unknown to them. So I was perfectly delighted when Mr. de Pille sent for me. He wanted to give me my great chance that I had waited for for so long. He made tests

of me and I am happy to say I passed them all. Came my first picture. How I worked; how I dreamed and hoped that I would knock them cuckoo. I did some fine work; some very good work. I registered all the emotions; my close-ups were, if I do say it myself, full of beauty and soul. And then—

I can hardly bear to tell you even now—and then de Pille decided to have a bathroom set. Need I tell you how I felt.

His orders were for me to don negli-

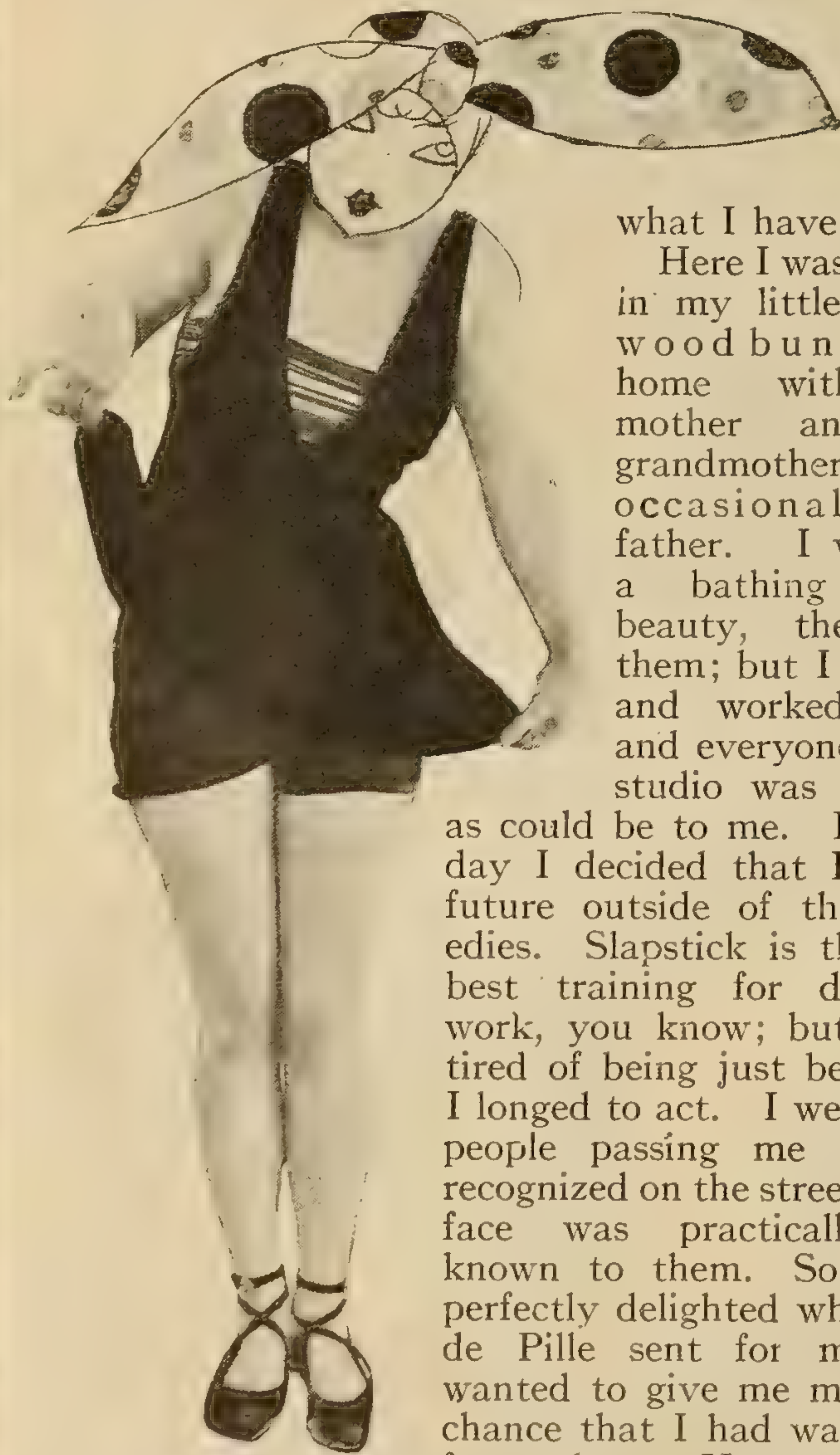
(Continued on page 98)

By KITTY KURVES

FAR be it from me to complain. But after all you asked me to tell you, so here it is. I've been working in the Brisque comedies for a long time now and at first I used to be the head girl. I was always the first one to dance into the set and sit on the comedian's lap. And if I do say it myself, it was my le—er, limbs that put me across. I was supposed to have the shapeliest le—er, limbs on the screen. And then something or other—perhaps the California climate and the easy routine of the studio—happened to make me put on a little flesh—I mean weight. And I gradually dropped behind; I became the second girl, and then the third, until finally I was at the end of the line. It hurt. Here I had given up everything for my work, and I was being used as background, me and the Pacific. Well, the director got worse and worse; and one day when we were out on the beach he led me right up to the water and pushed me in. My nice satin bathingsuit got all wet. I found myself drifting further out. He stood on the beach and shouted after me, "Now swim." To my horror I discovered that I could. I swam back, but I couldn't face them all. Think of me—a bathing girl—having to swim. It was too much. That is why I have hidden myself away in the foothills and am trying to forget.

Perhaps I might have succeeded, if the reporters had not take up my trail. There was a dearth of motion picture scandal at the time; otherwise they would never have bothered about poor little me. One persistent one wanted me to write my life story; but I refused to cheapen myself to that extent. I determined to be different, anyway. All I asked was to be let alone. But it was not to be. I was determined to have the white-hot spotlight of publicity turned upon me. I had no sooner shaken off the reporters than I was pursued once more. A man sought me out and

(Continued on page 98)





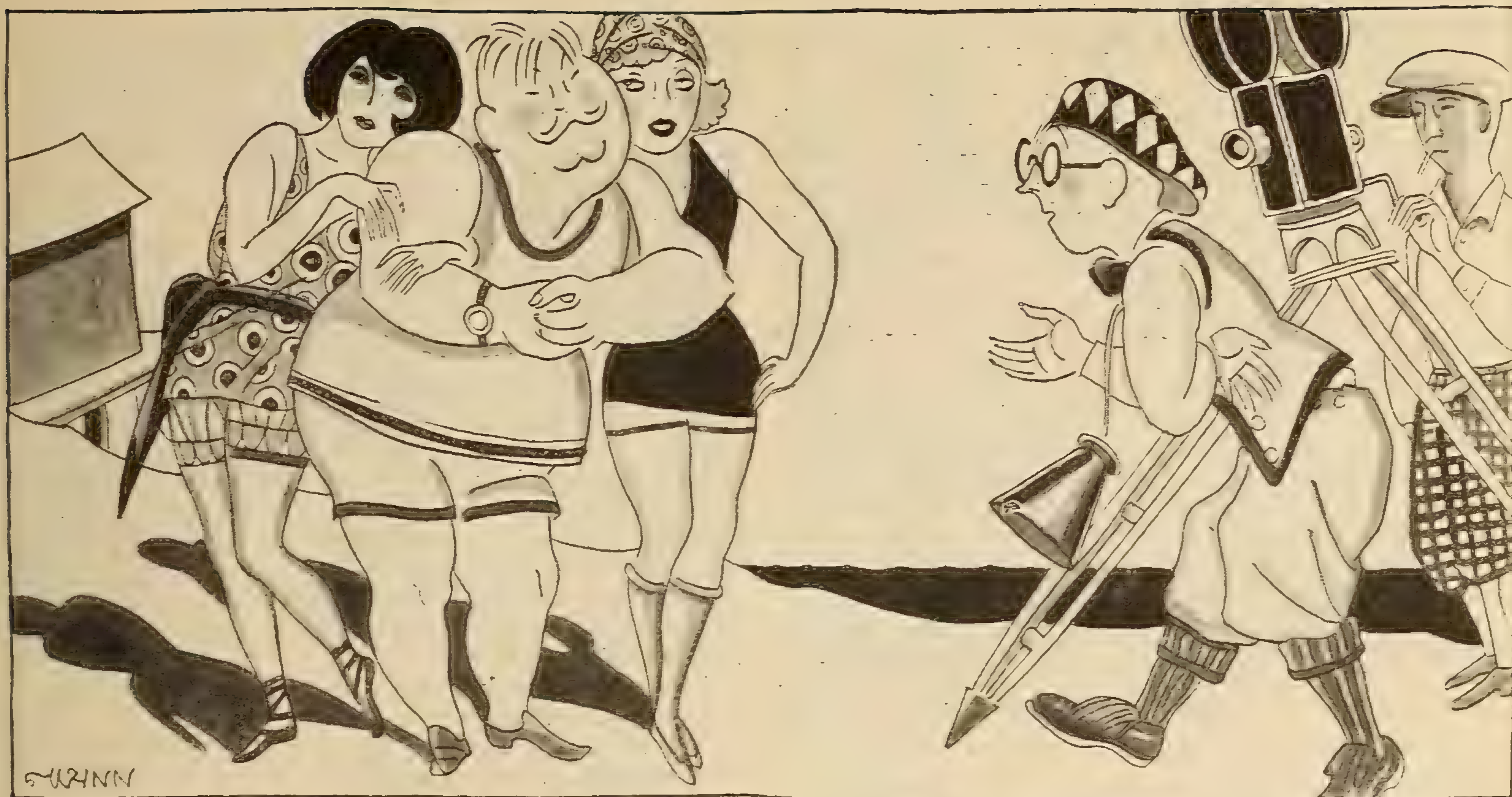
HESSER

MARY EATON



RICHEL

LON CHANEY



The Diary of a Movie PA

By Anna Prophater

Drawings by Wynn

Dec. 12. I take my pen in hand to rite in my diry. After reeding my daughters artichel on How I cum to be a grate Star and ma's artichel on How it feels to be a famus mother, I decided that the public mite want to heer something about the old man.

Unless you are deef, dum and blind you must of heerd of my daughter Maizie Garrick tho that aint her real name by a long site. The idea is this. Her name was supose to be Garrick and my name was supose to be Garrick and one of my ancestors was supose to be an actor named Garrick, altho none of our family ever sunk so low as to be actors altho they was none to good. Anyways Maizie gets wished with the name Garrick to explane where she got her talent from, which is like me taking a chink name to explane why I got a laundry mans pig tale which I aint.

But I aint trying to get nasty or make no wiscracks about a girl wich is a good meel ticket. I am just riting this to give the grate public a low down on my home life.

Today I have gone back to work for the first time in 15 yers. I am riting fancy signatchures of Maizie's name on pictures wich is sent out to ½ wits that rite in and ask her for them. I get \$1 per 100 autografs, paid to me by old thunder and

lightning wich is my wife. Id rather work for strangers but Maizie and the ball and chane wich is my wife dont like me to go mixing in the studios wich is all the work there is in this dratted hole. So they have killed my ambishun.

¶ You have read many stories of and by movie mothers.

¶ Here is the first story of a movie father.

¶ Or as Mazie Garrick's father says: "After reading my daughters artichel on How I cum to be a grate Star and ma's artichel on How it feel to be a famous mother, I decided that the public mite want to heer something about the old man."

Dec. 13. My arm paned me something terribul last nite until I thot Id die until Ben cum along. Ben is the footman and rides in the third rollsroice but he aint no swellhed but a regular he guy and knows a feller that brings it in direct on ships.

Well as I was saying my arm paned me terribul and Ben brot something along that he had for a customer and we polished off a bottle between us. Then Pete the gardner cum in and tells us that he was going to brake in-to the movies but he aint got no more chance than I have of braking into one of C. B. De Mille's dinner partys or "C. B." as we movie people call him.

Dec. 15. Yesterday I didnt rite none because I got tired of taking sass from my donnerwetter wich is my wife. So I says I am going out and ern some money of my own and you can just get sombody else to sine these dam fotos if you can find anyone thatll work so cheep. So Ben gave me a coupla tall ones and says Dont forget your old friends when you get famus. So off I went to a studio with a bird by the name of

Matt Gimp whos neece infests the screen under the name of Lora Montaine.

So we went to an actor by the name of Shrimp McGee who Maizie was engaged to last year before she got another rais in salary and Shrimp, out of malis, says he would use us in his picture and give us a lot of publicity and money on account of our distingwished connections. Out least the old Cloudy with Storms wich is my wife says he done it out of malis becaus she hates to let on I got any talent.

So we went to the mane stage and Shrimp calls a still man and asks us to pose for some pictures to put in the papers and then he calls a lot of bathing girls to help put some pep into them stills.

Well the pictures was certainly lively enuff becaus Matt and me throwed our souls into the part and Shrimp stood on the side lines and made all kinds of jokes and cracks. We was supose to be cutups in the pictures and act skittish with the girls.

Shrimp said he would take the still pictures rst to rush out the publicity and we could do our stuff before the movie cameras afterwards at \$15 a day wich is good waiges but not what the Biddle kid from Newport got to start with.

I mite of knowed it was too good to be true and that Ben and Matt and me throwed our celabration too soon. This A. M. wen I reported for work I just thot Id drop in on the Publicity gent and see them still pictures. It just struck me that mabe me and Matt had been a trifle too daring in some of them photos.

Well I wasnt the rst to call on the Publicity gent for the old Deluge wich is my wife had beet me to it and the Publicity gent was just about to call on the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals wen I arrive.

The Deluge had seen the pictures all labeled as to how the father of the famus Maizie Garrick had decided to leeve home and join up with the art. The publicity gents story was that he had got orders to shoot them stills to the papers and that the orders had gone from Shrimp.

Well what the Deluge called Shrimp was a crime. I aint heard her speek so planely since we moved from the Bronx. She hollered malis, malis and a lot of other things wich I couldnt even rite in my diry. I never

¶ *So I goes to lay down the law to my storm and strife.* knewed she had pickt up so many good ajectifs. Then she turned on me and repeeted the balling out with trimmings.

As for the Shrimp the dirty bum he had

gone on location and left me to face the Cycloon wich got worse wen Matt's neece and his wife and his wifes sister wich is the famus Lora Montaine bloo in, being called there by my wife to take a look at them still pictures.

Well the publicity gent could do nothing but tare up them stills and promis to forget about them but the Deluge never left that studio till she had told the dirty work to the general Man'ger, the president, 3 directors and anybody that would listen.

So I went home without no more career and here I am wating for Ben to come home with the lifesavers.

Dec. 17. Yesterday me and Ben got talking things over and I deside that I am going to work and that nobody can stop me from going into the movies if I want to. Lay down the law to the storm and strife says Ben, but dont tell her I told you to do it.

So I went out from the garag where I have my room on acc't of not being allowed to live in the house like one of the fambly and walks in on the thunder and lightning wich is my wife and asks her can I have a little business talk. She says how much do you want. Nothing I said with dignity. I am tired of living off a public disgrase like Maizie. Cut that stuff, says the wife.

I am going to work, I says. Dont make me laff, she says. And I am going in the movies, I told her.

Well that makes her think of the still pictures and she hits the seeling again. There is plenty of companys that would be glad to have me, I says, and what would know talent if they saw it and wich you couldnt get to tare up the stills.

There are such vile monsters, says the wife, but it is just like you to stope to low company, I know what goes on there in the garag with you and Ben and that greesed lightning he sells.

That, I says, is neether here nor there. I am going to work and going this afternoon down to the Bozo Komedy Kompany, so dont kid yourself that I aint.

How much do you expect to earn, says the wife. 75 dollars a week is my price to start, I tells her. Well, the wife sat and thinked for a wile and finally she says, Maizie and me have been talking things over and Maizie says she needs a busines manager. Why should we go out of the family for a busines manager when your pa would take the job for 100 dollars a week says I to Maizie.

What do you mean, I asked the wife. That I should be business manager to that mooron. Dont [Continued on page 102]





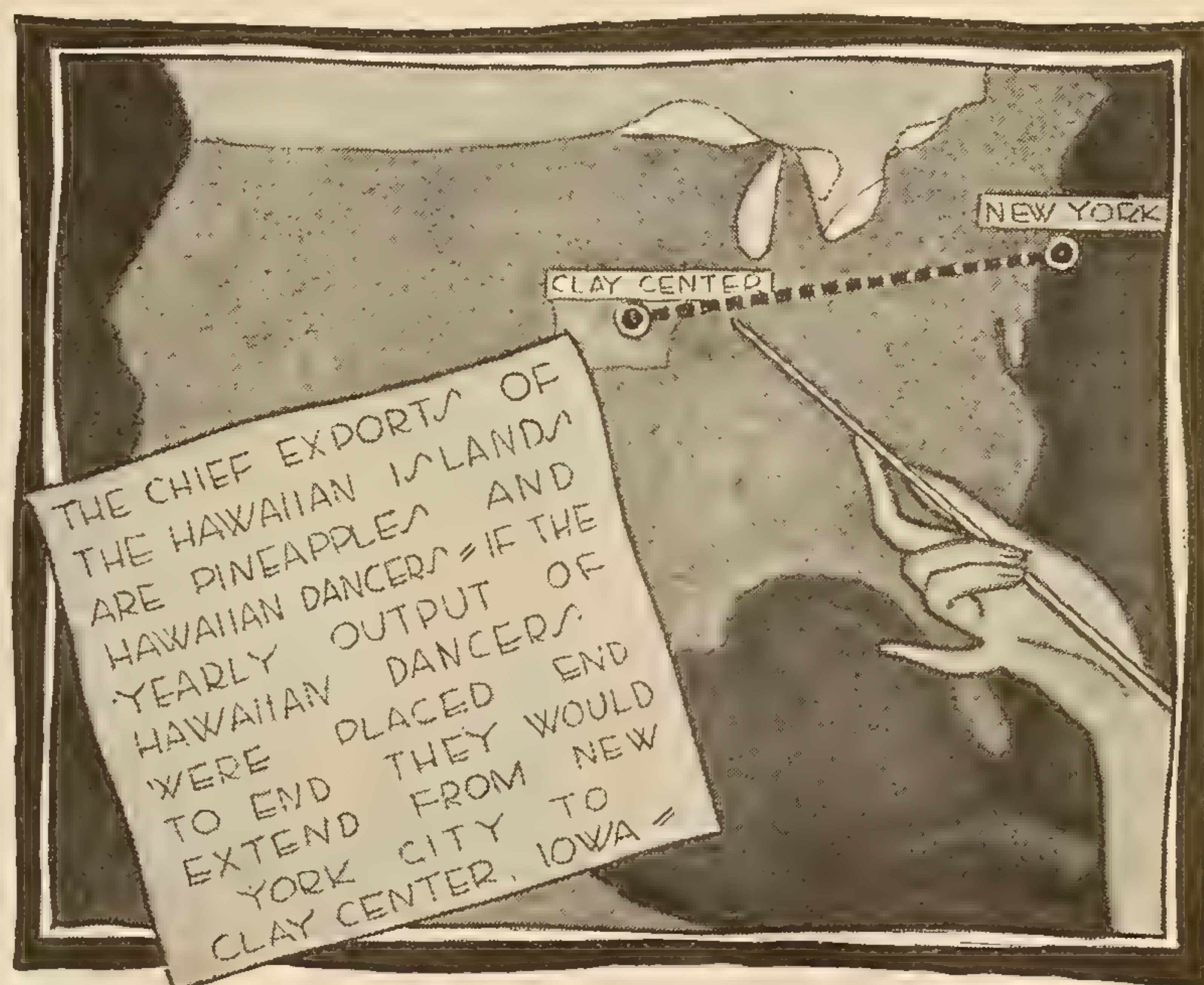
¶ *The director discovers Egypt*



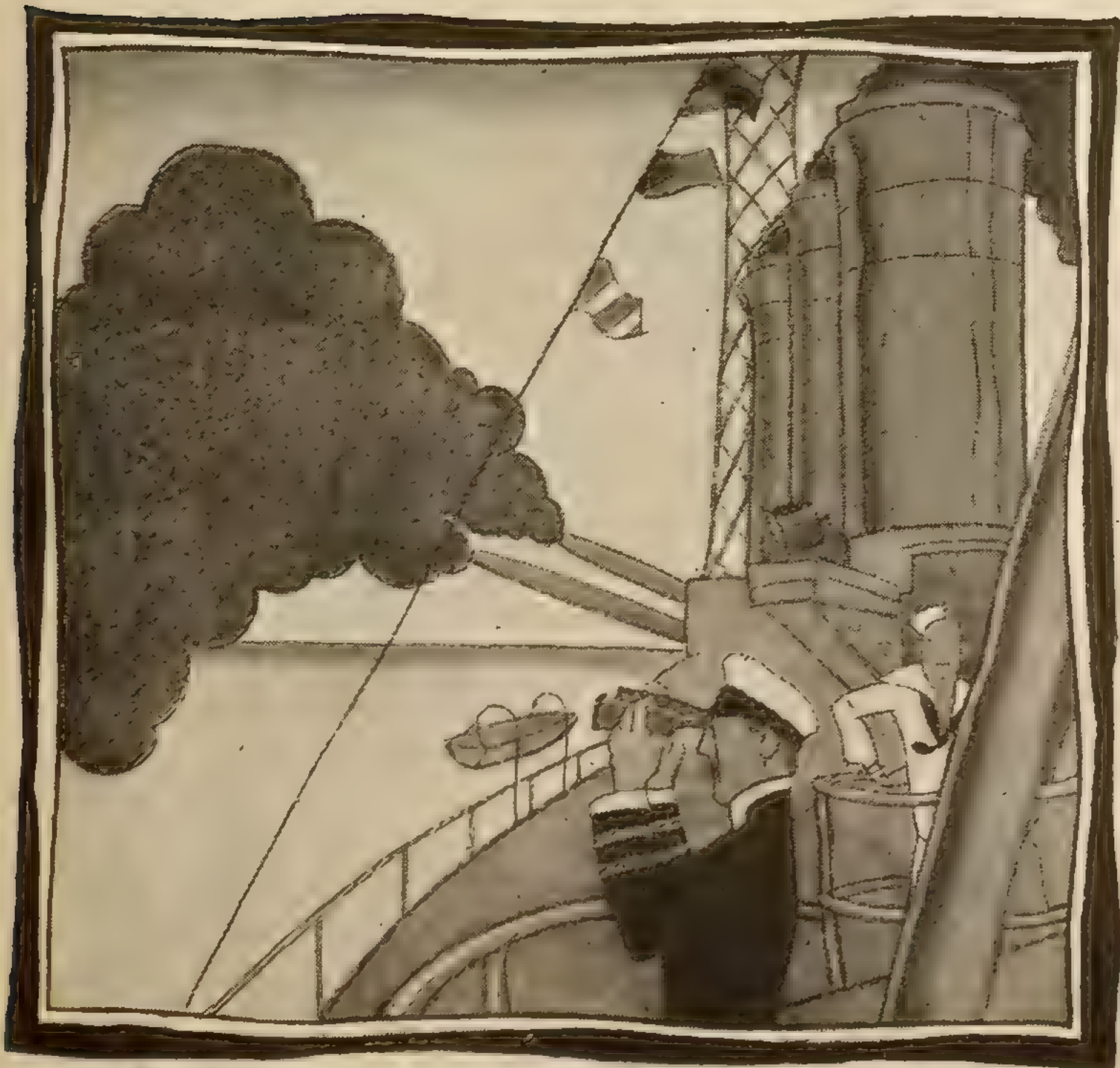
¶ *The sub-title writer discovers Omar Khayyam*

The Five Great Discoveries of the Motion picture

By Eldon Kelly



¶ *The educational film is discovered*



¶ *The news reel discovers the Navy*



¶ *The Public discovers the Exit*

Shot to HADES

By H. B. K. Willis

Drawings by Kliz

ARCHIMEDES, that nonchalant if scientific old gent who did a Lady Godiva, clad solely in his beard and a bath-brush, long before Godiva did, was the progenitor of motion-picture location men.

"Eureka! I've found it!" the Third Readers say he chortled as he galloped down the Appian, or some other, Way, leaving his tub behind him. Personally I shall always believe he meant the soap, though more learned writers blame him for the discovery of specific gravity, the present-day curse of undergraduates, home-brewers, bootleggers and battery doctors.

The Quest for New Locations

THE location men in screenland are a lot like dear old Arch. They chortle and they gallop but as yet they have never found it—"it" meaning the new locations they are paid to locate.

If they said "Eureka" the producers would probably think it was the name of a California city, hamlet or town if not a Turkish cigarette. So they don't say it, as they know naught but old locations are tried and true—locations long since shot to Hades in more than a decade of canned scenery.

Once upon a time there was a location hunter who found a new location, a setting for a cinema scene. He dashed back to the studio with high hopes and a

Q Do you know where they always film the skidding comedy flivvers? It's at the corner of Western Avenue and Santa Monica boulevard.

swelling chest. There he told the director, whose scenic eyes he was, of his find. The director, being young and reactionary, and therefore different, wrung his hand and congratulated him.

Overdoing the Old Locations

THEY used the location. But when the film was shipped to the New York brain division the shots made on it were deleted, the fable has it, because the Gotham office ogres believed their inclusion

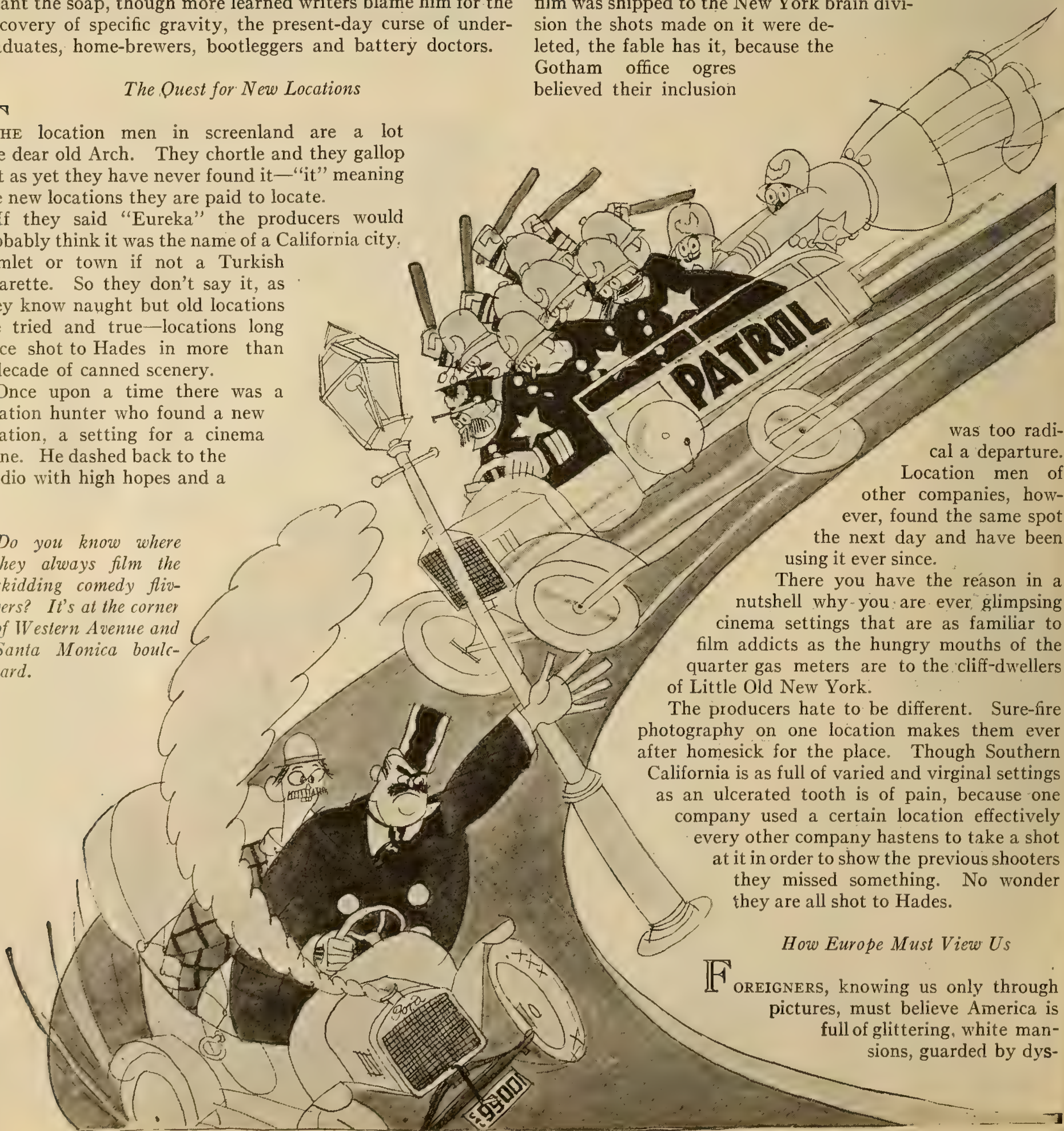
was too radical a departure. Location men of other companies, however, found the same spot the next day and have been using it ever since.

There you have the reason in a nutshell why you are ever glimpsing cinema settings that are as familiar to film addicts as the hungry mouths of the quarter gas meters are to the cliff-dwellers of Little Old New York.

The producers hate to be different. Sure-fire photography on one location makes them ever after homesick for the place. Though Southern California is as full of varied and virginal settings as an ulcerated tooth is of pain, because one company used a certain location effectively every other company hastens to take a shot at it in order to show the previous shooters they missed something. No wonder they are all shot to Hades.

How Europe Must View Us

FOREIGNERS, knowing us only through pictures, must believe America is full of glittering, white mansions, guarded by dys-



How the old California locations see service again and again in film-land's three divisions of life: hick, burg and big.



peptic lions. Our parks must seem to have all been laid out with the same pattern. They must think that American office buildings, street corners, theatres, apartment houses and railroad stations come in three styles—hick, burg and big, wicked city modes.

They must know every step of the Garden Court apartments, that pretentious, gleaming pile out in the higher rent district of Hollywood where live the movie men who never plan to do right by Our Nell until the last reel.

The mountain retreats of those fiends in human form, who dabble in porcelains, first editions and debutantes, neglecting their lawful wedded wives, are bound to be filmed in Laurel Canyon which also supplies the artist colony shots with its winding roads and quaint cabins.

Since there is hardly a modern picture which can be called

complete without at least one railroad station exterior, one would naturally think producers would cast about for something different. But they don't. There is a waiting list, I'll wager, for locations at the village station at Hynes, a mile and a half from Universal City on Lankershim Boulevard.

That is where Our Nell always clambers on the day coach as the honest townspeople wave farewell.

If she is going to visit her sister or her cousin or her brother or her aunt at a burg, Nell is cinematized clambering down from the coach at Los Angeles' heritage of the early days, the time-worn Union Pacific station. That brindle depot has been before the camera as much as Clara Kimball Young.

Always—

The celluloid sheiks get their just deserts at Oxnard.

The Royal Mounted Police get their man at Truckee.

Our Nell waves goodbye from a train at Hynes, Cal.,

Comedians lose their mustaches in the lake of Westlake Park.

and—

Those garden fade-outs are shot in the Busch Gardens.

If, however, Our Nell is going to tempt fate in the big, wicked city, the cameraman will grind on her so we'll later grind our teeth on her emergence, wide-eyed and timorous from the Southern Pacific's Arcade station.

Los Angeles' public build-

ings have been done equally to death. There is not a courtroom nor a jail which has not echoed time and time again to the hoarse directorial voices.

Goldwyn Studio Doubles in Brass

THE executive staff at Goldwyn's Culver City studio realizes that because sometime ago a lackey of Lehr, hurrying to the studio in the chill Hollywood nine o'clock dawn, noted the place's resemblance to a jail, a castle, a cathedral, a home for the feeble-minded and a custom house.

So when they need any one of those things the Goldwyn companies do not have to journey downtown as the studio carpenters in a busy half-day can slap a false front on the place, a sort of dickey of wallboard and stucco, making it look like anything that is desired. It was last converted into a gaol entrance for *Name the Man*, the vehicle for Mae who has been denoted the Burning Busch.

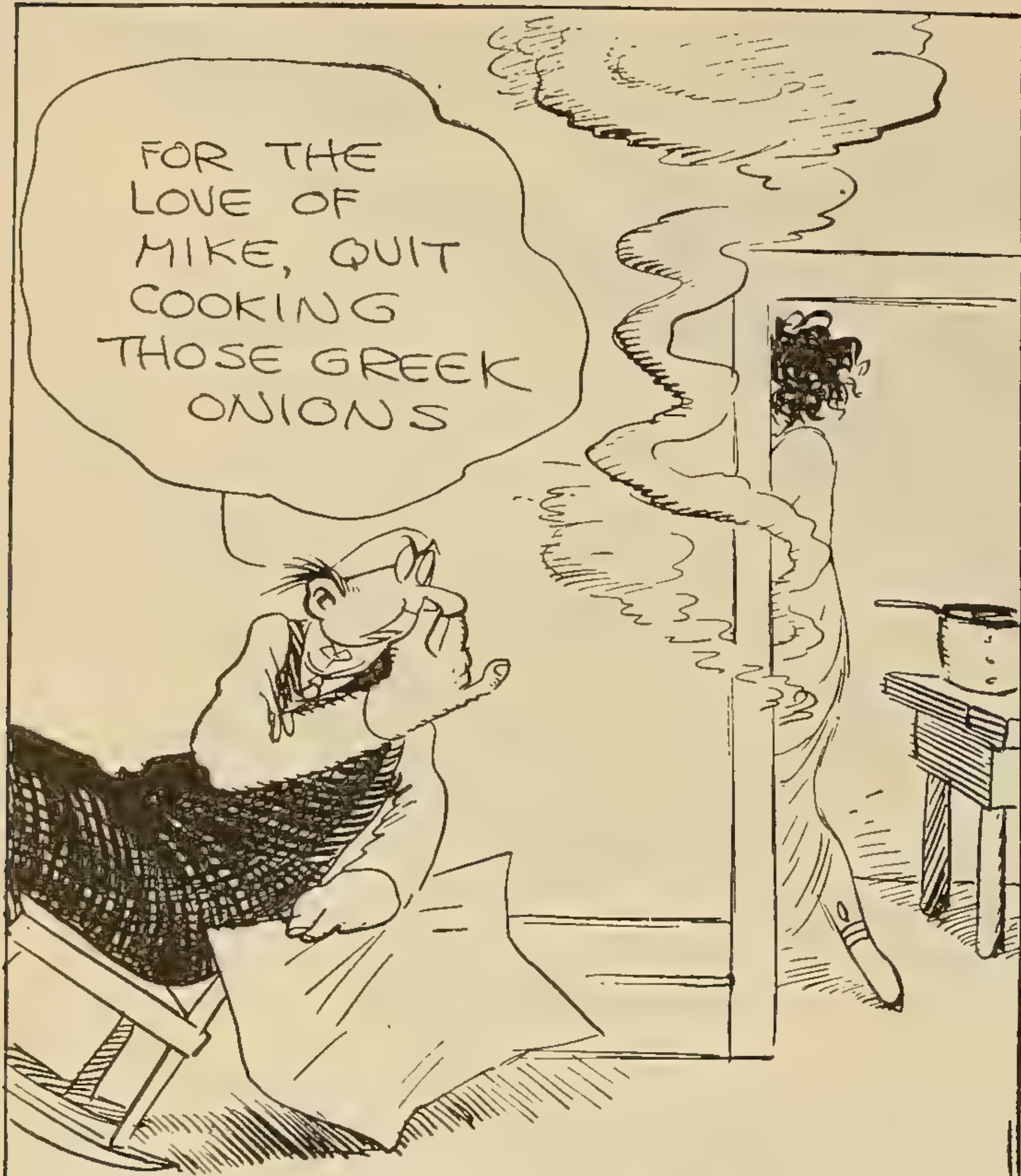
High society or costume stuff awakens a sense that something is lacking unless Westlake Park or the Busch Gardens in Pasadena double for the dooryards of the upper crusts of this and yesteryear.

Los Angeles' Two-Way Lake

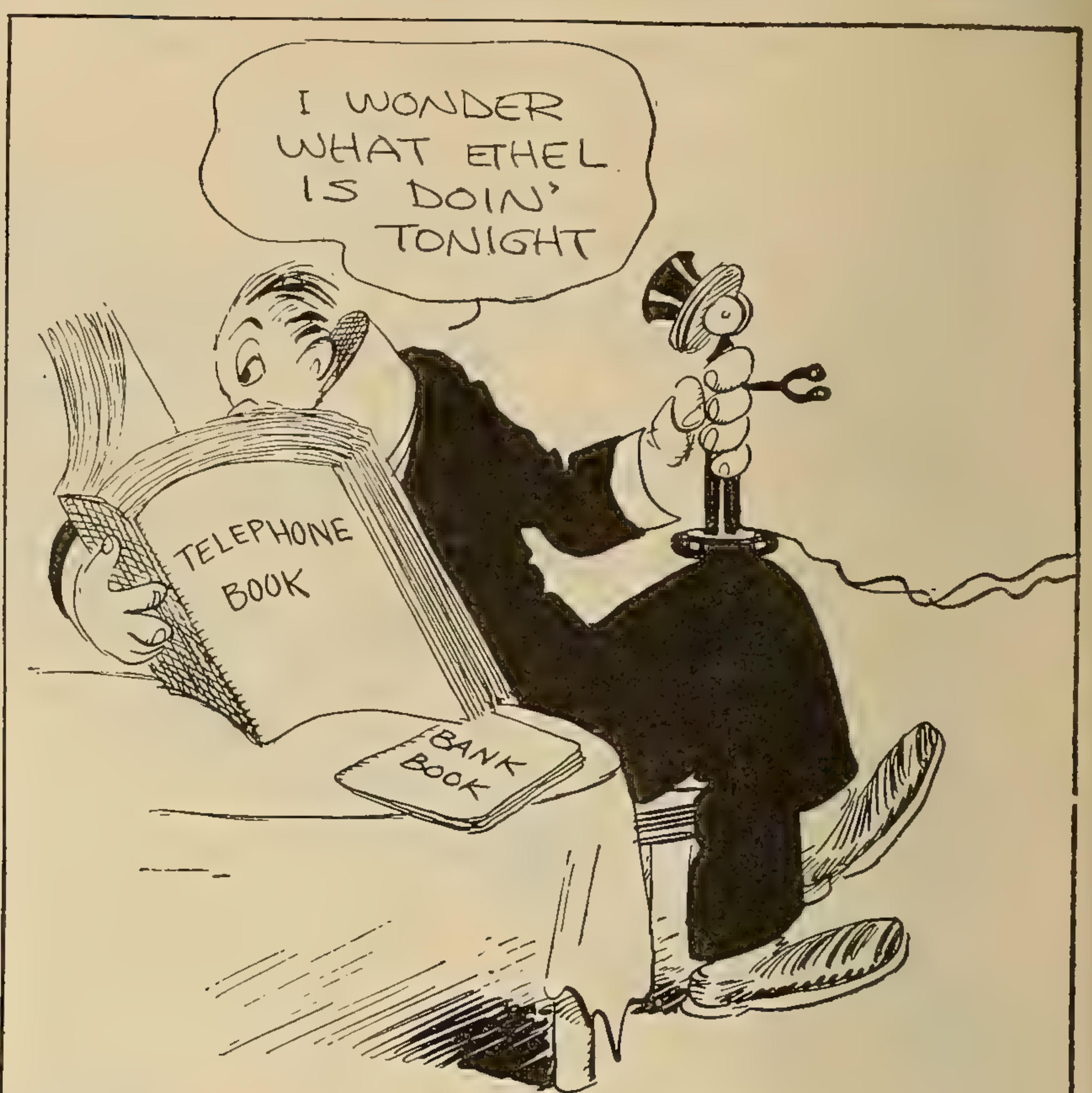
WESTLAKE PARK is a two-way affair. It has a lake into which comedians can be thrown along with the lunch-boxes, banana peels, waxed paper and other debris of the ruminant American tourist. There used to be [Continued on page 103]



The Ideal Home Life of Famous



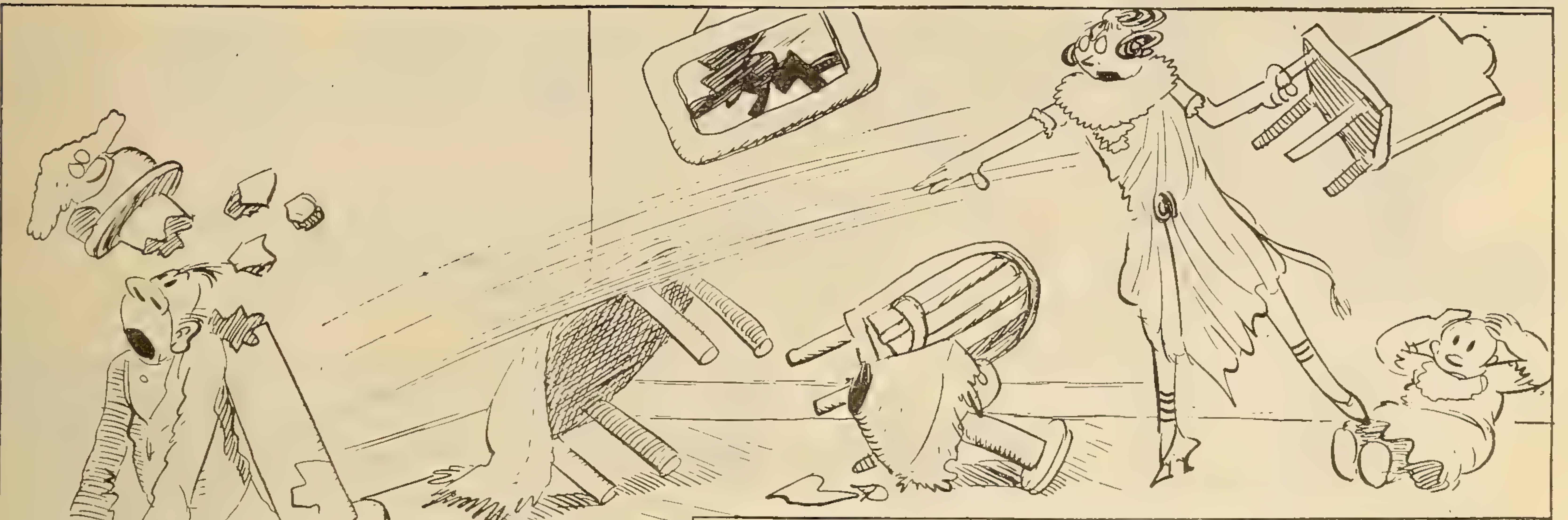
VIRGINIA COLDREAM FINDS THE INSPIRATION FOR HER SUBLIME SCREEN CREATIONS IN THE DELICATE PERFUMES OF THE OLD WORLD - HER HOME IS PERMEATED WITH THE FAINT SCENT OF ANCIENT AND MYSTERIOUS EMPIRES.



LUKE OATMEAL, THE MASTER SHEIK OF THE FILMS, SPENDS ALL OF HIS TIME WITH HIS BOOKS - BOTH OF THEM



ADENOID MTONSIL, THOUGH A SCORCHING VAMPIRE ON THE SCREEN, IS REALLY A DEVOTED MOTHER IN PRIVATE LIFE - HER LITTLE SON, LARYNX, IS BEING BROUGHT UP IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF REFINED TROUBLE.



THE McVACUUMS, THE IDEAL LOVEBIRDS OF THE SILVER SHEET, ARE SO BUSY WITH THEIR DOMESTIC AFFAIRS THEY SELDOM HAVE TIME TO GO OUT.



YVONNE FROMAGE IS AN ANIMAL ENTHUSIAST AND SPENDS MUCH TIME ON HER ESTATE IN ATHLETIC PURSUITS TRYING TO KEEP HER MIND OFF THE MORTGAGE.

BUNK BALONEY, THE GREAT OUTDOOR HERO OF THE FILMS, IS ALWAYS THE FIRST ONE AT THE STUDIO, EXCEPTING ON TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, FRIDAYS, SUNDAYS AND SATURDAYS.



New SCREENPLAYS

By Frederick James Smith

THE much heralded production of Cecil de Mille, *The Ten Commandments*, the super-super-spectacle which made the waters of the Red Sea and the Paramount production activities to stand still, delivered its message in New York just before Christmas. As far as I can see, Manhattan is pretty much unchanged at this writing, one week later.

Mr. De Mille's Two Stories

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS is as definitely divided into two parts as Mr. de Mille's own Red Sea. The first half concerns itself with the bondage of the Children of Israel in Egypt. Here Mr. de Mille shows how Moses led the Israelites from the land of their captivity, how he caused the pursuing army of the Pharaoh to be halted by a pillar of fire and later engulfed in the Red Sea after its waters had parted to let his people pass dry-shod and, how, after the liberated Israelites had come to worship at the feet of false gods, the ten commandments were given to Moses on the heights of Sinai.

Then the story shifts to today and traces the modern application of these ten commandments of old. Here Mr. de Mille reveals a household with a stern old mother who believes in the letter of the law in the application of the Bible to modern life. There are two sons, one a self-sacrificing, upright youth who is a carpenter, (Mr. de Mille capitalizes Carpenter and doubtless looks upon this as keen symbolism), while the other is a youthful

waster. Both the sons come to love the same girl but she marries the harem-scarem youth and the two start out to "break the ten commandments and become wealthy."

¶ *The Bad Boy Gets His Just Deserts*

THE screen always sees to it that evil-doers get their deserts and here the erring son pays and pays. He becomes rich as a

¶ Constance Talmadge was a pallid figure in her weak romantic opus, *The Dangerous Maid*.

builder through skimping in materials, but finally a church under construction topples in, killing his own mother, and the law seeks to punish the criminal constructor. He tries to recover some of the jewels he has lavished upon a beautiful Eurasian

only to discover that she is an escaped leper and that he himself is a victim. He kills her in his horror—but dies later when he attempts to elude the police. His widow has escaped leprosy through a new faith and comes to ultimate happiness with the honest carpenter.

¶ *The Month's Best Screenplay*

¶ *None*

Thus Mr. de Mille proves—to his own satisfaction, at least—that if you break the ten commandments they will break you. Also, Mr. de Mille points out, through the medium of the grim old mother, that the old laws aren't intended to be enforced to the letter in these modern days.

Exodus Better Than Miss Macpherson

As you may guess, the first half of the story is straight from the Old Testament, the second straight from Jeanie Macpherson. And while he has a hard, cruel style, Exodus can write circles around Miss Macpherson when it comes to straightaway drama, if you must know. Her contribution is just movie. Actually, this first half of *The Ten Commandments* is better than I had anticipated. Perhaps I had forgotten the de Mille of the old days—of, let me say, *Joan the Woman*—the de Mille who hasn't yet turned to modern plumbing. The characters of this Biblical part are not real—in the sense, for instance, that the historical folk of Ernst Lubitsch live and breathe—but there is a steady drive to his screen pictures, along with a genuine pictorial force and momentary seconds of sheer beauty. The flight of the Israelites across the Egyptian sands, caught in the natural color photography, is the high spot of *The Ten Commandments*.

The much discussed crossing of the Red Sea is easily explained. De Mille built two long water-tight walls and then admitted water outside the walls. This was permitted to rise over the ramparts and to fill the avenue between. By simply reversing the film, the water appears to rush away, leaving a safe and dry path between towering walls of water. But to show this for more than a moment on the screen would reveal the genuineness of the walls, so de Mille resorted to double-exposure. He had two miniature masses of quivering and glistening gelatine arranged in exact duplicate of the walls surrounded by water. This was pictured and then the film was again passed through the camera while the Israelites and the pursuing Egyptians were photographed, literally between the walls of gelatine. The result does look pretty much like two long armies crossing between high walls of water.

Plenty of Camera Trickwork

THE scenes of Moses receiving the ten commandments on



in REVIEW

Illustrated by Covarrubias

Mount Sinai failed to impress me. Here de Mille moved in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, his methods strangely resembling an exhibition of Pain's fireworks. On the other hand, the Red Sea trick camerawork plainly impressed the New York audiences. Doubtless it will further impress the hinterland.

The acting throughout *The Ten Commandments* fails to reach any noteworthy heights. Theodore Roberts has only opportunities to pose briefly as Moses, Charles de Roche is physically massive but histrionically inadequate as Rameses while Julie Faye is a mere Winter Garden fillie as Pharaoh's storm and strife, as Anna Prohater would say. The one person to stand out of the Biblical section is Estelle Taylor, who contributes a surprising bit as Miriam, Moses' sister, discreetly described by the program as being "guilty of abominations." As chief worshipper of the Calf of Gold in what apparently was the first thing resembling a cabaret scene in history, Miss Taylor supplied enough passionate ecstasy to make her performance the outstanding thing of the ultra-spectacle.

Acting of Modern Half Passable

EVEN with Nita Naldi as the Eurasian in the modern half, the acting is but passable. Nor is the de Mille direction in any way noteworthy here, save in one scene, the aftermath of the church collapse. Here de Mille touched a high spot.

Very likely *The Ten Commandments* will make money. It looks to me like a box office picture. As for creating "an epic picture that would portray and satisfy the deeper craving of mankind," as the press agents have said, *The Ten Commandments* is just another lengthy picture, over-loaded with huge sets, thousands of extras and tremendous expenditures. When *The Ten Commandments* was in course of shooting and cutting, the Paramount powers-that-be were very sensitive about the fact that the prologue alone had cost over a million. But now they are referring cheerfully to the fact that *The Ten Commandments* ran its expenses to \$1,500,000. Still, as the souvenir program of *The Ten Commandments* says, most of the picture was made "out in the desert where Bul-Bul, the nightingale, alone breaks the stillness by his song!"

The Shepherd King is Dull

IN contrast to *The Ten Commandments* is that other screenplay built upon the Old Testament, *The Shepherd King*, produced by William Fox in Italy and the Holy Land. More directly it is the work of J. Gordon Edwards, the director who turned out many an ornate and beaded Theda Bara spectacle.

This was once a stage play in which Wright Lorimer used to

barnstorm the provinces, a sort of jitney *Ben-Hur*. Briefly, it deals with the calling of David to deliver the land from the Philistines and has its climax in David's triumph over the giant, Goliath. The whole thing is handled here with a minimum of expense and imagination. Save for the backgrounds, which now and then look like authentic shots of the Holy Land, there is little to recommend the production, either in the inadroit direction or the over-profuse acting of the Italian principals. Except for Violet Mersereau the cast is wholly Latin. And I can not see any special reason for sending Miss Mersereau all the way to Italy to play Michal, the beloved of David. Miss Mersereau, who is very colorless, is a member of the Wampas "baby stars," class of 1910.



¶Cormal Myers plays the Countess Fedora in *Slave of Desire*, the weak version of Balzar's *The Magic Skin*.

David Would Be Debarred in 1924

IF the immortal combat between David and Goliath occurred as Mr. Edwards here pictures it, David would have been debarred from fighting in practically every state in the Union. True, David got the decision and his opponent's head, but the thing was pretty unsportsmanlike. The more the motion picture attempts to portray the Old Testament, the more it reveals the folk of the Biblical characters as being as hard hearted as the owner of a lot of defective penny-in-the-slot machines.

The Shepherd King is just another sleep producing film. It lacks everything.

Personally, I managed to get more enjoyment out of Buster Keaton's new comedy, *Our Hospitality*, than I could extract from anything else cinematic during the past month. The low level of screenplays can easily be explained for, with the coming of the holidays each year, the producers unload their worst pictures. Motion pictures draw poorly at this time, anyway, and the exhibitors have no come back. The producers merely point to the calendar as their alibi.

Our Hospitality Too Long

OUR HOSPITALITY has one serious weakness. It is entirely too long, running over six reels. Yet, the opus has amazingly humorous qualities in spots. The hero, no other than Monsieur Keaton, starts south to take possession of his ancestral home. The time is 1830 and the young man makes the trip over an amazing one-track railroad which invests the adventure

with something of the epic quality of a Covered Wagon trip. Arriving in Kentucky, Keaton finds himself constituting one-half of an old feud. He discovers that while he is the guest of his enemies he is safe, owing to the good old rules of Southern hospitality, and he declines to move.

Our Hospitality has a vast amount of comic ingenuity but it is some two reels too long. Comedians will insist upon making feature pictures! Yet our comedies are far in advance of our dramas in points of freshness and cleverness. This *Our Hospitality* has more originality than all the other pictures of the month, *The Ten Commandments* included.

Lucretia Lombard Jumbled Stuff

LUCRETIA LOMBARD is another so-called screen classic produced by the Warner Brothers. It is adapted from a Kathleen Norris novel and very likely will carry its studio title, *Flaming Passion*, when you see it outside of New York. For Manhattan the producers utilized the original title for some reason or other. Maybe they thought the published title had some value! You never can tell.

I am not familiar with Miss Norris' original novel but the screen version is certainly movie stuff with a vengeance. It is a badly jumbled story of a young woman who has been true to her sick but unfaithful husband through the years despite her knowledge of his weakness. Finally he dies through a mixup in medicines and, in the subsequent investigation, the widow meets the young district attorney. They love each other at first sight but the attorney is forced by circumstances into a marriage with a girl he does not really love. The director, Jack Conway, solves the problem finally by having a forest fire eliminate the wife, clearing the way for the district attorney and the widow to do the fade-out stuff.

I can not hand this *Lucretia Lombard* anything, even in acting. Irene Rich comes closest to humanness but Monte Blue is weak as the attorney, Marc McDermott overacts as the naughty husband, and Norma Shearer is dreadful as the woman who traps the attorney into marriage until the forest fire gets her. Miss Shearer seems to have every annoying ingenue quality.

Name the Man Varies

NAME THE MAN, adapted from Sir Hall Caine's *The Master of Man*, has unusual interest, being Victor Seastrom's first American-made screenplay. This Seastrom has an interesting record behind him in the Swedish studios.

Name the Man proved to be both good and bad. Seastrom was plainly handicapped by a fundamentally weak story and an inferior cast, save in a single instance. At basis it is the old story of the wronged girl who is brought before the guilty man for trial. This is typically Caine stuff with all its emotional turgidness. And the favorite Caine background, the Isle of Man, is here. On the whole, Seastrom handles his material expertly, particularly in the courtroom scene, which is very well done indeed.

The one histrionic exception I have referred to is Mae Busch, who plays the girl with a great deal of variety and effectiveness. It is a better performance than her highly commendable Gloria in *The Christian*. The rest of the acting is very flat.

The snoring of fellow film fans in the theatre on the



Buster Keaton gives a highly amusing performance in *Our Hospitality*.

night I viewed Emmett J. Flynn's production of the late F. Marion Crawford's *In the Palace of the King*, was appalling. Actually, this screenplay is a dreadful costume dud.

In the Palace of the King Dull

THE Crawford romance is not inspiring, simply the old hokus of the handsome young nobleman who loves a lovely gal below his rank in life. This time the gent is Don John, brother of the wicked King Philip II of Spain and a war hero and public idol on his own account. Aside from the kindergarten romance, there is the intrigue of Philip, who resents his brother's popularity. This culminates when the naughty monarch runs John through with his sword. But his trusty general, Mendoza, father of the gal, shoulders the blame to protect his king, runs his own sword through the body of John, in order to get blood upon the weapon, and gives himself up. Then, of course, the distraught gal, believing her father guilty, confesses her love for the late lamented John in open court. Thus she hopes to save her father, but in vain.

The Original Rubber Hero

THEY are just threshing out the details of papa's execution when, lo and behold, John reappears—ALIVE! The lad puts all other wounded heroes in the shade, for the camera has plainly shown him to have been

perforated with a sword not once but twice. Still, he is wearing a suit of snow-white satin and lace and there isn't a speck of gore on it.

The subtitles do not attempt to explain all this. Nor do I. I simply present it as an interesting addition to your gallery of directorial bones. I have often commented upon the bloodless characters of our American-made romantic films, but this Don John is plainly of India rubber.

Mr. Flynn is guilty of other things, too. He allows his army to march away to fight the Moors and then march back again in just as spick and span a glitter. He gets nothing out of his cast. Even Blanche Sweet, the unforgettable *Anna Christie*, seems highly puzzled with the proceedings. And the much touted Aileen Pringle, soon to be seen as the tiger-skin lady of *Three Weeks*, is pretty inadequate as a plotting princess of Phillip's court. She doesn't seem to be able to express anything at all in the way of drama.

Tiger Rose Lacks Tang

TIGER ROSE, another Warner Brothers' classic, is a screen version of the Northwest melodrama of Willard Mack, which was so highly effective behind David Belasco's footlights. Out in the real out doors, the excitement seems to lose its tang. Doubtless you have read announcements of Lenore Ulric's screen debut in *Tiger Rose* but, being a good fan, you remember all her celluloid characterizations of the past, before Mr. Belasco discovered her and made her a star in a series of roles culminating in the piquant *Kiki*. I recall Miss Ulric as having a good measure of charm and appeal. Something of these two qualities has disappeared and *Tiger Rose* isn't quite the screenplay you had been anticipating. Or is it because we are tired unto death of these endless tales of the Northwestern mounted police? Or, more likely, Miss Ulric was too tired from playing *Kiki* for two straight years to approach the films with any real zest. That's probably [Continued on page 98]

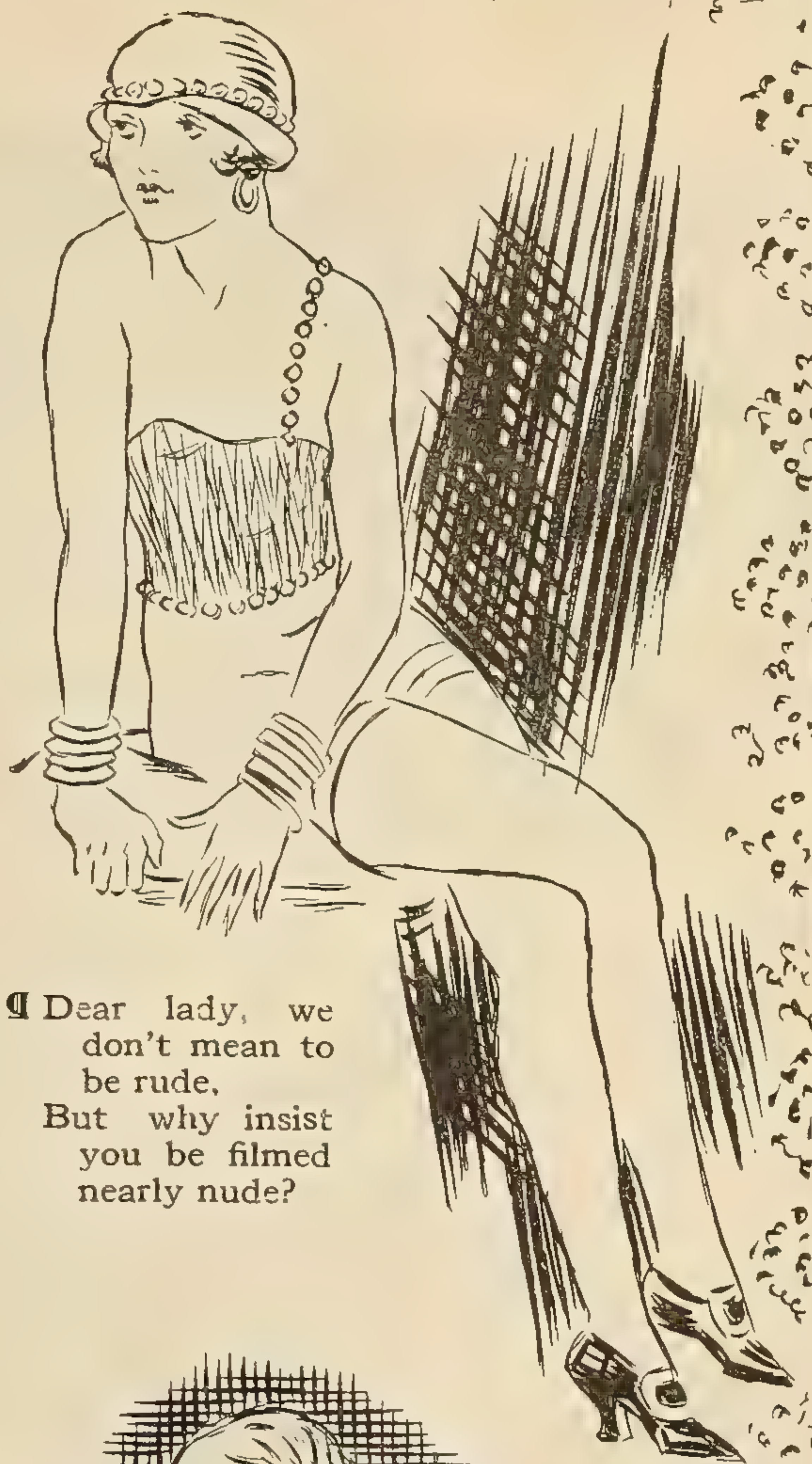
Some Valentines



¶ Merton of the
Movies would
adore your
horse,
But not, we sadly
fear, your fifth
divorce.



¶ A figure like hers
is not to be
scorned,
That's the reason
by clothes it's
so little
adorned.



¶ Dear lady, we
don't mean to
be rude,
But why insist
you be filmed
nearly nude?



¶ Quaint old costumes
have made you a star,
But is that the reason
we adore from afar?



E. MCNERNEY, JR.

Is the Pollyanna

By Susie



KODEL AND HERBERT

¶ Paris is going through a campaign against undress at this moment, and Mlle. Macia Napierkowska, the Russian dancer, presented above, is one of the storm centers of the attack. This is the famous jewel costume which has aroused so much comment.

CRIME sentinels, busy at the perennial vacuum cleaning of the Broadway stage, have raised the dust from several questions of censorship.

Is the political supervision which makes screen material a Pollyanna perversion of the facts of life more injurious to public morals than the knowledge of realities contained in such plays as *Rain* and *The Lullaby*, recently condemned by so-called moralists, who insist on having their literary linens freshly starched from the hand laundries?

If knowledge is power, is the perpetual fairy tale edition of realities sponsored by the New York State Motion Picture Commission wholesome? Should all heroines—on the screen or stage—be virgins, all heroes chaste and every

¶ *Rain*, the much talked about drama with a missionary as one of its chief figures, is a center of discussion in New York. At the right, a scene from *Rain* with Jeanne Eagels.



WHITE

¶ Is the film's perversion of the facts of life more injurious to public morals than the knowledge of realities contained in stage plays recently condemned by the reformers?

villain following the one way street to perdition?

The Crime Outposts Condemn the Plays

SEVERAL of the most popular plays of the stage this season have fallen under the eye of the crime outposts. *Hamlet* has been looked into by a member of the New York police force and found to be not a public menace. Gertrude, his mother, although deserving, seems likely to escape condemnation at the hands of city magistrates. *Rain*, the story of a minister who went wrong, is thought by some to teach a moral lesson and by others an offense against all the laws on the calendar. *The Lullaby*, which shows that mother love may be responsible for prostitution, has also been criticized.

Screen IMMORAL?

Sexton

QWill the campaign against stage morals force the footlights to sugar-coat the realities of life after the fashion of the screen, held in the grip of censors?

Unwise restraints upon the modern motion picture which tend to give a Pollyanna twist to every picture passed by the state board of censors are condemned by Wilton A. Barrett, executive secretary of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, as perverting life.

Pollyannaism a Menace

"SUGAR-COATING the realities of life in the manner which prevails under censorship is a decided menace," said Mr. Barrett. "That is my opinion and I feel that it is the opinion of the entire board.

"Screen censorship insists on the heroine, who is a virgin, the hero, who is chaste, and the villain, who is solid black. Everything and everybody, under the censors,



DE MIRJIAN STUDIOS



QArtists and Models, the very much undressed revue, was a sensation on the New York stage this year. Above, Kyra, the chief dancer of Artists and Models. At the left, a scene from the motion picture, *The Temple of Venus*, which displeased John S. Sumner so much.

must be black or white. There is no middle course. It completely overlooks the fact that no one in the world is ever all black or all white. As Thackeray once said all of us are 'tabby.' Censorship will never admit that human beings are 'tabby.' It insists on characters that are the color of snow-white and on themes that are the color of mush.

"Censorship will always fail for this very reason. Because after all in morality it is character which decides the issue and the censors ignore character entirely in the Pollyanna creed.

Is Film Censorship



DE MIRJIAN STUDIOS

¶ *Eleanor Stitt, one of the show girls of the revue, Artists and Models, in a costume not much unlike that worn on the stage during the production.*

"Opposing this counterfeit of life in motion pictures is, however, just like hitting against a brick wall. The American public seems to have a penchant for fairy tales, particularly on the screen. Most of the world seems to want to escape from reality. The Pollyanna picture allows them to make that mistake.

"There is much discussion at the present time about the production of *The Lullaby*, in which Florence Reed is starred. I have not seen the play, but from what I have heard of the story it seems to me to be just another type of the mother theme which motion picture producers have been delighting in of late with the usual boiling over of sentimentality.

Public Against Realities

"GENERALLY," Mr. Barrett continued, "the public is not particularly inclined to favor realities. They like the snowy heroine, the blameless hero and villain who can't be reformed. This is one of the deep reasons for our Pollyanna film morality.

"Even when you are capable of regarding the Pollyanna picture as artistic you have to admit that it is untruth in glossing over unpleasant things.

"Personally I do not believe that bad pictures are being made at the present time. Although the distortion of life for which the censors are responsible is often harmful. How can any three people in the world decide for the rest of the world what is moral or immoral.

"Censorship has succeeded only in putting the fear of God into the producer and in mutilating motion pictures or garbling the realities.

Flaming Youth Condemned

"WITH censorship as it is I think the recent film production of *Flaming Youth* was a short-sighted policy for any producer. It distorted life. And while it had no vicious qualities it was capitalizing the appeal of a book which was selling purely because of its sensational character. The book was written in a crude and inartistic way. As it was written the story could not be reproduced for the screen. But it was glossed over in a manner just as objectionable.

"The legal censor is a political appointee. His job rests on the assumption that there are elements in motion pictures which require deletion. He does not deal with particulars. Therefore the picture censor is placed in the position where he must always make cuts in order to illustrate to the public that his job is a useful and necessary one. He must present a list of cuts every week in order to justify his job. To make the cuts he is under a psychological obligation to discover things in the motion picture that he may regard as objectionable.

The Eye Sees What It Wants to See

"IT IS a psychological fact that what the eye is bent upon seeing it will see nine times out of ten.

"When this state of affairs is brought to a constant review of motion pictures it means that a mental habit is formed. Objectionable matter will constantly be perceived where very often it does not exist.

"Moreover the legal censor is concerned with the deletion of detail rather than with regarding the subject in its net or total effect. It is true that in drama or literature as well as in motion pictures detail which might at first glance seem objectionable when taken in context with what the story or play or picture means is dramatically and theoretically justifiable. This, however, raises the old point of contention between those who would censor and suppress and those who would not."

¶ "Sugar-coating the realities of life under censorship is a decided menace," says Wilton A. Barrett, executive secretary of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures.

¶ "Screen censorship insists on the heroine, who is a virgin, the hero, who is chaste, and the villain, who is solid black. Everything and everybody under the censors must be black or white. There is no middle course.

¶ "Opposing this counterpart of life in motion pictures is just like hitting against a brick wall. The American public seems to have a penchant for fairy tales, particularly as to the screen."

Dr. E. Edward Young, pastor of the Bedford Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn and chairman of a special committee of the Crime Society which has been investigating Broadway

To Sweep the Stage?

plays, declared himself against the censor. He said he preferred informal regulation because politics inevitably crept into official censorship.

Dr. Young was one of those who, after investigation, found nothing wrong with *The Lullaby*. Madelon, the heroine of the Florence Reed success, is ruined by her village sweetheart and turned out into Paris by a malicious stepmother. She is unable to support herself and for the sake of her child is forced into successive affairs with an American painter and a Count, who is a thief. She goes to jail in the discovery of one of his thefts. Twenty years later, a harlot living under the walls of Tunis, she kills a man and spends a long term in jail.



WHITE



WHITE

¶ *The Ben Ali Haggin tableaux, so long a feature of the Ziegfeld Follies, have been liberal cuticle displays—but they somehow have escaped the censors.*

The Lullaby a Moral Lesson

"A SOUND moral lesson," commented Dr. Young. He added that he thought perhaps objectionable portions had been removed by the time he joined the audience.

But what would the Pollyanna philosophers of the screen do to Madelon? And in their expurgated form would her story be as moral as it is on the stage?

Dr. Young also is against the Pollyanna creed when carried to the lengths of unreality. He said:

"We ought to have a motion picture standard which will make it possible for films to be just as vigorous and fascinating and faithful to facts as we possibly can consistently with their most wholesome influence on the spectator.

"I have not made sufficient investigation of the sugar-coated films to justify a more decided opinion. However, I can heartily subscribe to the opinion that the screen should be true to life, barring only those situations which stimulate immoral conduct on the part of members of the audience.

"Judges and others familiar with criminal court proceedings testify to the evil tendencies of certain plays that show up the details of crime. Many ministers and workers for better moral conditions believe that certain suggestive scenes encourage immorality along other lines.

Should Never Impair Facts

"CENSORING the movies is a very difficult task," Dr. Young concluded, "but their faithfulness to facts should not be impaired."

¶ *Florence Reed and Harold Elliott in a scene of The Lullaby, one of the dramas which has aroused the ire of the metropolitan stage reformers.*

Even under the six eagle eyes of the New York State Commission motion pictures are not yet as pure as John S. Sumner, New York's most active vice crusader, would have them.

While thoroughly shocked at the nudity and naughtiness of such Broadway plays as *Artists and Models*, *Rain* and *The Lullaby*, Mr. Sumner admits that there have been [Continued on page 88]

Moment Oriental



■ Betty Blythe has just returned to Europe, this time to do *The Turmoil* in Paris under the direction of T. Hays Hunter. Just before making this flying trip, Miss Blythe had returned from Berlin, Vienna and London, after the completion of *Chu Chin Chow* and *Spanish Jade*. Miss Blythe is shown at the left in a glimpse from *Chu Chin Chow*, which will shortly be revealed to American audiences.

ABBE, London

Wynn

Goes to the Theatre



¶ Gilbert Emery has written a pretty effective drama of Manhattan life in *Tarnish* and Tom Powers distinguishes himself as the young chap who sows his wild oats. Fania Marinoff is the 50th street vampire.



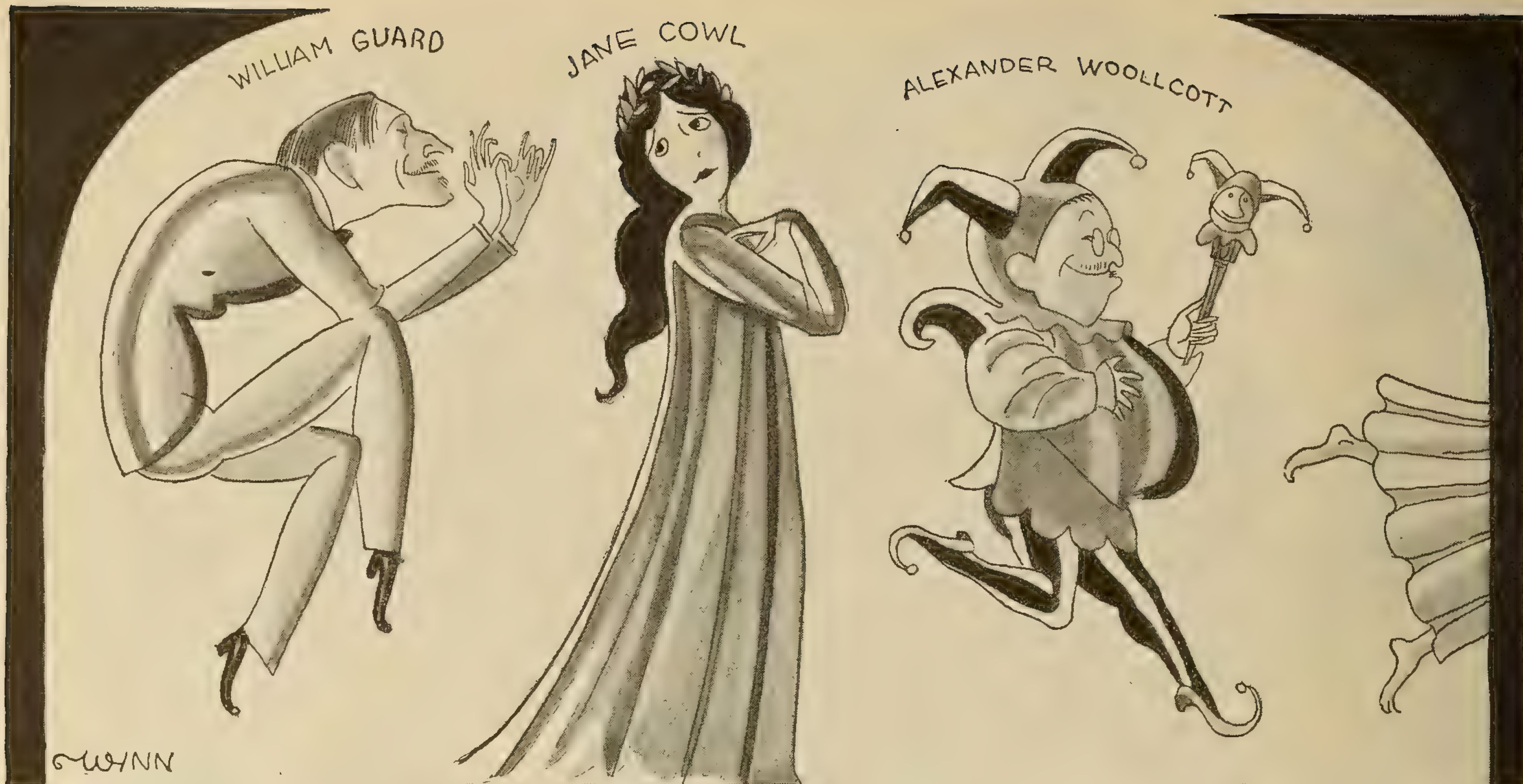
¶ The gay Parisienne, Alice Delysia, is the center of interest of the Shubert revue, *The Topics of 1924*.



¶ *White Cargo* was an interesting study of white civilization under the tropical sun, with Annette Margoles as the native cause for some of its breaking down.



¶ The production of *Sancho Panza* has a great deal of color, much of which is due to Otis Skinner's performance as the squire of Don Quixote. And Robert Rossaire, as Dapple, the immortal mule of Sancho, is admirable, too.



Dramaland

IF

I

RANK CRAVEN'S little comedy, *The First Year*, was produced last night in the Hippodrome by Florenz Ziegfeld, with scenery by Joseph Urban, costumes by Erté, a musical accompaniment by Puccini, ballet ensembles by Fokine, and spectacular effects by Ben Ali Haggin and Lincoln J. Carter. And if by any chance you think that this is impossibly ridiculous, wait until Melchior Lengyel's little comedy, *Sancho Panza*, comes your way and go in and have a look at the way Mr. Russell Janney has produced it. Here is a broth of an Hungarian fantastic satirical comedy that M. Janney has produced as if it were the Hanlons' *Fantasma*. He has called in Greenwich Village Follies scenic artists, Sally costumers, a Moscow Art Theatre director and various professors of melody to concern themselves with the little manuscript and the result is that what dramatic life the little manuscript had is almost completely snuffed out. It is all very much as if a football team were drafted to play a game of Mah Jongg. Every time Lengyel's amiable but extremely fragile dialogue opens its mouth to have its agreeable little say, a dozen scene painters, dressmakers, musicians, dancing masters and the like take a running jump, grab it around the throat, and choke it into silence with grim determination. To expend all this amount of money on a play like *Sancho Panza* is akin to dressing up a tot of two in a Bendel gown and a couple of Cartier showcases. The vanity of producers knows no end. Very soon we shall have them putting on

Candida with several hundred supers, a unit of Tiller girls, a musical accompaniment by Wolf-Ferrari, and a diamond drop curtain.

The Lengyel hero is played by Otis Skinner. There are two classes of persons in the world. One believes that the world is round and the other believes that the world is flat. In the second category one finds the persons who consider Mr. Skinner a very fine actor indeed.

¶ Says Mr. Nathan

Sancho Panza is a Hungarian fantastic satirical comedy presented as if it were Hanlons' Fantasma.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh! is shrewdly produced, minus the usual Belasco hocus-pocus.

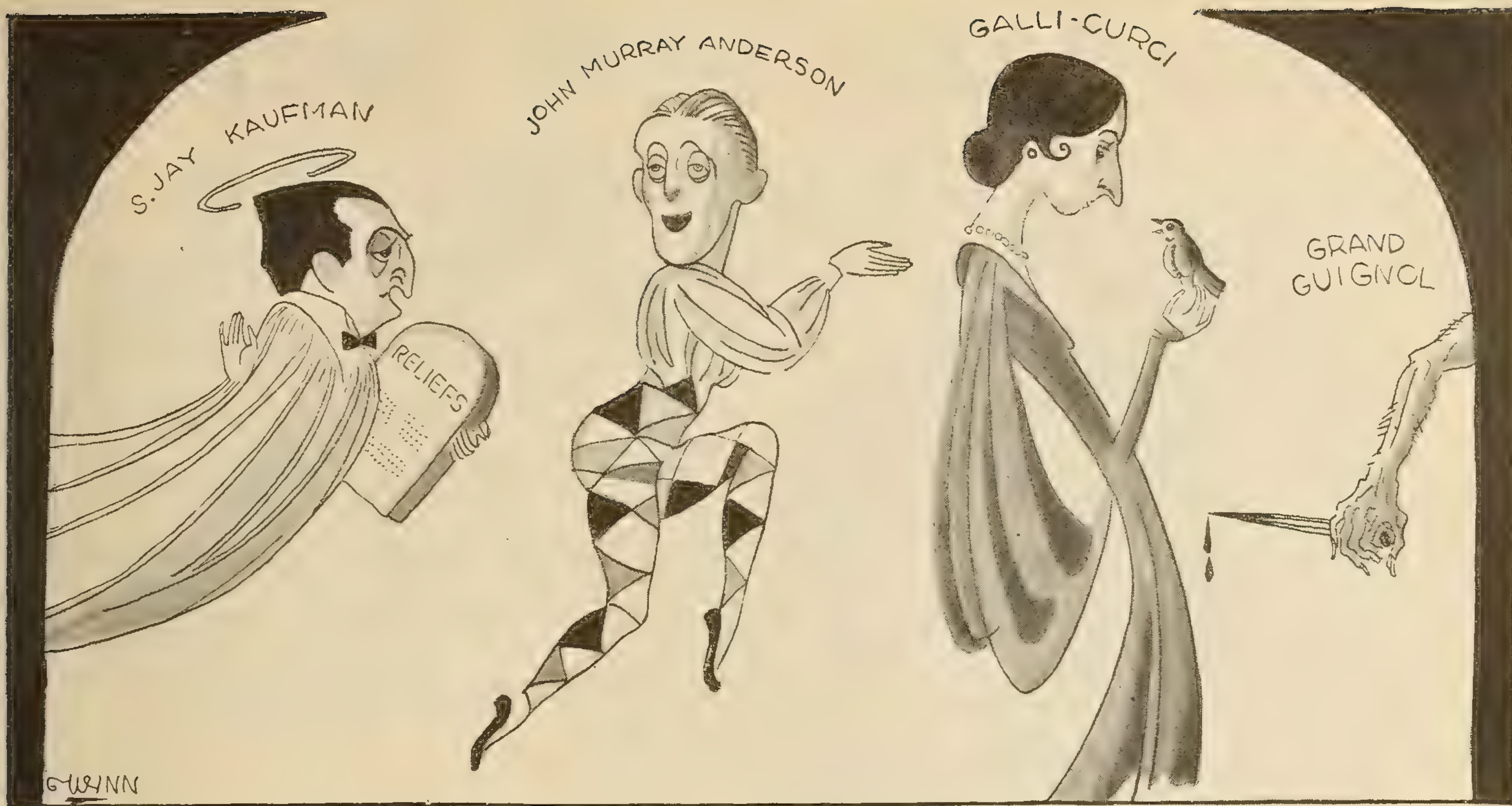
In The Next Room is a diverting mystery play you will enjoy—if you are honest with yourself.

The Failures is skilful dramatic writing, but not the masterpiece certain of my colleagues would like you to believe.

II

EVERY once in a while David Belasco does a beautiful job, and *Laugh, Clown, Laugh!* is one of them. It is not often that a manuscript is so intelligently handled and so shrewdly produced. Say what you will against the old boy, laugh as you will at his frequently absurd hocus-pocus and posturing, he does know how to get the last drop of dramatic juice out of a play once he takes off his Episcopalian collar, his Methodist coat and his Baptist pants and sets himself honestly to

the task. The manner in which he has taken over this Italian retelling of the passion in the life of a clown and embroidered it into Anglo-Saxon theatrical life, and without sacrifice of its original integrity, is the source of great admiration. Admiration on an occasion like this runs so high, indeed, that one is brought to brush away a tear of regret that Belasco has not made of his life what he has had it in him to make of it. Here is a producer who might have become the first producer in all the English-speaking theatre had he only been a simpler man



By George Jean Nathan

Decorations by Wynn

and one given to an honest, unaffected practice of his craft. But affectation has taken its price, as affectation does always, and has kept Belasco from his place at the head of the line. Younger men, men who loved the theatre and the drama more than they loved themselves, who cared no whit for their pictures in the papers and no whit to be the guest of honor at hotel banquets, have taken from his hands, by the exercise of sheer sincerity and a lust for inviolate dramatic beauty, the reins of artistic leadership. And all the while Belasco might have taken them for himself had his mind been first on drama and last on the cheap esteem of jitney biographers, Chambers of Commerce, newspaper interviewers and Congressmen from the Third District. As I say, when one sees so admirable a presentation as *Laugh, Clown, Laugh!* one thinks back all the more and regrets all the more. A great producing talent has dissipated itself upon petty manuscripts and pettier poses. But enough of regrets. Forget them and go see this latest Belasco exhibition. It is superbly well done.

Lionel Barrymore, Ian Keith, Sidney Toler and Irene Fenwick head the thoroughly competent presenting company.

III

THE mystery story is a form of diversion that appeals to highly intelligent men and to morons. It jumps the wide gulf on the pole of rational paradox. It is the middle mind alone

that does not care for the mystery tale and that sneers at it contemptuously. The greatest scientist living has declared that the mystery story provides his favorite form of light amusement, and a certain manufacturer of an article that took

William Jennings Bryan's place as the chief source of American jokes has made the same declaration. Between the right wing of intelligence and the left wing of ignorance we find the vast layer of humanity that is neither too highly educated nor too under-educated properly to relish the mystery story. In this layer we observe the class that affects keenly to enjoy dialectics in the theatre, that goes into idiotic raptures over the tremendous genius of some moving picture comedian, that professes to be warmed by the tonal monkeyshines of Schoenberg, and that stands in open-mouthed awe every other Tuesday when an art gallery displays the latest importation of modern art from Tzpyzyp, Hungary, or Kvalzvalokovitch, Russia.

The mystery story succeeds in the theatre, when it is dramatized with any degree of skill, because the theatre culls its patrons chiefly from the intelligentsia and the half-wits, the latter, of course, being in the overwhelming majority. The middle mind has small use for the theatre save, as I have said, when the stage is given over to profound boredoms masquerading as drama. The latest mystery play to come this way is *In the Next Room*, a dramatization of a novel of Burton Stevenson's by Eleanor Robson and [Continued on page 84]

Says Mr. Nathan

Pelleas and Melisande is an evening for Jane Cowl but not for Maeterlinck.

The Lady is flapdoodle; vintage of 1890, a tournament of venerable hokums.

The Talking Parrot gets the custard pie as the worst play of a long time.

One Kiss is a cleaned up Parisian farce with much of its original flavor.

The True Life Story of



¶ *This is the fourth of Screenland's much talked about chronicles of the film luminaries, presenting the picturesque story of "the girl who was too beautiful."*

By Delight

¶ *At sixteen Barbara La Marr married an Arizona ranch man—and destiny seemed to intend to hide her for the rest of her life in the arid wastes of the Southwest.*

BALL

THE HERE is a tale ten times wilder and weirder than any fiction. You wouldn't believe it if you read it in a magazine. You would sneer and say, "It isn't true; life isn't like that." You would give the author credit for imagination and let it go at that.

You remember that there was once a woman whose face launched a thousand ships. You have read about the great beauties of history and wished you could have been around when they were making life exciting for the historians. But you may not know that you have with you today—now—a woman whose career has been as colorful, as dramatic and as unbelievable as the lives of the famous sirens of the past.

The Girl who was Too Beautiful

FOR one thing, it has never before been recorded that a woman was too beautiful. It remained for the motion picture, that *enfant terrible*, to introduce her to the world. Now that

her face, which was once a curse, has become worth several thousand dollars a week to her, she may prefer to forget that she was once known as *the girl who was too beautiful*. Now that her name is as much of a symbol for seductiveness as Theda Bara's used to be, she has acquired a new story—at least she has repudiated her past as the little girl who was too beautiful and substituted other more conventional events for the dizzy experiences which have made her interesting. But she can't live down her past because that past is too much a part of her success to gloss over and ignore. Meet Barbara La Marr.

The rules for a man's success may be found in any old copy book or success magazine. But a woman is not supposed to have any rules. It's blamed on the magic wand of opportunity, or luck, or most often beauty. Of men, one hears of the long battle with poverty or the struggle for education and a start; of the steep climb to fame or fortune; and is then asked to contemplate with awe the often rotund person of the colossus of art or industry.

With women, how different! The success of a beautiful girl is taken for granted. It seldom occurs to the world that there must be a background for beauty if that beauty is going to mean anything.

Bent with the Winds of Experience

DON'T think for a moment that Barbara La Marr would be the knockout she is today if she had not bent with the winds of experience. She is not a great actress and she is not, now, perhaps, an actually great beauty. But she is a personage. There's no getting away from that. You may dislike her—many people do—for her superficialities, her poses, her attitudes. You may decline to admit that she is an actress at all. But you cannot deny that she has become one of the outstanding personalities in pictures. She demands attention and she gets it. There have not been many women of the stage or the screen to exact such homage from a public. And it is not so

BARBARA LA MARR

QHer life story wilder than any fiction tale, Miss La Marr has come to fame through the emotional whirlpools. Since she was fifteen, she has been the beautiful storm center of several passionate romances.

Evans

much her face—that was too beautiful that made her what she is today—to everybody's satisfaction. It's the rather thrilling



BALL



drama which that face propelled her into.

Q Barbara La Marr came to the screen by way of writing scenarios. Then someone guessed her haunting screen quality and she made her debut in an Anita Stewart production.

Get these things that went into the making of the Barbara La Marr of today. A kidnapping at fifteen; a capture by a cowboy and a mad dash to the altar carried across the saddle of her conqueror; widowhood; a police court; banishment from Los

Angeles because of her beauty; marriage to an insane bigamist and a second widowhood; cabarets; vaudeville; a literary leaning and motion picture scenarios; the extra route to stardom.

She was only fifteen when her real life story began. She was designed by fate to be the center of an emotional whirlpool from the very beginning. A girl who looked as Barbara La Marr looked then was not meant for a life of obscurity in a little California town. Things began to happen to her and kept right on happening, and if they stop happening to her now it will be because there are few things in her life's scenario left to happen.

The story goes that she was kidnapped from her home—spirited away. Frantic search was made for the child and she was finally found miles away where she had been carried in a [Continued on page 91]

Our Own NEWS REEL



Paris, France.—Mlle. Alexandresco, a French actress, known as the "woman with the fatal eyes," has been engaged by Rex Ingram for a leading role in *The Arab*. The collar, by the way, is Poiret's latest design for an evening dress.

—Underwood and Underwood

Hollywood, Cal.—Charlie Chaplin poses with little Dinky Dean, who is the son of Chuck Reiesner, one of Charlie's scenario aids and chief gag man.

—Underwood and Underwood

New York City.—Marion Davies and Cosmopolitan Pictures gave a benefit ball at the Hotel Plaza just before Christmas. Here is Miss Davies caught between dances.

—International



Q The Cinema News of the Moment in Picture Form

Los Angeles, Cal.—Do they read SCREENLAND in California? Well, here's proof, with Alberta Vaughn and Jim Moore present.



Right Center

London, England.—Florence Turner, once the beloved American film star, is still an English celluloid favorite. Here she is speaking in Hyde Park in behalf of a movement for better protection for the British film industry.

—Underwood and Underwood

Lower Right

Manchester, England.—Sessue Hayakawa arrives in town and is welcomed by Sir E. Stockton, conservative candidate for Exchange Division.

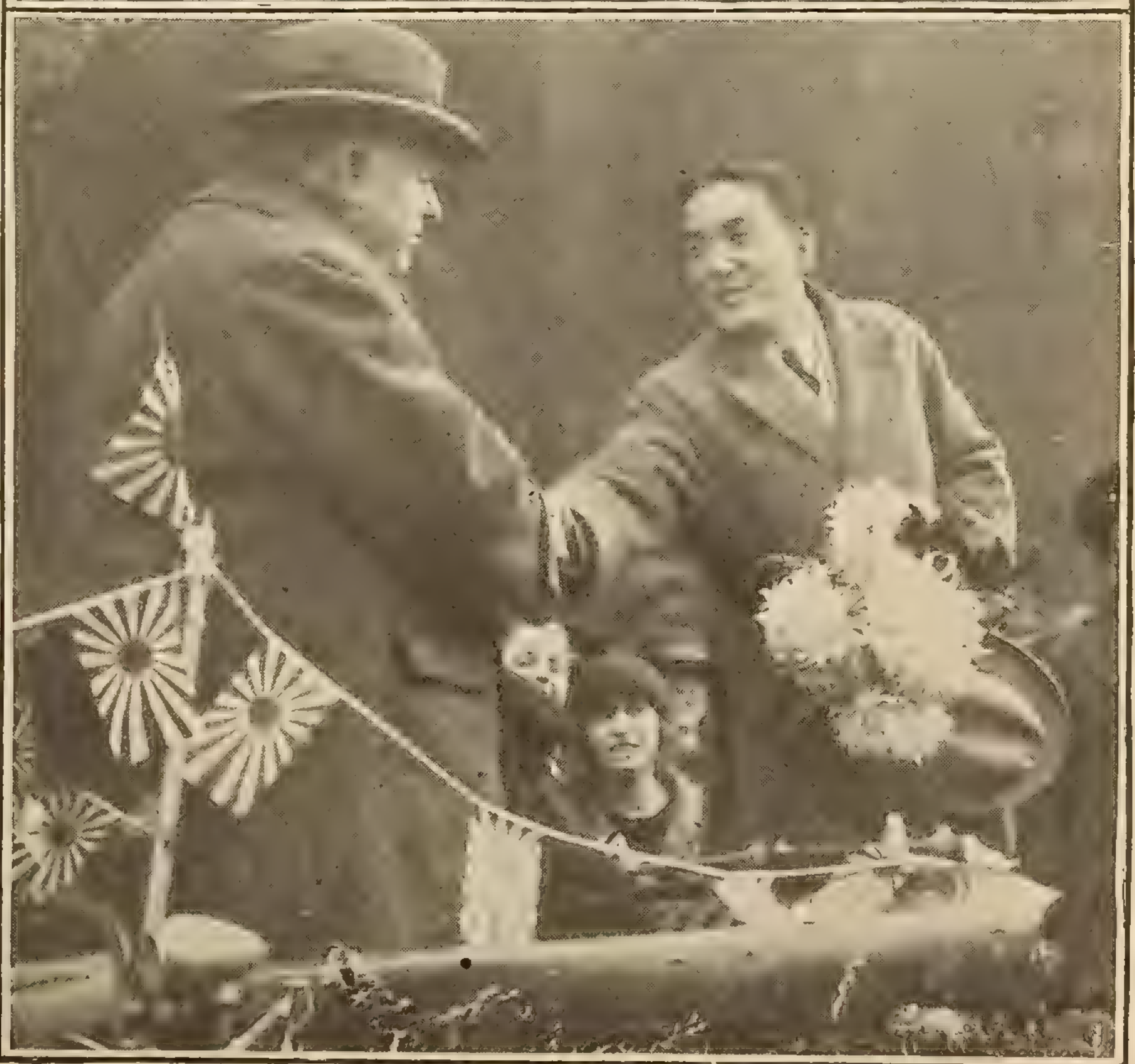
—Underwood and Underwood



Below

New York City.—Natacha Rambova Valentino sails to join Rudy in Paris for the holidays. She made the trip on the S. S. Majestic.

—Underwood and Underwood





New York City—*Rodolph Valentino sailed for France, to spend Christmas in Paris. Mrs. Valentino remained behind for a week on business. Then she joined Rudy in the French capital for the holidays.*

—*International*

Los Angeles, Cal.—*Ruth Roland, serial queen, is reported to be engaged to R. C. (Cliff) Durant, millionaire motor magnate and sportsman. Here Durant is showing Ruth how to operate his \$20,000 racing car.*

—*International*

Los Angeles, Cal.—*Little Baby Peggy arrives in California after setting New York upon its ears.*

—*J. C. Milligan*

Los Angeles, Cal.—*No, Viola Dana is not examining a sample of wall paper. Here she is looking over her Christmas gift list.*

—*International*



Los Angeles, Cal.—High up in midair, Leatrice Joy posed for her picture after the last scene of *The Ten Commandments* was shot.

New York City—A regular movie close-up! Presenting Ann Luther, the screen actress, and Edward S. Gallagher, of the famous *Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean*, who were just married.

—International

Los Angeles, Cal.—Ed Wynn, the comedian, drops in to call upon Sam Wood, the director, and Lon Chaney, playing one of the leading roles in his production, *The Next Corner*.

Astoria, Long Island—Vicente Blanco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, visits Thomas Meighan and sees some movies in the making.



Our New Comedy Beauty

❑ *Otherwise Katherine Grant.*

❑ *Miss Grant was Miss Los Angeles in last year's bathing girl pageant at Atlantic City. Naturally, the films got her! She has been signed by Hal Roache and will appear in Frozen Hearts, with Stan Laurel.*





Divorce Insurance

By Grace Kingsley



WHAT is the safeguard we are putting upon our happiness?

"We shall not be separated. If one returns to the stage, the other will go too. If one remains in pictures, the other is to remain. We are firmly decided on this question."

It is a deeply serious matter, this problem of marital happiness, with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood. They were married not so long ago and their first deep mutual experience was the



¶ *How James Kirkwood and Lila Lee mean to safeguard their domestic happiness*

almost fatal accident to Kirkwood. He was nursed back to life by his young wife, and that experience made a tremendous bond between them.

The pair have thought it all out, quite seriously, with self-examination for faults and failings, with deep resolves as to ten-

der cherishing of their precious happiness against the assaults of those forces that seem to be particularly alive to work for unhappy marriages in the film world. They have thought it out carefully, these two—one an experienced man of the world, the other a girl of eighteen.

It was Lila who was talking to me. And if people in the outside world fail to believe that these people of the film world take love and marriage quite as seriously as others, I wish they could have observed the passionate earnestness of the young Mrs. Kirkwood's eyes as we talked this thing over together.

"Lila is a better talker than I am," Kirkwood had said, handing me over to his young wife. But later,



¶ *Top panel: James Kirkwood and his bride, Lila Lee, in their home in the Hollywood hills. At the left and right, are new portraits of the newlyweds*



¶ *Lila Lee believes that separations are the biggest menace to married happiness in the screen world.*

quite the same. If you are separated three or four months of the year, you are certain to drift away from each other. The first thing you know, you have lost that delicate poise of sympathy in like interests; all your interests are different. It is just like a child who leaves home. At first the child grieves, but gradually he forms a new world about him, grows estranged even from his mother. When he goes home, nothing seems the same.

"Look at the film people who have become estranged through separation—people who I'm sure, too, really had cared for each other.

"When you are married, you cannot be selfish. You have to think of two, not one. But you must try to make the two one in all aims and interests insofar as possible.

Romance Must Be Carefully Tended

"ROMANCE is necessary, but it takes two to keep the romance alive. The trouble with most people is, they want happiness, but they do so little to get and keep it. Constant thoughtfulness and watchfulness are the price of happiness as well as of liberty—yes, and self-denial, too, is necessary, if this precious happiness is to be kept.

"Jim and I have decided that marriage is just another sort of business partnership. We plan and think of marriage in that way. Love is the stock in trade. We must not ruthlessly sacrifice it. We must treat each other with courtesy and consideration, as business partners who get along well together, do. We

he, too, told me some of his own thoughts.

Lila and I sat down in a drawing room set at the studio to talk things over, because she and Kirkwood were working night and day on an Ince picture, and there was no other time. But I had known Lila since she was a tiny tot known as Cuddles, in Gus Edwards' vaudeville revue, so I took more than a mere casual interest in her affairs.

"These separations are not good," she said. "More misunderstandings arise from separations between people in the acting world than from any other cause. It is so easy for something to happen when people are separated. It is not merely that they may begin to be interested in somebody else. But it takes a certain amount of accustomedness to each other for people to get along together. You learn all this

patiently,—learn to put up with each other's little faults and failings,—then you are separated. You miss each other, but you forget each other's faults. Minute changes of character occur in both parties,—and when the two meet again,—well, nothing is

can increase our stock-in-trade only by care and thoughtfulness. People who are married don't use their brains enough; that is the trouble. An actor, too, will work all day to make his work successful; he doesn't expect his wife to take the burden of that; but too often he expects her to take all the burden of making marriage a success. And the same way with the actress.

The Kirkwood-Lee

DECALOGUE *for Domestic Happiness*

1. We must not be separated.
2. We must not be selfish.
3. We must keep our romance alive.
4. We must work as in a business partnership.
5. We must sacrifice our careers if necessary.
6. We must flirt with each other.
7. We believe children are necessary.
8. We must have a sense of humor.
9. We have confidence in each other.
10. We believe in divorce if necessary.

Even Careers Must Be Sacrificed

"IF necessary, people should be willing to give up something of their careers to keep their married happiness."

James Kirkwood has done just that. He gave up a big stage offer to return to Hollywood and pictures with his wife. He told me quietly about that afterward—just as a matter of course—as though it was simply what he wanted to do—not as though it were any sacrifice.

"She is wonderful," Kirkwood told me just then. "I don't know how she ever did what she did for me after my accident. She had never had charge of a sick person before, had never had charge of money or business affairs; yet she took charge of all these things while I was ill, and she did them marvelously well."

"A woman is very foolish to forget to flirt a little with her husband," Lila interrupted [Continued on page 89]



¶ *A new study of the Kirkwoods on the porch of their Hollywood home.*

Three Years— and THEN?

¶ *Such is the span of a screen star's glory—after which comes oblivion*

By Eunice Marshall



*"Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."*

FILM star's screen life is three years, they say.

Three years of Fame! So brief a span of glory, so short a while to savor to the full the sweet wine of Success! But the crowd's will is the wind's will, and Fame is a fickle jade.

Three years! Where are they now, that gay shadowhorde that danced so joyously across the screen so short a time ago? Florence Lawrence, Mary Fuller, Florence Turner, Edith Storey, the beloved Bobby Harron, Lillian Walker, handsome Harold Lockwood, Marguerite Clark, Francis X. Bushman, Wallace Reid. Where are they now? Death has taken some. The others? Passed to that Never-Never Land of public forgetfulness.

Screen Fame is Fleeting

BEFORE me lies that best proof of the transience of screen fame, a fan magazine. The date is June, 1920. Only three years have passed since this particular publication heralded the favorites of the hour.



¶ Top, Florence Lawrence, as she looks today. Oval, the interesting Edith Storey, as she appeared at the zenith of her film career at Vitagraph. Center, the Florence Lawrence of the old days, before an accident halted her brilliant celluloid career. Palying opposite is Harry Myers, who has now turned from juveniles to character comedy. At the left, the luscious Norma Talmadge of when she was scintillating at old Vitagraph. Here she is posed as Salome.



¶ Louise Glaum, one of the most popular of all the film vamps, has disappeared from sight, literally and figuratively.

Only three years, yet turn the pages with me and see what changes have come to pass in that short time.

The cover first. The face smiles out at us, the face of a young girl with great gray eyes, nut-brown hair and a dimpled smile. She must be important, to hold the place of honor on the cover, yet the name is unfamiliar. Florence Evelyn Martin. Does the name mean anything to you? Florence Ev—ah, a vague memory comes back to me. She was an Irish girl who starred in "Over the Top," wasn't she? Or was she? I cannot remember. Sic transit gloria—

Let us turn the pages to the portrait gallery. Only three years, yet the dusty pages seem to give out the fragrance of rosemary and lavender, so remote are the memories evoked. Pearl White's blonde beauty decorates the title page. Pearl White, the queen of the serials! How we thrilled, back in those dear dead days, when you dangled from a dizzy precipice, or, single-handed, vanquished five foul fiends in fair combat! And when the hated words "Continued next week" flashed on the screen, just as the villain was tying you on the railroad track, how we gnawed our fingernails and made a date with ourselves to be on hand for the next episode. Your *Perils of Pauline* gave us premature gray hairs and a wrecked nervous system, but it was worth it, just to see how much damage even a slip of a gal can do when, like Cousin Egbert, she's "pushed too far."

WE'VE heard of you, Pearl, how you were betrothed to an Egyptian prince, how you were the "rage" in Paris and Nice, of your exploits at the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo, and then of your "retreat" in a foreign convent. "I have paid much atten-

¶ Dainty Marguerite Clark, when she was at the top of her film popularity, in one of her Bab stories

tion to my body," you said, "and now I must care for my soul." Now you are playing before the camera in Paris again. Who knows what the future holds?

Again we turn a page. Two familiar faces gaze out at us. Pauline Frederick, pensive and stately. Tom Moore, his Irish grin not in evidence this time. Was it a promonition of the lean days to come? Pauline has been out of pictures, but now she is back at Vitagraph, to be co-starred rather than starred. Though still striking looking, life has had its way with her, and the cruel camera relentlessly records the traces of love and grief and disappointment. And Tom Moore? He grew famous playing with Alice Joyce, who was to marry and divorce him. Once the most popular of screen lovers, Tom is now one of the former stars living pretty much on the memory of former glories. Just now he is playing in a footlight play, *The Cup*.

Remember Marguerite Clark?

AGAIN we turn the pages. Two more portraits emphasize the fleetingness of fame. A little bit of a thing, with fluffy, brown hair shading a pretty face, with grave brown eyes and a merry mouth. Marguerite Clark! And, facing her, a man. No, rather a boy, a boy with friendly eyes and smooth hair brushed back from a broad brow. Bobby Harron! Screen fame came to Miss Clark just too late. She retired from the films—and is now well nigh forgotten.

Still, Miss Clark's "Babs" comedies, built around Mary Roberts Rinehart's stories, brought Dick Barthelmess to his first real success. Now Dick is a star. So much for the fickleness of fame.

Bobby Harron, the hero of many a Griffith picture, was accidentally killed nearly three years ago. Bobby was one of those lovable and unforgettable personalities—and he still holds a place in the hearts of film fans.

Mildred Harris' Meteoric Career

ONCE more we turn the pages, and now the interviews, sure token of public favor. The first sketch deals with Mildred Harris Chaplin, then being starred by Louis Mayer. On the high road to fame, with success in her very grasp, she seemed to be firmly established. A few months passed, and Mildred Harris Chaplin was stripped of her stardom and her husband's name. All that was left to the blonde beauty that had fascinated Charles Chaplin, a monetary settlement, and a memory. Today she is only a luke-warm success of vaudeville.

And now a more cheerful note. Who, do you think, is the subject in the next interview? Who but Percy Marmout, now riding on the crest of the wave of popularity, won by his [Continued on page 87]





¶Purely as a matter of historical research, we present two recent investigations by Cecil de Mille in the matter of garters and stockings. At the left you will observe Julia Faye and Grace Martin demonstrating—graphically, too—that garters have remained essentially the same through the ages. Miss Martin represents the period of three thousand years ago—the ornate portière era, we would call it.

The Evolution of Garters

¶At the right, the stocking of today and three thousand years ago, as shown by Julia Faye and Elsie Schneider. The silk stocking, you know, is comparatively a recent invention. Miss Schneider demonstrates its ancestor, as worn by the Children of Israel at the time they were worshipping the famous Calf of Gold. Judging from the present trend in stockings, we're headed right back to the era of three thousand years ago.





Meet the WIFE!

OTHERWISE Colleen Moore,
who Never Smokes and always
calls her husband, "My Johnny!"

By Delight Evans

IT IS'NT my fault. I've done all I can.

I've watched them; waited around and slunk about after them. I have posted myself behind pillars and peered out. I have hidden myself away and hoped for the worst. But it never happened.

I hate to have to tell you this because I know how disappointed you will be. All I can say is, don't blame me.

I am very much afraid that Colleen Moore and her husband are happily married. Of course, you may say that they have been married only a few months and that it's really too early to tell. But there are all the earmarks of one of those distressingly uninteresting unions which go on, and on, and on, until the participants grow old and gray and face the sunset together. You know—the "Just a song at twilight" sort of thing. It looks that way, really it does; and you will just have to bear up and face it.

They Make No Secret of Their Joy

THE terrible part is that they make no secret of it. They are frank and unashamed. Like Bill Hart, they would pick the top of the highest mountain in God's country, and tell the world all about it. "We," say the Colleen Moores, in clear, ringing tones, "are married, and we want everybody to know we're happy."

That's not getting anywhere at all. It isn't keeping faith with the public. When it has got so that a motion picture actress breaks tradition and stays married something should be done about it. A star who still speaks to her first husband is about as exciting as a Will Hays message. It isn't fair to her fans. They expect something better from the heroine of *Flaming Youth* but they won't get it.

If it isn't "Darling" this, it's "My Johnny" that. They sit and look at each other; then John—his whole name is John McCormick, and he is young and good looking and a film executive—will rush over to Colleen and kiss her bobbed head and murmur "Darling" again. (She has her hair shingled now and sometimes she curls it; but I saw him kiss it when it wasn't curled.)

I would try to trip them up. I would attempt to start an argument—somewhat subtly, you understand. Stealthily I would sneak up on them in a conversational way

An old study of Colleen Moore. Compare it with the brand new picture across the page—of the new Colleen being groomed for stardom. Miss Moore is really the screen's one honest-to-God ingenue.



and try to draw them into something. But it didn't do any good.

They Simply Won't Argue

IF they didn't agree, they would patch up their differences.

"There's something, quite a little, in fact, in what you say, dear," Mr. McCormick would remark.

"And I can see your side of the question, too, Johnny," rejoined Colleen. The way she says Johnny makes it a pet name.

"Give him an argument, can't you?" I groaned. "You're Irish, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes," she murmured. Then, sweetly, "But we never quarrel, do we, darling?"

They refused flatly to be obliging.

"We don't," went on Mrs. McCormick, "we don't always agree about things; it wouldn't be interesting if we did, would it?"

"No," I replied.

No Excuse for Quarrels, Says Colleen

BUT, on the other hand, there's no excuse for quarreling when you love each other."

"Darling!"

"My Johnny!"

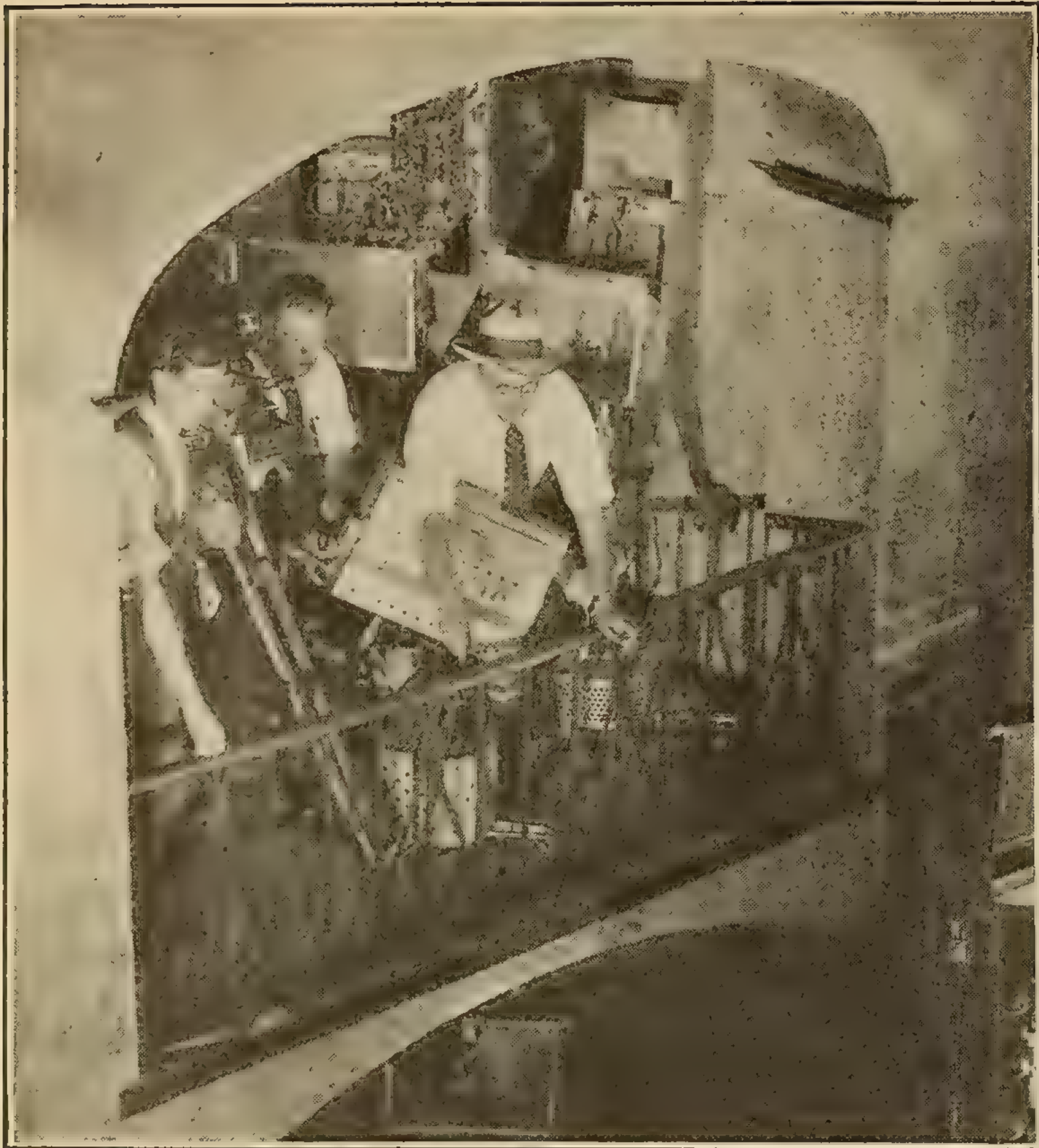
It is all the fault of the John Stahls. John and Irene, his wife, are numbered among the Model Hollywoodians, the ones to whom the industry points with pride when the horrid press has said something sensational about it. Other members are Lois Wilson, Harold Lloyd, Conrad Nagel, Colleen and John, and sometimes w and y. Well, when Colleen first began wearing the famous engagement ring with the emerald shamrocks surrounding the large diamond—the one she said for so long that her mother gave her—John and Irene took her and Johnny to see a play called *The First Fifty Years*. It was, as you may guess, a play about married life, with a message and a lesson and a tear or two. You know. Its message and lesson was evidently that there's no use letting married life get the best of you; that two can live as scrappily as one, but that it's better to go hand in hand down life's pathway, and that it doesn't matter anyway—something like that.

At any rate, it made a deep impression upon the McCormicks-to-be; and they have never forgotten it. In fact, whenever they have a little spat, which apparently is what newly married persons

[Continued on page 86]

Q Colleen Moore doesn't smoke. Not because she doesn't approve of it but because it makes her sick. Colleen may adore to flap before the camera, she may even kick up her French heels a bit at a director's prompting. But actually she is just a nice quiet little girl who loves her husband and is thrilled at buying furniture for her new home.





Reginald Barker takes an "over-head" shot of *Pleasure Mad*, in which Huntley Gordon, Mary Alden and Norma Shearer have the leading roles.



WELL, now the suspense is over. The Wampas have elected the thirteen "baby stars" for the coming year. In case you don't know, the Wampas are a group of studio press agents. Every year they do one good deed and name thirteen lucky young actresses as candidates for fame and fortune.

The Wonder Girls for the coming season are: Gloria Grey, Ruth Hiatt, Clara Bow, Lucille Ricksen, Dorothy Mackaill, Julianne Johnstone, Elinor Faire, Margaret Morris, Carmelita Geraghty, Blanche Mahaffey, Hazel Keener, Marion Nixon and Alberta Vaughn.

In racing parlance, the three winners look like Dorothy Mackaill, Lucille Ricksen and Clara Bow. Unfortunately for the Wampas, they were brought forward as baby stars by directors and not press agents—with Messrs. Robertson, Neilan and Clifton standing as their sponsors.

Los Angeles and Midnight Dancing

SOON after the Los Angeles police decided to put a stop to all dancing after midnight, the movie producers were seized with strange longings to move to localities where there is no curfew law. Charles Chaplin has dropped hints about producing his next serious picture in Italy, and several others made threats about going to San Francisco and leaving Los Angeles flat.

Chaplin is getting to be a regular hermit. He hasn't been engaged to anyone for months.

NITA NALDI'S contention that Los Angeles is a "village" seems to have some foundation. The an-

Another glimpse of the Meyer-Metro production, *Pleasure Mad*, which Mr. Barker is shown directing above. Here you may again glimpse the balcony from which the other over-head shot is made.

The Listening POST

nual ball given by the Motion Picture Directors' Association was stopped by the police almost before it was well started. Why? Oh, no, the party was quite decorous and everything, but it got to be twelve o'clock, and the police regulations forbid dancing after that hour! That antiquated ruling has been observed more in the breach than in the observance for years, and only recently guests danced until three in the Biltmore ballroom, celebrating the opening of that hotel, with never a protest from the authorities. The Shriners put on a party in the same ballroom a few days previous, and tripped the light fantastic until the wee sma' hours. Somebody on the Police Commission, however, must have had a grudge against the film folk, for although permission to hold the ball was filed weeks before the event, it was not until the evening before the party that permission to hold the party at all was given. The whole incident has started a storm in Los Angeles.



What they're talking about in the Studios of Hollywood and New York.

By
Eunice Marshall
and Helen Lee

Barrymore Thrilled Hollywood

JOHN BARRYMORE is back on Broadway now, but he gave even blasé Hollywood the thrill of its life while he was there. The set that he happened to be working on, over at Warner Brothers' studio, was always jammed with players who managed to find some excuse to sneak away from their own set to watch Jack strut his stuff in *Beau Brummel*. The last few days of Jack's stay here were anxious ones, however. He had to hurry back to New York to open in *Hamlet*. The play was to open on a Monday night, and he was scheduled to roll into the Grand Central station just about eight o'clock that same evening. Jack was mortally worried for fear he had forgotten his lines out there in the dramatic "sticks." He solved the problem, however, by hiring the porter to sit up nights with him, doing a dusky *Ophelia* to Jack's *Hamlet*.

His First Name's Al

NITA NALDI has gone into vaudeville but she hadn't been out of town a week before frantic movie producers were trying to find her. Nita, the poor gal, hasn't a chance to escape from those blood hounds of film directors. Then on top of everything, she had to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Just before she left for her vaudeville tour, some one asked Nita who was the leading man in her sketch.

"I don't know," answered Nita, "but his first name's AL."

THEY say that Mildred Davis is going to quit trying to prove to Harold Lloyd that she can act. In other words, she may listen to Harold and abandon all her ambitions for starring in "finer and better" pictures. Make your own comment.

Doug, Jr., Out As Star

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY will make no more attempts to star Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in spite of the boy's success in *Stephen Steps Out*. Mr. Lasky praised young Doug highly but said that, owing to his new policy of economy, the boy would be dropped.

Young Doug entered upon his career under a handicap. There was a suspicion afloat that someone connected with his advancement was trading on his father's reputation. All of which was unfortunate because Doug is a nice boy and a delightful young actor.

He has gone West again with his mother, probably to sign



Photo above—©UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD
Left by INTERNATIONAL

Lady Diana Duff Cooper, better known as Lady Diana Manners, is in this country, playing the role of the Madonna in the Rinehardt production of *The Miracle*. Lady Diana is familiar to screen audiences through her appearances in several English-made J. Stuart Blackton pictures.

a new contract. On his way he was delayed by a wreck on the Twentieth Century Limited and passengers on the train say that his helpfulness and courtesy to the sufferers were worth commending.

Pola and Bill Hart

BELIEVE me or not, Bill Hart is Pola Negri's newest boy friend. They are going around together and if it weren't for the mix-up in Hart's matrimonial affairs, who knows but what Pola might not have a big he-man to protect her for life.

Americanizing Ernst Lubitsch

ERNST LUBITSCH paid a visit to New York accompanied, of course, by Mrs. Lubitsch. Lubitsch now speaks perfect American. The accent is still there but he can handle the local idioms with the fluency of Mae Busch.

The German Ernst was more easily Americanized than the Polish Pola. With no fireworks, he has speedily become a part of Hollywood's colony. He gets along with everyone. Mary Pickford likes him; so do the Warner Brothers. He is on velvet for life, if his tact and good disposition hold out.

Lubitsch believes that Marie Prevost, who plays in his picture, *The Marriage Circle*, is one of the best actresses on the





INTERNATIONAL

Q Rudolph Valentino attracted a lot of attention recently when he presided over a national beauty contest conducted by a well-known beauty preparation company in Madison Square Garden. Here are the five winners, reading from left to right: Reba Chisholm, "Miss New York," third prize; Miss Niblock, "Miss Toronto," first prize; Eugenia Gilbert, "Miss Los Angeles," second prize; Mildred Adams, "Miss Baltimore," fourth prize; and Miss Gloria Heller, "Miss Wichita," fifth prize.

screen. He likes comic strips, cartoon comedies and all forms of American humor. He loves jazz and his knowledge of slang is marvellous. He wants to direct Mary Pickford in *Faust* and Mary is almost convinced that she will do it. Moreover, her recent pictures to the contrary, Lubitsch still believes in the talents of Pola Negri.

MEANWHILE Pola Negri is enjoying something of a vacation until Dimitri Buchowetski, the Polish director of *Peter the Great* and other pictures, starts his effort to bring back Pola to her old standard.

A "Heavy" at Home, Too

TRADITION has it that movie "heavies" are like little children in their own homes, good to their mothers and all that. But Mrs. George Seigman avers that her husband wasn't in that class. He carried his atmosphere home with him every night, she told the court in asking for a divorce. Mrs. Seigman stated that her husband once threw a flat-iron at her and at another time hit her on the head with a dish. She got her decree on the grounds of cruelty.

THE flood of movie-mad girls pouring into Hollywood and Los Angeles has caused the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce to start a campaign to persuade said girls to stay home where there is a chance of eating regularly. Mary Pickford did

her bit to help the cause along by speaking in Pershing Square, Los Angeles, pleading with mothers to keep their daughters at home.

Bill's Lovely 'Orse

THIS is the way they enlivened a dull morning over on the Lasky lot recently.

Bill Hart got Herbert Brenon, Pola Negri's director, to invite Pola over to his set to see him do a big emotional scene. Well, a big emotional scene is what Pola would rather watch than eat, so she tripped over, all full of enthusiasm. They carefully placed a camp-chair for her, where she would get just the proper camera-angles and everything, and when Pola was all excited, getting ready to emote in spirit along with Bill, Bill's director yelled "Camera, shoot!" And Bill did.

His big emotional scene consisted of shooting off two guns behind the set and then diving into a plate-glass window.

Pola can see a joke, even in English, and she admitted that it was on her, but she paid Bill for it. Calling him over, she remarked loudly:

"Oh, Meester Hart, in my countree thee public theenk you so wonderful! You 'ave such a lovelee 'orse!"

JUST in case anybody cares, Elinor Glyn has gone back to

Q At the right, a check won by Myron Zobel, publisher of SCREENLAND, from Rudolph Valentino, during the beauty contest. Miss Gilbert, the "Miss Los Angeles," mystified the judges during the elimination voting, and Rudy was positive she was Jacqueline Logan. So positive, indeed, that he bet Mr. Zobel fifty dollars to that effect. He lost and here is the check.

1-229

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R. Valentino

England. Every time a slump hits the studios, Elinor packs up her luggage and goes to see her relatives.

APPARENTLY the Italian Fascisti have nothing to do but work in movies. Having made a triumphant appearance in *The Eternal City*, a mob of thirty-five thousand of them is now working in *Ben Hur*. I don't know how Charles Brabin persuaded them to shed their black shirts for Roman togas.

Maybe, after all, Mussolini will play *Ben Hur*. Still, Goldwyn has at last definitely decided upon George Walsh as Ben Hur, Gertrude Olmstead as Esther and Kathlyn Key as Tizrah.

Rudy's Silver Bracelet

RUDOLPH VALENTINO sailed a couple of steamers ahead of Mrs. Valentino, who stayed in New York to arrange some business deals. Rudolph was wearing a silver bracelet, with spikes on it, when he went up the gang plank. He wears a gold bracelet, also spiked, at night. They say that Mrs. Valentino presented him with the strange tokens as a promise that he wouldn't look at another woman while he was away from her. All of which is most mediaeval. And rather unnecessary, as the Sheik is entirely devoted to Natacha and has been for several years.

Suicide of Mrs. Rupert Hughes

THE news that Mrs. Rupert Hughes had committed suicide somewhere in Indo-China was a shock to the film world. Mrs. Hughes, who was also a writer, was a popular hostess and a staunch social and business guide to her husband. Last summer she underwent an operation for cancer and, upon her recovery, went for a trip to the Orient accompanied by a trained nurse. She narrowly escaped injury in the Japanese earthquake and again had a close escape from death in a typhoon near the Chinese coast. Mr. Hughes can ascribe no reason for her suicide except worry over her health.

HAROLD LLOYD is going to build a studio of his own in Westwood, near Hollywood. In other words, Harold has plenty of money, which only goes to prove that it isn't such a bad world after all.

REX INGRAM has gone from Paris to Africa. Ingram writes that, while he was in Paris, he was thrown out of the Louvre every night.

The Louvre is an Art Gallery.

CHECK this up on your divorce calendar: Francelia Billington is suing Lester Cuneo for divorce, alleging that Lester was the bootlegger's best customer.

Marion's Grand Ball

MARION DAVIES gave a ball at the Hotel Plaza in New York just before the holidays for the benefit of the Disabled Veterans. Everyone in the world was present, especially Jack Dempsey. The ball netted \$15,108.99 for the veterans.

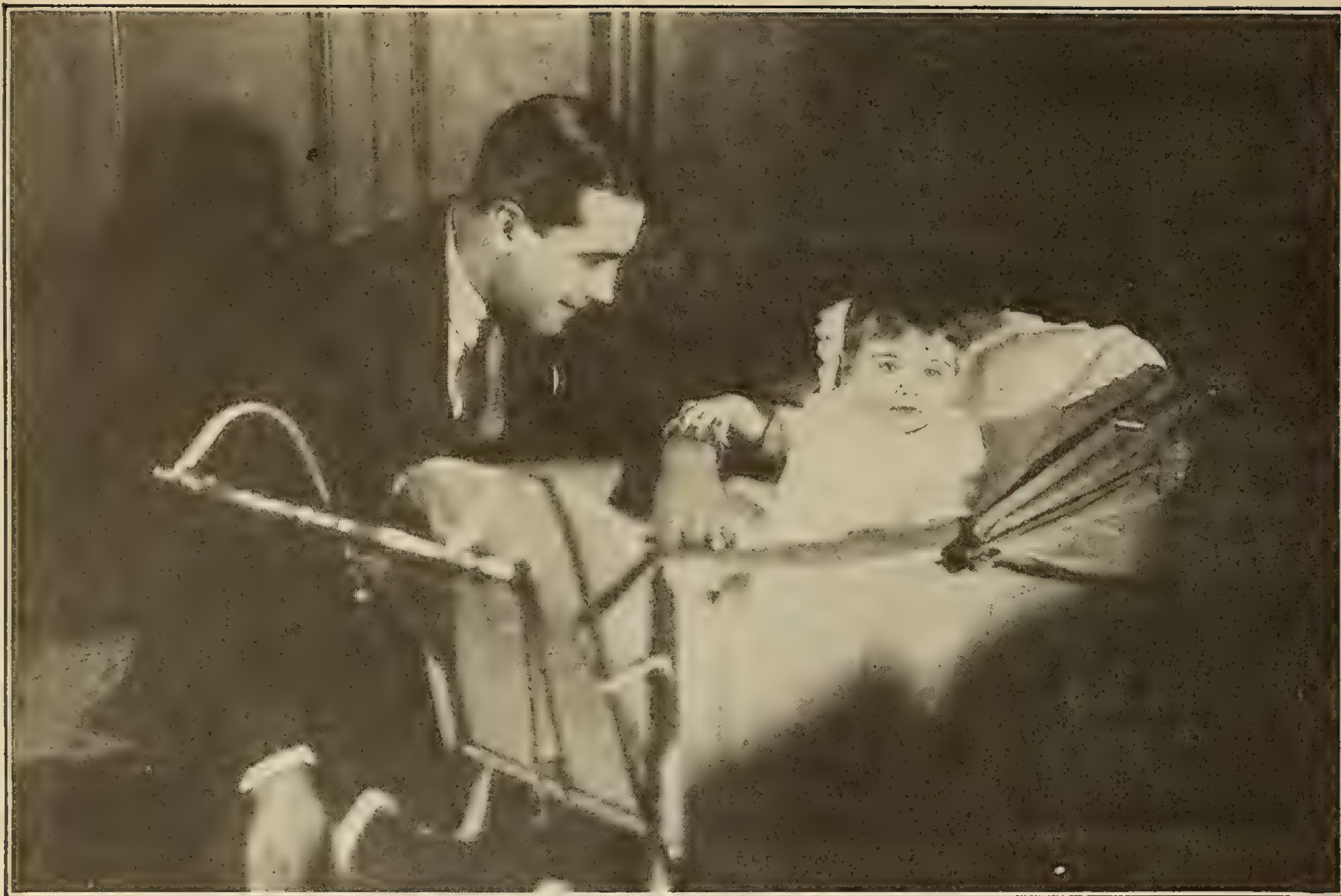
Alec Francis Gets Married

ALEC FRANCIS, who besides being a fine actor is one of the most appealing figures on the screen, is enjoying a honeymoon at Del Monte. He was recently married to Mrs. Elphistone Maitland, a widow. The Reverend Neal Dodd performed the ceremony at the Little Church Around the Corner, in Hollywood. Mr. Francis' latest screen work was done with John Barrymore in *Beau Brummel*.

Another glimpse of Eugenia Gilbert, who crept into the Valentino beauty contest as a "dark horse" and, but for the general impression that she was a professional beauty, might have won first prize. She was the favorite of the audience, anyway. Miss Gilbert is really a well-known bathing girl, popular in *For* and *Mack Sennett* sea-going comedies.



PACIFIC & ATLANTIC



¶ A brand new study of Richard Barthelmess, who sails for Italy soon to do *Romeo* to Lillian Gish's *Juliet*, and his baby daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess

BANGS

Not to do North of 36

THE COVERED WAGON started the usual flood of imitation masterpieces. Several independent companies have finished elaborate films depicting the hardships of the same period. For that reason, Paramount has given up the idea of filming *North of 36*, Emerson Hough's sister-story to *The Covered Wagon*. James Cruze was to have directed it

Elinor's Bon Mot

THE best *bon mot* of the season is accredited to Elinor Glyn. Elinor has dubbed the impeccable Conrad Nagel, who was chosen to play the part of Paul in *Three Weeks* over Madame Glyn's protest, the "immaculate conception"!

Another Will Rogers Story

WHENEVER Hollywood's wise-crackers get mental atrophy, they take a notebook and follow Will Rogers around for half a day. Then they go out and keep up their reputations as wits on the gems that fall from Will's lips. Rogers is doing a take-off on some of the screen favorites in a screaming comedy called *Great Moments from Little Pictures*. While "taking off" Ford Sterling, Rogers participated in the good old custard pie gag, following it up by all the old moss-covered wheezes that the history of filmdom affords. After he finished, an old man who was watching from the side-lines, exclaimed, "Now who do you s'pose thinks up all them funny things?" Rogers says he said that, anyway.

AGNES AYRES has been spending the dull period in pictures acquiring dogs. Agnes has adopted a Belgian police dog—(all movie stars have a police dog, just the same as they have an ermine coatee)—along with a Boston bull puppy and an Irish terrier. The bull pup goes by the name of Tinker, the terrier is called Kiki, and the police dog has the venerable title of Thor. And they're

¶ The fact that she was merely attired in an—er—envelope whatyoumaycall it didn't prevent Claire Windsor from escaping from the villain just like this in the forthcoming film, *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model*.



all three the apple of Agnes' eye.

When Jack Barrymore Was Young

HOBART BOSWORTH is as full of anecdotes as a pup is of fleas. He told this one the other day on Jack Barrymore, or rather, to be exact, on Maurice Barrymore, the late lamented father of the famous stage trio, Lionel, Ethel and John Barrymore.

It seems that John Drew, Barrymore's famous brother-in-law, dropped in to see him one afternoon. When evening fell, with no casualties, Barrymore excused himself for half an hour, to visit his three youngsters in the nursery. Presently the children's bed-time arrived,

and Barrymore suggested that the children be brought down to the living-room, where the rest of the family and Drew were gathered about the fire, to say their prayers at their father's knee.

"I declare, Barry, this display of fatherly affection is very touching," Drew commented as the three little night-gowned tikes knelt at their father's knee. Lionel recited his prayers

first, followed by Ethel. Then John, the baby, completed his "Now I lay me," and in the hush that ensued, added:

"And please, Dod, make Uncle John a better actor."

The half hour in the nursery had not been a barren one.

Colleen Moore Back

COLLEEN MOORE and her new husband, John McCormick—not the singer, you know, but the western representative for First National—are back from their belated honeymoon to N'Yawk and points west. Colleen had a gorgeous time and two station baggage-smashers almost strained their backs under the weight of her trunks, jammed full of new clothes.

MADAM SATAN is the name of Theda Bara's first picture since her return to the screen. Hot stuff, or write your own caption!

A Movie with a Real Photographer

FOR perhaps the first time in screen history, there's going to be a movie reporter who looks like a reporter instead of a retired plumber. In *Flowing Gold*, Milton Sills has to submit to an interview. Recalling the many plaintive protests from suffering press writers at the way their profession has been caricatured on the screen, Richard Walton Tully picked Ray Coffin to be the demon reporter, who will not flourish the w. k. note-book. Coffin writes publicity now, but used to punish a typewriter with one finger in various city rooms. To add realism, Coffin carries a press photographer with him in the scene, and the gempmun with the black cloth is no other than Russell Ball, who does those stunning portraits.

Ball and his wife, who is a well-known writer using the pen name of Gladys Hall, have been out here getting photographs and newsy tid-bits. I came on Ball the other morning at Barbara La Marr's house, getting some stunning poses of Barbara. That is, Barbara was stunning from the waist up, gorgeous in tulle, ropes of pearls and a jeweled tiara-thing on her black mop of hair. Below the waist the scenery consisted



Yes, Betty Compson and James Cruze, the director, are really engaged. Here are our congratulations! INTERNATIONAL

of a silk petticoat beneath which a nightie's hem peeped coyly out, and red silk mules on stockingless feet. Barbara had been working most of the night before, and this was nine a. m.! Hence the camouflage as far as the camera showed, and no further.

Mrs. Reid Going Abroad

DOROTHY DAVENPORT REID may go to Europe, to carry on her anti-narcotic campaign over there. Both England and France, through official and semi-official channels, have asked her to come. Meanwhile Mrs. Reid is back in Hollywood, celebrating Christmas with Billy and Betty, her little son and adopted daughter.

As this is written Theodore Roberts is lying seriously ill in Pittsburgh. His condition was made even more grave by excitement brought on by a fire which broke out in the hospital and which necessitated moving the actor to another floor.

Reginald Denny Hurt

REGINALD DENNY admits that he likes automobile races, and it almost broke his heart when the big national races at the Beverly Hills speedway found him still in a plaster cast, a relic of the automobile accident that very nearly ruined our fightingest actor. He was grieving over his sad fate and maybe cussing a little, when clang-clang, came an ambulance down the street and stopped before his door. And then Mrs. Denny came in with a couple of white-jacketed internes and a stretcher, and the Denny family, including one plaster cast, went to the races.

SEENA OWEN's new vanity case is ab-so-lutely the *dernier cri*. if not the *pate de foie gras*. She bought it in Paris, and it is a miniature suitcase in pig skin, measuring seven by six by three inches. In addition to being fitted up with perfume bottles, rouge, powder, etc., it contains room for writing materials and handkerchiefs. Seena won't tell even her dearest friend where she bought it. She doesn't want competition.

The first snapshot of Director Irvin V. Willat and his pretty bride, formerly Billie Dove, taken at their new Hollywood-home.

CECIL B. DE MILLE's new picture, *The Ten Commandments*, is universally conceded to be a very [Continued on page 95]





PEGGY

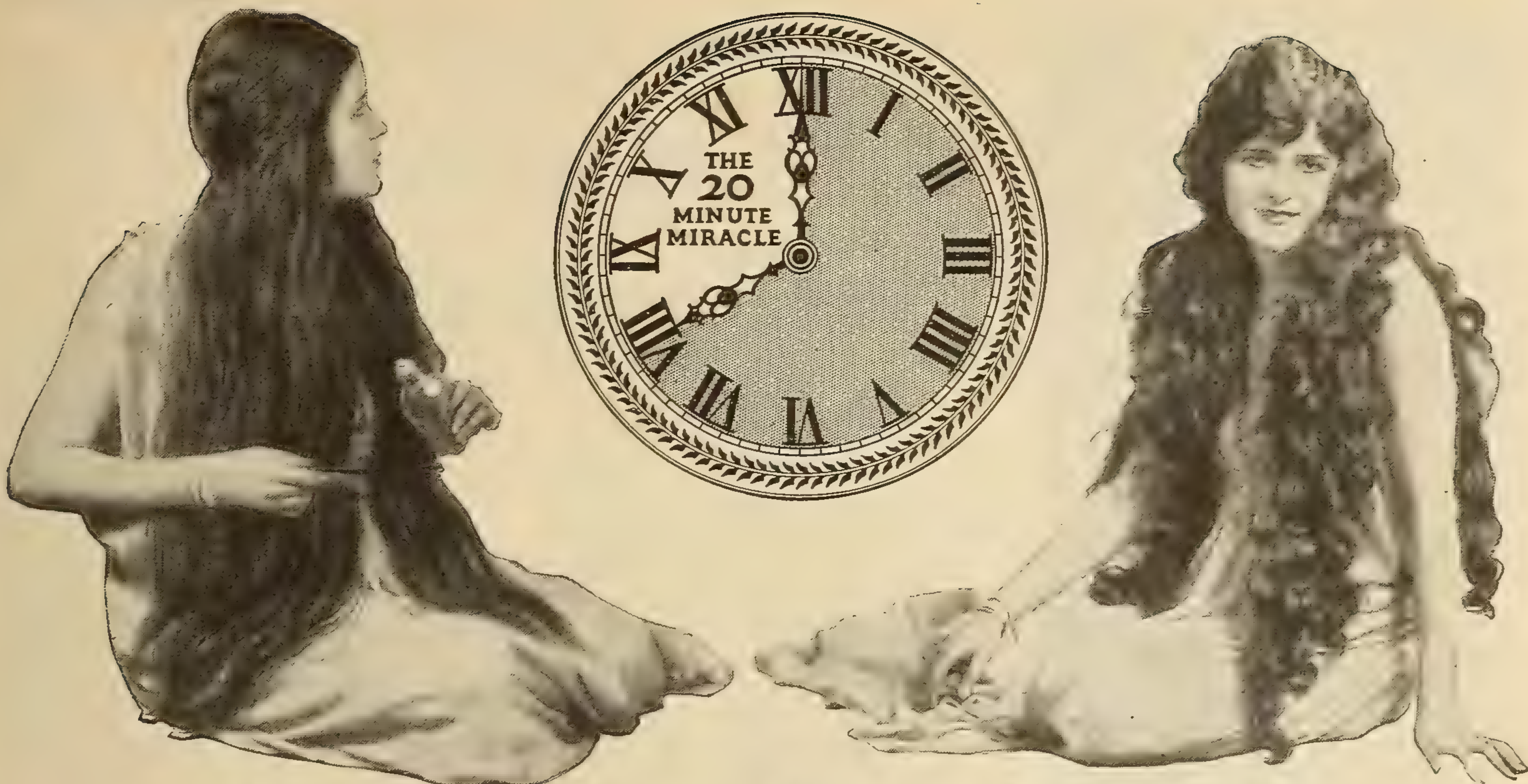
from

PITTSBURGH

☞Peggy Shaw is one of the cutest flappers of the coast film colony. It goes without saying that she is a graduate of the Ziegfeld seminary for glorifying the American girl. Miss Shaw hails from Pittsburgh, is exactly twenty-one, and, let us add when you have finished looking at these camera studies, has dark brown eyes and hair. She made her screen debut in a William Farnum picture and has been in Fox productions since.



HESSER



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

*Charity tells of the
beggar's gift*

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia*," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly'."

"*Oigame, senorita*," he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

No Profit Distribution of \$3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



Wavy Bob

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Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full-size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name

Street

Town State

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.



A Matchless Marcel



Lovely Curls

Genuine Blue White
DIAMONDS



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10 MONTHS TO PAY

When you get a chance like this to buy perfectly cut, sparkling, brilliant, blue-white, genuine diamonds, direct from diamond importers, at greatly reduced prices, you should take advantage of it by signing the coupon below. It is the opportunity of a lifetime to buy diamonds at about 40% less than retail store charge.

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RING N—\$49.00

Large, extra fine quality, blue-white diamond, set in closed mounting of 18 kt. solid white gold, bow-knot design. Looks like platinum. Was \$75.00.

RING M—\$69.00

Extra large, very fine blue-white, perfectly cut diamond set in open prong, 18 kt. solid white gold ring, hand engraved. Former price was \$100.00.

WEAR WHILE YOU PAY

Pay only \$2.00 down to show your good faith, and we will send the diamond ring of your choice for your free inspection. If satisfied, pay only \$4.70 on ring N or \$6.70 a month on ring M, for ten months. These rings make unexcelled presents or engagement rings.

ORDER ON FREE TRIAL

You get a handsomely engraved guarantee certificate which specifies that every cent you paid will be returned if you are not satisfied, and return the ring within ten days. These rings will stand any test. Compare them with diamond rings costing twice as much. We allow 8% annual increase in value on exchanges.

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Sign the coupon and we'll send the ring. You can pay the deposit to the postman if you prefer. Everything is very confidential. You will find it a pleasure to deal with us. We have been pleasing diamond buyers since 1879, and our values will surely please you.

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Mr. Nathan Reviews the New Plays—From page 61

Dramaland

Harriet Ford. It is a diverting show. If you are not a cerebral fraud, you will enjoy it.

IV

H. R. LENORMAND'S *The Failures*, which comprised the estimable Theatre Guild's second bill of the season, is an interesting play but—though I have been on my knees praying for light the last ten days—I cannot convince myself that it is the great artistic masterpiece that certain of my critical colleagues would like to have me believe. It seems that every time a workmanlike and interesting play like *The Failures* comes along, various restless and itching souls cannot go to sleep until they have persuaded folks to believe that the workmanlike and interesting play is a lot more than merely that. These souls have been chasing their tails frantically ever since Lenormand's play was produced. And I am sorry to say that on this particular occasion they have received a great deal of cheering-on by the Guild itself.

The Failures is a skilful piece of dramatic writing which depicts, in fourteen brief episodes, the degradation and decay of certain specimens of humanity. It is vivid; it is thorough in its effectiveness. But, unless I am sorely mistaken, it is surely not a play of the first, or even the second, artistic rank. It is merely a very, very good example of Grand Guignolism. It lacks the notes of profound beauty, profound understanding, and gorgeous pity. These notes it strikes, but with fingers that are not sufficiently strong to bring out the great chord crash of emotional genius.

Jacob Ben Ami's performance of the central rôle sticks in the memory.

V

MAETERLINCK'S *Pelleas and Melisande* is made poetic in so far as Maeterlinck permits it to be by the recent performance in it of Jane Cowl. Although I hardly belong to the promiscuous critical school that gets tears in its eyes whenever a good-looking actress surprises everyone by giving a performance as competent as a homely one, I am happy on this occasion to join in the general hymns to Miss Cowl, since she unquestionably brings to a play that contains much of the Belgian Tagore's high-flown pretence a vast measure of sensitive charm and simple, rhythmic grace. The most astonishing thing about Miss Cowl is her

curious talent for mimicking youth. As her Juliet is the soft muslin and soft flowers of the 'teens, so too is her Melisande of young girlhood all compact.

When the average mature actress essays the rôle of a young girl she makes it and herself ridiculous by mimicking less authentic youth than a Broadway ingenue's idea of youth. Youth to such an actress is a matter of kneeling on chairs, sitting with one foot curled under her sitspot, tossing her bobbed hair from side to side, kicking her left foot backward when the hero hugs her, wearing flat heels, and talking baby talk. The young girl of Miss Cowl's performance indulges in no such bogus theatrical dodges. Her young girl is as unstudied, in effect, as the young girls of her middle-aged sister actresses are machine-made. It breathes youth in its almost every gesture and intonation. And the result is a Melisande that is twice as captivating as the Melisande for which Maeterlinck has written the lines. Rollo Peters' Pelleas, however, is less a youth swept by a desperate and consuming passion than a stock company young man swept by a desperate and consuming admiration for the rôle of a youth swept by a desperate and consuming passion. Peters is ever the actor, hell bent upon being romantic and ready to die if he fails. He goes at romance, not as Miss Cowl does, quietly, softly, unconsciously, but with a crowbar. He strikes self-conscious romantic poses, loads his voice with quivering, romantic tones and disports himself generally like an animated valentine of the sort that one sees in the windows of little cigar stores on the side streets. The evening is Miss Cowl's, not Maeterlinck's, and surely not Peters'.

VI

MARTIN BROWN'S *The Lady* is an ingenuous melodrama of the vintage of 1890 that has evoked as much ecstatic praise from the New York reviewers as *Children of the Moon*. Why, the good Lord only knows. It is utterly without quality of any kind; it is a tournament in all the venerable hokums of commerce; it descends periodically to the very bowels of pathos. When it is not wooing the tears of the yokels out front with a pathetic allusion to a baby, it is laying siege to their laughter by causing a man to fall out of his chair or by bringing the low comedy male lead to tickle the nose of the low comedy female with the end of her feather boa.

The exhibit begins with a prologue

wherein the heroine proceeds to narrate the story of her life. The lights go down and the heroine makes an instantaneous change of wig and costume that takes only ten minutes. It is now, when the lights go up again, twenty years earlier. The heroine is married to the Mons. Leonard St. Aubyns who deserts her and her unborn babe at Monte Carlo. Starving, she finds her way into a bordello on the Marseilles water-front, where her babe is duly born. Being a Martin Brown heroine, she keeps her virtue intact despite her residence in the bordello. In order to save her babe from the clutches of villainous St. Aubyns père, she gives it into the keeping of a kind stranger. Then the lights go down again, there is another instantaneous change that takes only nine minutes, and, when the lights go up again, we are once more in the scene of the prologue. A young man enters. He faints, or does something like it. The heroine bends over him. Yes, there it is, the old locket! He is her long-lost son! She chokes back a sob. She must be brave, brave. He must never know who his unfortunate mother was—just why it is pretty damn hard for the audience to figure out. She will remain silent. . . .

Curtain.

In other words, flapdoodle.

Mary Nash does well with the central rôle, although she hardly succeeds in making the vaudeville singer and dancer of the first act realistic. Elizabeth Risdon is very good in a low comedy rôle, as is also Victor Morley.

VII

THE *Talking Parrot*, by Hutcheson Boyd, already safely interred, won the custard pie as the worst play seen in New York since the days when Scotch whiskey brought \$125 a case. The award was almost unanimous, the only dissenting vote recorded being that of the author.

VIII

HAD anyone ventured to put on *Ta Bauche* in its original form in New York, John Sumner, Dr. J. Roach Straton and Justice Ford would have united to call out every fire-engine and policeman in town, to say nothing of the Ku Klux, the American Legion, the National Guard, the Fifth Avenue Association of Night Watchmen, the Veterans of the Mexican, Civil and Spanish-American wars, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Knights of Columbus, the General Council of the Y. M. C. A. and the manufacturers of Lysol, Pyrene and Smith and Wesson rifles. But the Rev. Dr. Dillingham has contrived to put it on in New York without stirring up so much as a blush and yet without making it utterly nonsensical as adaptations from the French are so often likely to be. He

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On a subject known as
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*Now! Exquisiteness, comfort, immaculacy under
all circumstances*

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

There is a new way in personal hygiene. A scientific way that gives women new poise and peace of mind—new exquisiteness and better health.

Although but a recent discovery, 8 in every 10 women of the better classes already have adopted it.

It is called Kotex. And this offers you an opportunity to test it—free. Simply mail me the coupon below.

FIVE TIMES MORE ABSORBENT

American nurses in wartime France first discovered Kotex. Found that it solved woman's most distressing problem in an amazing new way.

Made of Cellucotton—a newly-discovered super-absorbent—Kotex absorbs 16 times its weight in moisture. It has 5 times the absorbency of ordinary cotton

“sanitary pads.” And, in addition, two other secret advantages which I cannot mention here.

You can dispose of it easily, without embarrassment—a point all women will appreciate.

Hygienic immaculateness—that is Kotex. Ask your doctor.

NOW TRY KOTEX FREE

Kotex has become a health habit among all womanhood. And I believe every woman should at least be allowed to try it. So I have appealed to the Kotex laboratory. And they have consented—for a short time at least—that I offer women a trial of Kotex, without charge.

So do this now: Mail the coupon to me, personally. A packet will be sent you post paid, by return mail—in an absolutely plain, undistinguishable, unmarked wrapper. Tear the coupon off now, before you forget.

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I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.

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I personally request every gray haired person to write for my patented Free Trial package, and let me prove how easily, quickly and surely gray, faded or discolored hair can be restored to its perfect, natural color.

This offer would be impossible if I couldn't guarantee results. But I perfected my Restorer to bring back the original color to my own prematurely gray hair, and I know just what it will do.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Doesn't interfere with shampooing. Nothing to wash or rub off. Restored hair perfectly natural in all lights, no streaking or discoloration.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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COUPON**

Please print your name and address—

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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60 Stars for \$1

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Sixty Dandy Pictures of the greatest Movie Stars and a beautiful frame 7 in. high, for only \$1.00. Most of the pictures are autographed. A real bargain while this special lot lasts. Send money order, or pay when delivered. C. O. D. orders 17c. extra.
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It's always fair weather when there's a Hohner in the house. Get yourself one and be popular. You can learn to play it in an hour—any tune you can whistle. Beautiful music, too—anything from jazz to grand opera. Give Hohners for Christmas and delight your friends. Ask the dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book; if he is out of them, write "M. Hohner, New York" for one. Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere—50c up.

**HOHNER
HARMONICAS**

has cleaned it up without losing all of its flavor. Furthermore, he has produced it, save in the instance of its decidedly un-Gallic principals, very smoothly and very attractively. Yvain's melodies, Clare Kummer's deft libretto and a quartette of extremely graceful dancing flappers combine to constitute an evening of agreeable light entertainment.

IX

THERE is, in J. P. McEvoy's episodic play, *The Potters*, the intermittent merit of close observation; there is also an occasional dash of sharp humor; there is here and there a sound appreciation of character; but the general impression, recalling the twelve scenes that constitute the play, is of a newspaper comic strip drawn less by a skilled comic artist than by a reporter not too highly blessed with imagination. The effort of Mr.

McEvoy is to depict the joys and sorrows of a lower middle-class American family; his achievement is the depiction of the joys and sorrows of a lower middle-class American family playing an engagement in vaudeville. The air of the two-a-day clings to each of the episodes that make up the play; the reflection, save occasionally, is less of life than of B. F. Keith. There is, as I have observed, some humor in the proceedings, but this humor is generally not so much the vivid and authentic humor of life closely noted as the humor of theatrical hokum. The presenting company is in the main good, and it is made up in considerable part of new names. Donald Meek, a comparative veteran, is admirable as the boob husband and father. His is one of the best performances of the season.

To connoisseurs of beauty, may I venture the suggestion that they not fail to note a girl named Helen Chandler who appears briefly toward the end of the play.

Miss Evans Introduces the Latest Bride—From page 75

Meet the Wife

call quarrels, and feel an argument coming on, they—one or the other of them, you know—will stop short and say, "The first fifty years—" and the other one will stifle any mean retort that was about to make things worse, and smile, smile, smile.

First Fifty Years the Hardest

JUST "the first fifty years"; that's all. But it does the work. Try it over some time. Shout at your husband, or your wife, as the case may be, "The first fifty years—" and see what happens. But don't blame me.

Nevertheless, it's been worth its weight in gold to Colleen and John. Not that the McCormick marital bark would have hit the rocks long ago but for that phrase; it probably wouldn't; but both acknowledge that it has helped them and that if they had their way every single married couple or engaged couple in the country would see that play, and right away, and shout "The first fifty years" at each other. Clip this coupon now.

Colleen is really the screen's one honest-to-God ingenue. I have seen her more than once, and I have never been able to detect a flaw in her technique. It is well nigh, as we say, perfect. There is seldom a false note. Never does an incongruity creep in to spoil the picture. She's the only real ingenue, on and off the screen, that I can think of now that Lillian has grown up on us. Colleen has, by the way, more than a trace of the Gish features and smile. I have never been able to figure out when Colleen stops impersonating

Lillian and begins being herself.

Colleen Never Smokes

BUT she's not one of your modern ingenues; oh, dear, no. She doesn't smoke. It isn't that she doesn't approve of it; it makes her ill. So don't believe all you see in the films. Colleen may adore to flap before the camera; may even kick up her French heels a bit at a director's prompting. But actually she's just a nice, quiet little girl who loves her husband and is thrilled at buying furniture for her new California home. She doesn't step out of her character for a second.

To get back to their private life. As I said, I have hung around quite persistently hoping against hope that things were not what they seemed. But I fear they are. I saw Mr. McCormick at a film luncheon without *Her*. He was completely surrounded by pretty girls. He paid little or no attention to them. Even the prettiest girl, in the right shade of green, secured no more than a polite nod. He had a dreamy, faraway look in his eye, and he hurried away with a purposeful stride which lead one to suspect he was going to meet the wife.

Her company gave for her a luncheon at the Ritz, at which the newspaper and magazine representatives were present in large numbers. She was in white from Madame Frances. She sat next to Johnny, was demure, and looked shyly up at one from under the brim of her feathered hat. When he made a speech he referred to her as "Little lady." And that explains Colleen Moore.

Three Years and Then

—From page 72

splendid characterization of Mark Sabre in *If Winter Comes?* He was playing leads in those days, supporting Alice Joyce and Billie Burke. In those days the matinee girls passed him by. But "Old Puzzle-head" Sabre has brought him success in a rush, and Marmout is enjoying as much of a vogue as Ernest Torrence, without whom no cast seems to be adequate today.

We turn the pages again, and scan the pictures and news items. Here we note, with sadness, a page of photographs of Olive Thomas—Olive having tea in her apartment; Olive toasting her pretty toes before a fire; Olive curled up on a divan with a book. And the caption reads: "Husband Jack Pickford comes to New York from the coast on every possible occasion, when the devoted pair domesticate to their hearts' content!" History does repeat itself, perhaps in a spirit of irony. We saw the self-same caption under a photograph of Marilyn Miller Pickford the other day.

The Old, Glad Days

BUT let us go on, sans moralizing or philosophizing. We note Roscoe Arbuckle pretending to "shoot" a scene in his new production and Mary Miles Minter, coyly offering a bite of her "hot dog" to her director. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." And last of all, a full-page photograph of Wallace Reid, the Wally we used to know, with his small son on his knee and his dog by his side—youthful, vibrant with health and the joy of living, no shadow of the evil to come resting on his broad brow nor clouding his laughing eyes.

Three years! So short a time for hopes to fall and hearts to break! And, to go back still farther, what has become of Edith Storey, Florence Turner and Mary Fuller and, indeed, such more recent luminaries as Louise Glaum?

The Story of Florence Lawrence

IN a little bungalow on Wilcox Avenue in Heartbreak Village—which is Hollywood's other name—there lives a girl who has known fame such as few players experience. One of the first of the great screen favorites, she was adored by millions. Sarah Bernhardt sent her congratulations and an autographed portrait. Producers fought for her services. She was well nigh as famous as Mary Pickford. Then—

She was required to drag an actor down three flights of stairs in a fire-rescue scene in a picture. The girl weighed one hundred and ten pounds, the man some one hundred and seventy-five. The scene



Scene from the film "Omar The Tentmaker"
Produced by Richard Walton Tully.

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FROM the little province of Barcelona in Spain, we bring you the master works of gemcraft in Pearls of Oriental splendor and luxury.

Here, between the Mediterranean and the Pyrenees is a little group of artisans who dedicate their lives to the fabrication of fine things, who have created in Omar Pearls, a gem of soft, luminous color, of fleeting interplay of light and shade, that nothing but Nature can match in its perfection.

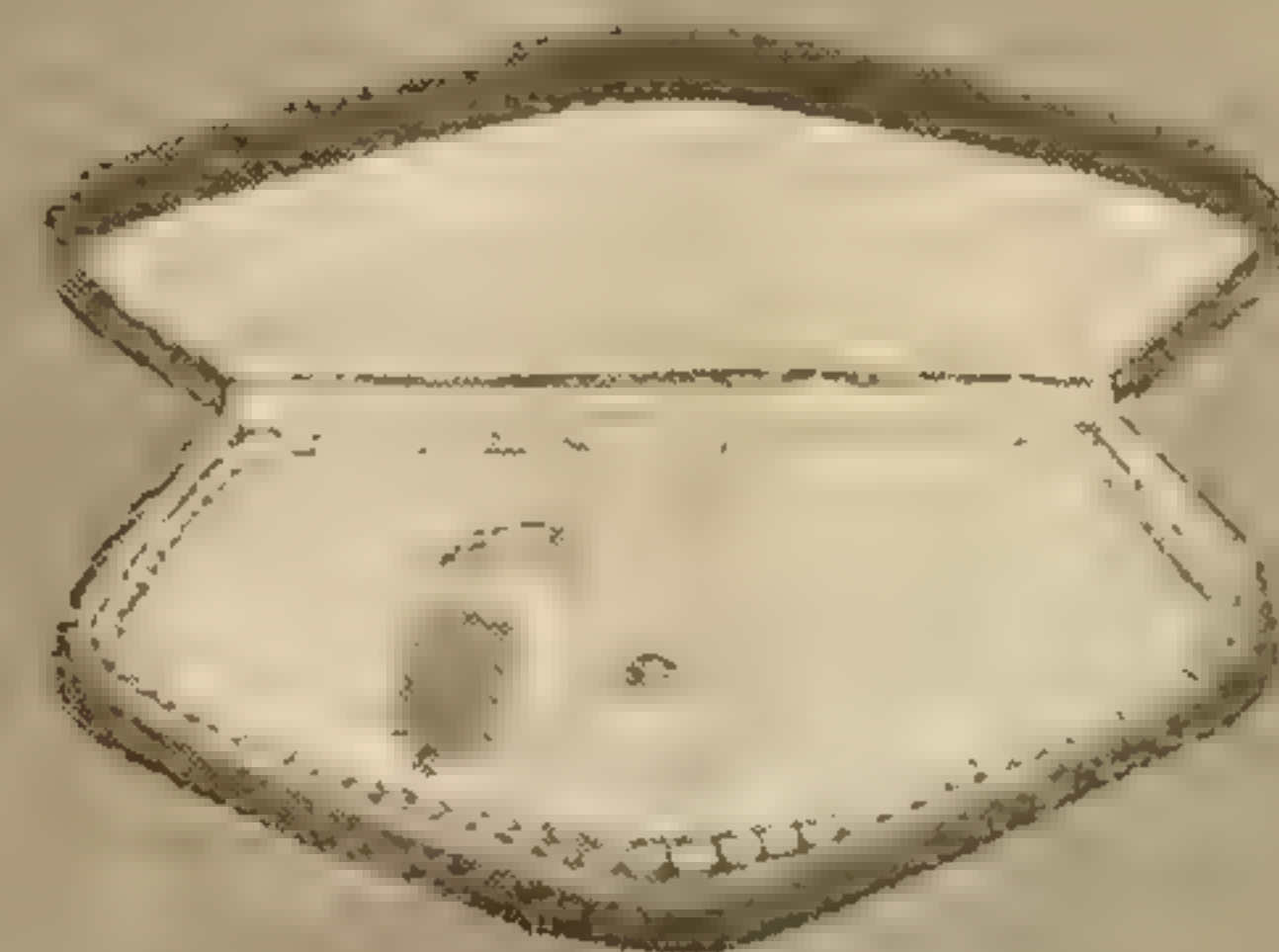
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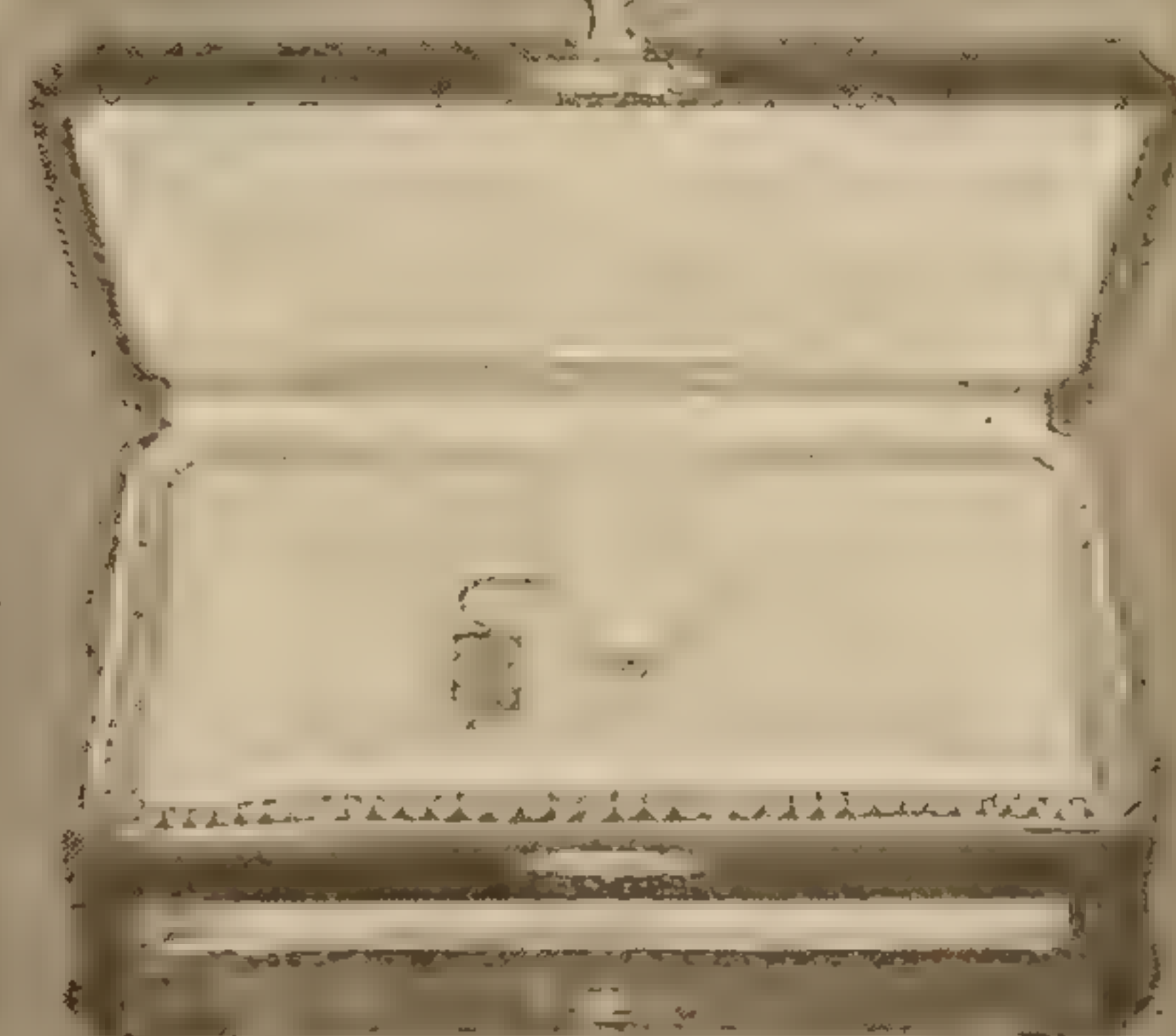
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Remove the old skin with all its imperfections and you can have skin like a new-born babe.

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The World's Greatest Discovery, enables you to find youthful and perfect skin beauty. No costly or painful operations. Harmless, painless. Removes all surface blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc.

An invisible, stainless liquid. Contains no acid, mercury or arsenic. Not an ordinary clay or cream. Quick, easy and sure way to have a healthy new skin. Results astounding. Ask your druggist or write for booklet "Magic of a New Skin."

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had to be retaken three times. The strain brought on a stroke of paralysis, and for four years the girl was an invalid.

Finally, her health was restored. She came again to Hollywood and found, as so many others have found, that there was no place for her. The public had forgotten.

The girl was Florence Lawrence. The other day she played a little part in an independent production, through the kindness of the producer, Ben Wilson, an old friend. She who had been the fore-

most figure in pictures was now merely "atmosphere."

What was it old Omar said?

*'When You and I behind the veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall
last,
Which of our coming and departure heeds
As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble-
cast.'*

It is almost as if Omar Khayyam had known Hollywood.

Warns against Sugar Coating the Stage—From page 57

Is the Pollyanna Screen Immoral?

few flagrant violations of decency of late on the screen. The latter have occurred in certain cheap East Side theatres which have imported foreign films of an objectionable character and at stag parties.

"There are a number of scenes which I see on the screen, however, which I would never pass if I were on the New York Commission," Mr. Sumner told me.

Among these he mentioned a highly improper scene in a late domestic drama in which a husband breaks into a wife's bedroom and tears the lingerie straps from her shoulder.

Sumner Against Flapper Pictures

"FLAPPER pictures are bad just as the books are bad," he said, "particularly when they show young girls doing just as they please while parents look on approvingly, often indeed setting an example of loose conduct.

"Not only are such exhibitions bad," said Mr. Sumner, "they are not true to life." Which, of course, leaves all students of the rising generation somewhat in the lurch.

Human Wreckage was described as an excellent picture in most respects by the newer Comstock, although he would have deleted one or two scenes in which the administering of the drug was shown.

"I thought the subject in this picture was well handled on the whole," said Mr. Sumner. "But no method of administering a drug should be displayed in films under any circumstances. Showing the effects of the drug evil is not bad, but I am not generally in favor of displaying vices in order to correct vice."

If *Winter Comes* received honorable mention from Mr. Sumner for the unobjectionable handling of a girl's betrayal. He thought any child might see "Captain Applejack" in film form.

Sumner Against Temple of Venus

"CUTANEOUS propensities" and the exploitation of "feminine pulchritude and

physical qualities" in such films as *The Temple of Venus* displease Mr. Sumner very much. A Pollyanna heroine in a flannel nightgown is never objectionable, but a bathing girl in tights always is, he declares.

Flaming Youth he found irking because of the false portrait it gives of modern youth. He said managers liked to play up nude scenes in their advertising.

Another clergyman who declared himself opposed to the unrealities presented under censorship was Dr. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church of New York. He has a congregation which has abandoned the Puritanical tenets for a more broad-minded creed. But he adds that screen advertising is vile.

"One of the more amusing results of screen censorship in New York," said Doctor Holmes, "is the fact that the censors are occupied in making minute cuts in the pictures themselves while they permit all sorts of objectionable advertising to be flaunted in theatre lobbies for the exploitation of pictures that supposedly have had all of the wickedness removed.

"In my opinion movies are not half as black as they are painted. But I wonder constantly why they are painted so black.

Attack on Objectionable Advertising

SOME time ago when our church was burned down we held services in various theatres devoted to spectacular movies. On Sunday morning we were obliged to pass through all sorts of displays, in the lobbies.

"These displays presented a psychological study. At first I tried to convince myself that the trouble was with me, that I must be in an awfully conventional frame of mind on Sunday morning. For the most part the advertising was deliberately sensual. I saw one or two of these shows. But they failed to live up to the debasing expectations created by the advertising. Then I wondered what a

manager gains by making the public think he has a dirty show and then disappointing them.

"Why have a constant censorship of shows when there is none of advertising? Why have censorship at all?"

Dr. Holmes condemned also the "key-hole" pictures which appeals to the snickering side of an audience, and that which deliberately features more nude women than any other one film in the world.

A direct attack on the Pollyanna film was made by the National Council to Protect the Freedom of Art, Literature and the Press, which includes the motion picture. In a statement issued by George Creel, the chairman, the organization announced its plan to combat unwise restraints as a menace to knowledge and public liberty.

Divorce Insurance

—From page 70

with a gay little laugh, as Kirkwood hurried away, "but if there is no real feeling under it, that won't hold him."

Lila looked very serious again. It is as though her love and happiness are so great that she holds them a bit tremblingly.

Children are Necessary to a Home

"CHILDREN," she went on, "children help to make home happy. Maybe it sounds a little bit bromidic, but—well, Jim and I have decided that children help to mold and cement home life. And people should have children when they are first married—not wait for this or that."

Lila and Jim have agreed that a sense of humor helps a lot—not taking little things too seriously.

"That seems to be the hardest thing for married people to learn," expounded Lila wisely. She looked very sweet and demure as she talked. She might be a bride in the family far from the world of motion pictures. "George Eliot says, you know, that the greatest trial a couple can have is not possessing the same kind of a sense of humor.

"We are building a home, too. That helps. Having a home where we love to stay of evenings, where we can gather musical instruments and books and pictures and tapestries and other things we both love about us, will surely be a tie that binds. No matter where we wander, it will be good to have that place to come back to—to remember as home when we are away. I'm sure owning a home would give pause to many couples that are drifting apart."

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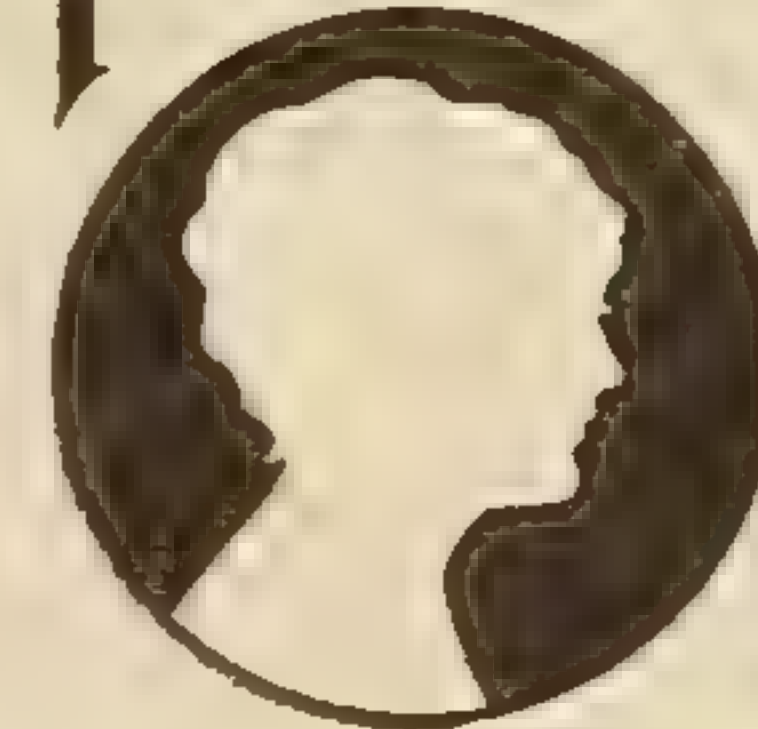


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I will tell you Under which Zodiac Sign **FREE** were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings, and many other vital questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

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Would you Like To Have a Clear Skin?

Then Try This Delightful, Simple Way Which Thousands Say Is Freeing Them From Pimples, Acne, Blackheads, Oily Skin, Brown Spots and Unsightly Blemishes.

WONDERFUL RESULTS IN ONE DAY



A Clear, Rosy, Soft and Velvety Complexion is Nature's Greatest Gift and Attraction.

IS your complexion literally ruined by pimples, acne, or other unsightly blemishes? Is your skin muddy and sallow? Don't worry, and don't give up—no matter what you have tried, or how bad your case, I am positive that my simple, secret home treatment will give you a beautiful complexion free from every blemish. And the beauty of it all is the speed and ease with which it is accomplished. Frequently users report an amazing improvement in one day, and every pimple vanished in one week.

Thousands Have Proved That You Can Have a Clear Skin

Thousands of men and women in all parts of the U. S. and many foreign countries, who had given up after trying every conceivable method, are now rejoicing in healthy, clear, attractive skins after using my delightful treatment a few days. These letters are typical of thousands.

Foreign Countries Like It, Too

Mr. Warren: Lingayen, Pangasinan.
Pardon me for not writing you immediately when I received your treatment and your letters. I am glad to inform you that your treatment has caused practically all the pimples on my face to vanish. I will tell my friends about this great improvement and get them to order from you.
Yours, JOSE S. ESPINO.

Removes Pimples in 8 Days

Dear Friend: Colorado, Texas.
I can't thank you enough for Clear-Plex. I have used it eight days and all of my pimples and blackheads are all gone nearly, and my face is smooth and soft.
ALMA CORSTENSEN.

Cures Fourteen-Year-Old Girl

Dear Friend: Bay City, Mich.
I can't praise your Clear-Plex enough for what it has done for my 14-year-old daughter. I felt that her looks were ruined for life till I began using your Clear Plex. Now her face is almost entirely well and she has a beautiful, clear, soft, velvety complexion.
HATTIE JOHNSON.

Your Face Is Your Fortune

This old saying is literally true. An unsightly skin makes many an otherwise attractive man or woman a wall flower—makes them sensitive, embarrassed and repulses others. A fair, clear, soft, velvety skin draws friends to you and wins admiration, for beauty lies more in the complexion than in the features. Declare your independence today from your blemishes by using my wonderful home treatment.

Try It At My Risk

To prove that you can be rid of pimples, acne, brown spots, oily skin, blackheads and blemishes I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper to try ten days. You will find it wonderfully delightful as it is as simple and easy to use as toilet water. Without obligation, just write or print your name on a post card or the coupon below for my introductory 10-day FREE TRIAL Offer.

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W. H. WARREN, 903 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.
Without obligation, please send me your introductory 10-day free trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

I asked Lila if she didn't believe in divorce at all.

They Believe in Divorce, Too

"OH, yes; I think where people are mismatched, it is the only thing. But when you are sure you have really found your mate, the thing to do is to try to stick, no matter what happens.

"The trouble is, young people marry with the idea of getting out of it if they don't like it, or if all doesn't go just to suit them. I hear young people say, 'Oh, well, if it lasts, all right; if it doesn't, all right!' When they say things like that, you know that underneath they are saying to themselves, 'I'm not going to put myself out to make it go right!'"

Just then Kirkwood, evidently feeling he had been separated from his bride long enough, came back and joined us.

"Life means so much more to us now we have each other," went on Mrs. Kirkwood. "We talk things over together, and plan our work. I don't believe that either of us will ever really have to sacrifice anything of our careers for each other. We do better work because of our happiness and because we advise and sympathize with each other."

Absolute Confidence Necessary

"ONE of the main things is to have confidence in each other," says Kirkwood. "Jealousy is fatal to love. We don't believe in separations for even a few weeks; but we do believe in each letting the other have a little liberty of action, freedom to go about without too much questioning. In that way, we find we don't care about taking advantage of opportunities for going about without each other. I can go if I want to; she can go to her parties if she wants to. We'd rather be together."

"We know that love is the best thing in life," concluded Lila as we were departing. Kirkwood didn't say anything. He didn't have to. He was looking at Lila just then.

We Interview Ben Turpin

—From page 35

bowl of soup): "What I always says to the little woman, to some people it would be an affliction but with me it's a fortune."

GWENN: "Do you believe in marriage?"

MR. TURPIN: "Some people prefer a mandolin to pick on."

ANGELA: "Ah. . . . now we have it . . . the thought . . . a marriage of minds . . . of souls. . . ."

Motion Picture Directory

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton, Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Calif.
International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

GOLDWYN, SAMUEL, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MASTODON FILMS, INC., C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; Glendale, Long Island.

METRO PICTURE CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

R-C PICTURES CORPORATION, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Calif.
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.

MR. TURPIN (*crossly*): "Oh, have a roll."

ANGELA: "We don't mind if we do." She clears away chairs and tables and rolls along the floor and out the door.

GWENN (*facetiously*): "I suppose you'll be asking me if I want a Rolls Royce."

MR. TURPIN: "Oh no, I won't."

GWENN: "Well, then, what is your hobby?"

MR. TURPIN: "My work. But I am almost as well known to my friends as the inventor of the cross-word puzzle."

GWENN (*hysterically*): "Aye aye sir. . . . Ha . . . ha . . . ha . . ."

MR. TURPIN: "Waiter! Separate checks."

Gwenn swoons.

FINIS.

The Life Story of Barbara La Marr

—From page 63

motor car by her step-sister and a man, the step-sister's friend. The police brought her back unharmed, except for the mental shock the experience had given her.

Life rushed her along. Shortly afterwards she went to Arizona for a visit. There she had her first romance. It was a story-book affair; a very nice and sweet romance which sounds as if it had been written by a lady author of books for girls. A young rancher saw Barbara, and fell in love with her. It is not recorded that Barbara returned his love. Perhaps she was dazzled by the romance of it: a handsome cowboy, who dogged her footsteps and who finally, one day when she and another girl were out driving in a car, stopped her and literally dragged her from her seat and rode away with her. She couldn't have had time to think it over, even if she had wanted to. And so she became a bride at sixteen—in the dashing, whirlwind manner of the earlier western movies.

But she had not been given a beautiful face merely to become the little wife of an Arizona ranchman and be tucked away for the rest of her life. Fate, again—her husband died, and Barbara, a widow at sixteen, returned home to her family.

A Widow at Sixteen

THE next chapter in her life was not so simple. In fact, it approached the tragic. Because this time she must surely have been in love. She met a man who represented to her girlish heart her very ideals. He was a dream-hero: suave, handsome, polished, educated. He wooed and won her in three days. They were married

[Continued on page 93]

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Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Having tried many forms of eyelash beautifiers, I unhesitatingly recommend "Maybelline" as the best. It is harmless, easy to apply, looks natural and its instantaneous beautifying effect is truly remarkable.

Sincerely,

Mary Eaton

On
Sale
Everywhere



Maybelline

Darkens and Beautifies Eyelashes Instantly

The Life Story of Barbara La Marr

—From page 91

at her home. She was a beautiful bride—this time the bride of fiction, with a wedding feast and a lovely white dress and a singing heart. You like to feel that she was misty-eyed when she kissed her mother and father goodbye, and left with her husband for her new life.

But she was not to be let alone. Life had not really finished with her. Three days—and then she learned that her husband was not her husband at all. He had a wife and three children at home; and when he was questioned he swore that he had been hypnotized by the beautiful face of the girl. She had bound him with her beauty. He had not been able to resist its power. It was discovered later that the man was mentally disordered. He was operated upon, and died.

To Hide Away From the World

THE girl was greatly hurt. She wanted to hide—hide away from the world that had already been so harsh to her. She went home again to her father. But the life of the little desert town to which they had moved was too much for her. It held no possibilities for her youth and beauty. Perhaps she was so disillusioned that it did not much matter what she did. In any event she left for Los Angeles. She determined to find work.

But she was not yet of age. And her father, fearful of what other injuries life might inflict on his child, did the only thing he could do to bring her back. He asked the juvenile authorities of the city to force her to come home.

It was then that a Los Angeles judge looked at her. He saw the marvellous mysterious appeal of that face—a face that had already caused so many heart-aches. He looked at her and it is quoted that he said, "You are too beautiful, child. You are much too young and beautiful to be alone here. You must go home."

But as soon as she was eighteen she began all over again. The eyes that experience had already opened, opened now a little wider. She became conscious of a desire for expression, preferably artistic. But it was not easy. Because she was still too beautiful; perhaps the tragedies that had hovered about her had left their mark. She could not find work. Not in pictures. So she learned to dance. The cabarets caught her.

Dancing Her Way Through Cabarets

SHE danced her way from cabaret to revue. She was one of the first of the

How I Regained Normal Weight and Lost 50 Pounds in Two Months

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Absolutely Free of Charge

From Europe comes the news that at last something effective has been found to relieve obesity.

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Send me, Free of Charge, full information on the new French discovery for the relief of excessive fat (Please print your name and address.)

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If you care to, enclose five cents in stamps to help cover expense.

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barefoot dancers. The one period of actual want in her professional life occurred in Detroit. That city proved itself right in a moral class with Los Angeles by frowning on barefoot dancers; and the company was stranded there for ten days before the city fathers could be brought to reason. After being one of the ornaments of Rector's and other New York cabarets, she was brought to Salt Lake City to star in a revue. Salt Lake was a vacation for Barbara. She danced twice a day, slept the rest of the time, and earned a good salary.

This period of comparative ease put her mind at rest. She had for the first time in her hurried life a little breathing space in which to look about. She discovered herself. Her emotional experiences became a background, and she started to write.

First, verse. Very good verse, in the opinion of the few who have read it. Then she wrote a scenario. And her luck changed. It was accepted at once and she received a considerable sum for it. Life began to make up handsomely for all the blows it had dealt her. After that scenario, which was *The Mother and the Child*, starring Gladys Brockwell, Fox was so impressed with her that he signed her as a staff writer for a year and a half. At the end of that time, Louis B. Mayer asked her to play a part in Anita Stewart's picture, *Harriett and the Piper*. After this she went back to her typewriter for two more years.

The present chapter in the La Marr life includes her profitable and pleasant appearances in *Strangers of the Night*, *The Shooting of Dan Magrew*, *The Eternal City*, which she received \$3,000 a week for travelling to Rome to make; a five-year contract with First National which will make her a star and a rich woman; and a new husband—a red-haired youth named Jack Doherty, whom you may remember in Ruth Roland serials.

Oh, yes—and a pose or two. If she has a press agent he is a good one; and if she hasn't, she has proved that she has not lost her sense of dramatic values. For, after a pose of exotic gowns and things like that, she switched to a mother role—she adopted a baby boy. This was before her latest marriage. She declared that she was fed up with false love, men, and Life with a large L. That motherhood, whether real or assumed, was the only actuality in existence. She was photographed with the baby and the world wept with her. Then she married Mr. Doherty.

Her Story—As Barbara Tells It

OF late she has apparently become dissatisfied with her real life story. The story of her life according to Barbara is a vastly different thing. She prefers to relate that she was born in Virginia, left an orphan, adopted and brought to Spokane, Washington, and then going on the stage as a child and trooping as Little Eva and Lord Fauntleroy until the age of eleven. Then she says she entered a convent at Fresno, Cal., where she remained until her girlish pranks caused her to be gently suspended by the mother superior. After her school days came the stage again.

Which story do you prefer? Why should she choose to forget the real one? Surely she is artist enough to appreciate it. Doubtless she has the inevitable hunger for security and peace, and after her troubled career we can't blame her for that. But there is nothing in her real life story of which to be ashamed. She should be proud of that young girl who refused to permit the hard knocks to stop her; who rose over them and worked her way to her present position. It makes a far more dramatic narrative than any she has ever written. If she has developed a yearning for immunity from life and drama, how is she going to become an actress? She has the background which the great continental actresses have had. She has suffered and struggled. Her life is the most interesting thing about her. Will she become merely a beautiful puppet who believes her own press agent, or will she keep on living?

Doug Fairbanks Signs Her

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS saw her and told her she was too beautiful—to be a scenario writer. So she played with him in *The Nut* and later as Milady in *The Three Musketeers*. Barbara had, to all appearances, arrived.

But real success was not so near. Universal at that time had the chance to sign her on a long-term contract for \$300 a week and turned it down. "She can only do vamp stuff," they said. It wasn't until Rex Ingram put her into *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Trifling Women* that her name began to mean something on the screen.

Somewhere in her more recent career she acquired another husband—Ben Deely, an actor. But the marriage went on the rocks, without, apparently, leaving much of an impression. But Barbara bears no grudges. Only the other day she suggested to a director who was looking for a good "heavy" for his next picture that there was no better in the business than Deely. This in the face of Deely's public assertion that Barbara was trying to hinder his career.

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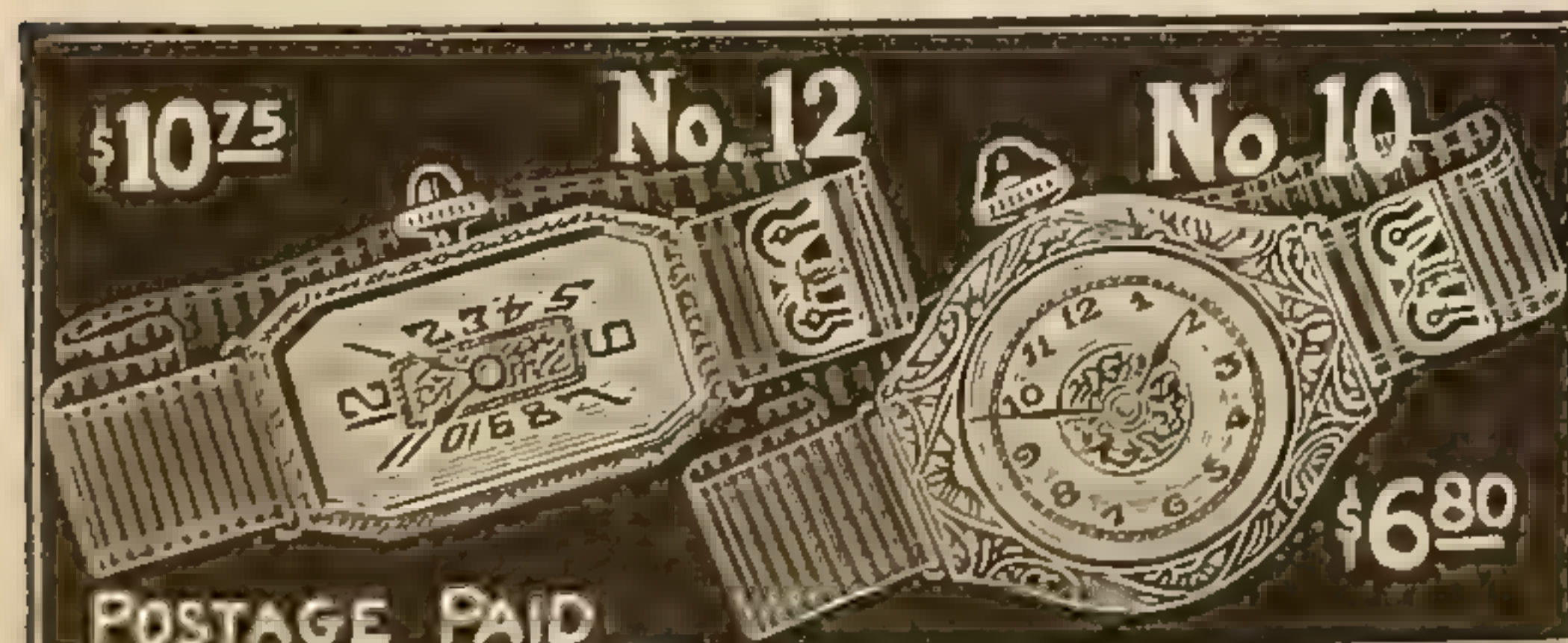
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Book Reviews

SILK—Samuel Merwin (*Houghton Mifflin Co.*). Perfumed Persian gardens, walled cities of Cathay, adventurous voyages via camel train over the wastes of the Gobi, and the wilds of Turkestan, are romantically mingled in the picturesque tale of oriental civilization 2,000 years ago. Mr. Merwin handles his subject in a style decidedly different from his other works, using the quaint ingenuousness and naivete of the period. He tells of the adventures of a Chinese youth visiting the courts of Persia—Persia in its most glorious period of splendor and luxury. Cunning and intrigue intermingle and combat the beautiful love of a Persian princess for a foreigner, making a fascinating narrative bathed in the languor of Persian skies. The story is free from the exaggerations and fantasies common to most works dealing with this period and will prove fascinating reading to lovers of romance.

THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD—Leonard Merrick (*E. P. Dutton & Co.*). A decidedly different twist is given the eternal triangle in Mr. Merrick's newest novel. It is the tale of a woman rather than a man, as the title would indicate; a fine, sensitive woman with a most tenacious adherence to her principles, right or wrong—torn always by the most elemental of emotions, enduring to the end. The author shows a most remarkable understanding of the reactions of a woman to the most heart-breaking of life's difficulties and though the plot is rather drab it borders at times so closely on the melodramatic that it makes fascinating reading in spite of itself. There are many beautiful if pathetic passages where the heroine is torn between her passionate love for the man who wronged her and the firm adherence to her life as prompted by the dictates of her finer emotions.

The story is really a study of three people tossed together in one of Life's maelstroms and beset by the most diffi-

cult circumstances. The outcome is logical and so natural that in spite of his sympathies the reader is eminently satisfied with the solution.

THE PUPPET MASTER—Robert Nathan (*Robert M. McBride & Co.*). In spite of its title, and its cover jacket decorated with marionettes, "The Puppet Master" is not a juvenile book. It would, though, please most of those who love and understand child nature, as evident in both "big people" and little ones.

The story is simply told—almost entirely in one and two syllabled words. It is poetic in its simplicity, and quite briefly, but with a charming sureness of touch, presents a few seemingly uneventful lives, and a view of married life, with deeper insight and understanding of human souls and their relationships, than many books that aim to be more profound.

Those of us who feel the tragedy of the conflict in an artistic nature forced to a life of personal love and the duty it involves, will shed at least one tear for the puppet hero, Mr. Aristotle. His tragedy is very real, though his sorrow makes him seem ridiculous. We sympathize with him when Fate, in the person of little Amy May, selects him to be a convenient sort of combination husband-doctor-grocer for Annabel Lee; and later, when he finds himself succumbing to his wife's charms (in this case, an unusual single black button eye). The inevitable tragedy that results and Annabel Lee's fickleness is as intense as the effect made by Tony Sarg's "Rip Van Winkle" on his miniature stage. The love affair between the poet and Amy May's mother is also delicately handled.

If you have on your book shelves a well worn "Alice in Wonderland," because the satire still holds you, you will like to keep at hand a copy of "The Puppet Master." The charm of the story, its gentle satire and philosophy, its happy phraseology, make it a delightful thing to read aloud.


A. NATELSON.

¶ *Studio Gossip in Hollywood and New York—From Page 81*

The Listening Post

moral picture indeed, with the fade-out showing vice prostrate and virtue triumphant. Perhaps that was why a well-known actor came staggering out from the theatre in Los Angeles the other evening, muttering, "Well, anyhow, here's to sin!"

Mack Sennett is all pleased up over his new comedian "find," Harry Langdon. *Picking Peaches* is the name of his first starring vehicle. Sennett predicts that inside of a year Langdon will be the greatest comedian in the business. Which maybe he will, at that, if some-



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New Life to Hair from Tropical Tree

I AM writing this from my uncle's plantation in the West Indies, where I came recently to live. The first thing I noticed was that all women on this island have the most beautiful hair—thick, abundant, and shining with life and health. Today, my once scraggly locks are long, and I, too, have loads of hair.

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body bumps off Messrs. Chaplin, Lloyd, Keaton and Turpin.

JACK DAUGHERTY, who is an actor and somewhat of a celebrity in his own right in addition to being Barbara La Marr's husband, wanted enormously to fly from Venice to Paris, on their recent honeymoon trip abroad. But not Barbara.

"Go ahead and fly, if you want to," said Barbara. "I look very well in black. But I'll take mine on *terra firma*, thank you."

They didn't fly.

Kenneth Harlan as The Virginian

LIFE is drab at best but the clouds are occasionally brightened by the little rays of sunshine cast by the gents who write the newspaper advertising for the picture theatres. Our morale was strengthened by this gem of literature apropos of the presentation of *The Virginian* at a Los Angeles theatre:

"Against the wild, colorful background of the American plains is pictured a sweet-toned symphony of a woman's soul, blended with a clean-cut herculean chap's terrific struggle against overwhelming odds."

Dear! Dear! The clean-cut herculean chap in question was played by Kenneth Harlan and if he was the Virginian as Owen Wister pictured him we're Little Eva! At least the Virginian was a graceful romantic figure. Harlan looked and acted like a farmer, successfully concealing his emotions, if any, behind a perfectly blank countenance. Which, of course, is perfectly good form in our best film circles this season, which advocates reserve to the extent of concealing all human intelligence. We know of a clothing-store dummy which would be a knock-out on a good many Hollywood sets.

Social Life in Los Angeles

THE dinner at the Montmartre almost any evening may see so many stars as to be quite dazzled. Celebrating the opening of *The Ten Commandments*, more than a score of celebrities entertained at dinner at the Montmartre before the performance. The room fairly blazed with jewels and gorgeous raiment.

Enid Bennett was the prettiest thing imaginable in a gown of burnt orange crepe embroidered in gold, with a bandeau of orange and gold. Her wrap was of ermine, and Fred Niblo's look of smug satisfaction in his lovely wife was wholly understandable.

Pola Negri came with her bosom friend, Mrs. Charles Eyton (Kathlyn Williams). Mrs. Eyton wore black velvet, brilliant with rhinestones, and was enveloped in a marvelous mink wrap. Pola was a radiant flame in burnt orange trimmed in silver, with a silver bandeau about her black locks.

We couldn't truthfully say that Constance Talmadge "dined" there that evening, for she spent most of her time fighting off admirers who begged to dance with her, but she looked wholly adorable in black velvet trimmed with little tails of ermine. Sister Norma looked on indulgently in a lovely affair of nude-colored chiffon with pearl trimming.

Viola Dana brought her sister, Shirley Mason, under her wing. Both girls wore simple black velvet gowns. Viola's wrap was of ermine, while Shirley's was of sable velvet with an ermine collar.

Others who furnished a soothing and restful treat to the eye included Helene Chadwick, in a gold gown and wrap of American Beauty velvet; Agnes Ayres, in turquoise satin and ermine cloak; Julia Faye in flesh-colored chiffon and ermine; Lucile Carlisle, regal in cloth of gold and a gold bandeau in her hair; Pauline Frederick, in cloth of silver with a magnificent sable wrap, and Mrs. Conway Tearle, in black chiffon beaded in silver, with a mink wrap.

Gloria in The Swan

GLORIA SWANSON seems to have safely passed the program picture purgatory, in which she suffered so long. If rumor is to be trusted, Gloria is to be starred in Franz Molnar's *The Swan*, competition for which has been so keen among producers for months. Gloria ought to be in her element as the capricious princess whose so-human instincts strive constantly with hauteur and pridefulness.

Mickey and Blanche

AND he fell in love with his wife! Isn't there a play by that name? Anyway, that little drama is being enacted here in Hollywood, it is said. Blanche Sweet, with her full return to health, is showing herself so altogether adorable, and proving herself so fine an actress in her recent pictures that her husband, Mickey Neilan, is falling in love with her all over again. Not that he hasn't loved her all the time, you understand, but this new tide of feeling is almost a return to the first-love era. Who could blame him? Blanche is a darling.

Harold at the Races

SOME folks have all the luck. Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis motored down to Tia Juana the other week-end to watch the horse races and maybe to lay a few pennies on some likely horse's nose. Harold spotted one, Chiva, that looked good to him, and Mildred thought the name was pretty, so they hunted up a bookie and discovered that they had picked about the least popular nag on the track. The odds were 79 to 2. Well, they bet ten dollars on Chiva in spite of

[Continued on next page]

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From Social Work to Films

By Eunice Marshall

SHE'S a Quaker from Quaker town, but her speech is other than yea, yea and nay, nay, and meekness is *not* her predominating characteristic. Betty Bouton, late of Philadelphia, looks out upon the world with a cold, disparaging eye and considers that it is nothing to get excited about.

Betty set out to be a social service worker. She trained for that worthy and respectable career at the University of Pennsylvania. She actually served as probation officer of the juvenile court in several cities. But the lure of the footlights extends even to the daughters of conservative Philadelphia families and Betty gave up her charity work and enrolled at the Sargeant School of Dramatic Art.

She was given a small part with Mary Nash. Then she attempted the difficult role of Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice* with Nat Goodwin. After that Bertha Kalich took her under

her wing and she appeared with that actress in *The Riddle Woman*.

Then pictures. Marshall Neilan gave Betty the part of the snippy college girl in Mary Pickford's *Daddy Long Legs*. She also played with Marguerite Clark, Dustin Farnum and Shirley Mason. Ingenue roles, all of them.

After that came romance, followed closely by tragedy. Betty Bouton fell in love with a young songwriter, and married him. But death robbed her of her husband and her tiny baby. And, for a while, of her ambition. She was out of pictures for three years. Now she is back, taking up the tangled threads of life where she dropped them, striving to weave a new pattern.

She lives alone. People are not necessary to her. She watches, analyzes, dissects.

She is in Hollywood, but not of it.



Betty Bouton

Studio Gossip of Hollywood and New York—From page 96

The Listening Post

his unpopularity, and darned if Chiva didn't come romping in ahead of the field, and Harold and Mildred collected about four hundred dollars and went home rejoicing.

WHEN the sins of the movies are under discussion, few people seem to be able to remember the good deeds of the profession. There are plenty of them.

Ben Turpin, for instance, loves children with a love that is all the keener because he has none of his own. One day he met a little girl. Just an ordinary little tike, she was, the daughter of poor parents, and Ben just fell in love with her. Mrs. Turpin liked her as much as Ben did. So they talked it over, and Ben went to see the little girl's father and told him that if he would let them adopt the little girl he'd give the father \$5,000. And after the girl had received the best kind of education available, on her twenty-first birthday he would invest \$25,000 in her name.

But the father loved the little girl too, and he wouldn't give her up. Ben's heart nearly broke, but he's trying to make up for the disappointment by doing nice things for any little orphan he comes across.

Edmund Wears Suspenders

EDMUND LOWE, who emotes on the Goldwyn lot between stage engagements, knows all about what the young man should wear, and demonstrates it in person. And the other day he knocked every male dead at the studio, when he turned up wearing a pair of these striped English trousers that come up under the arms, pleated at the waist-band, and to cap the climax a giddy pair of suspenders. Yessir, regular galluses of red and blue silk, such as any fireman might commit crime for. And just to show he had no shame, he had his picture taken with them. We predict that pink elastic sleeve bands will be the snappy thing next.

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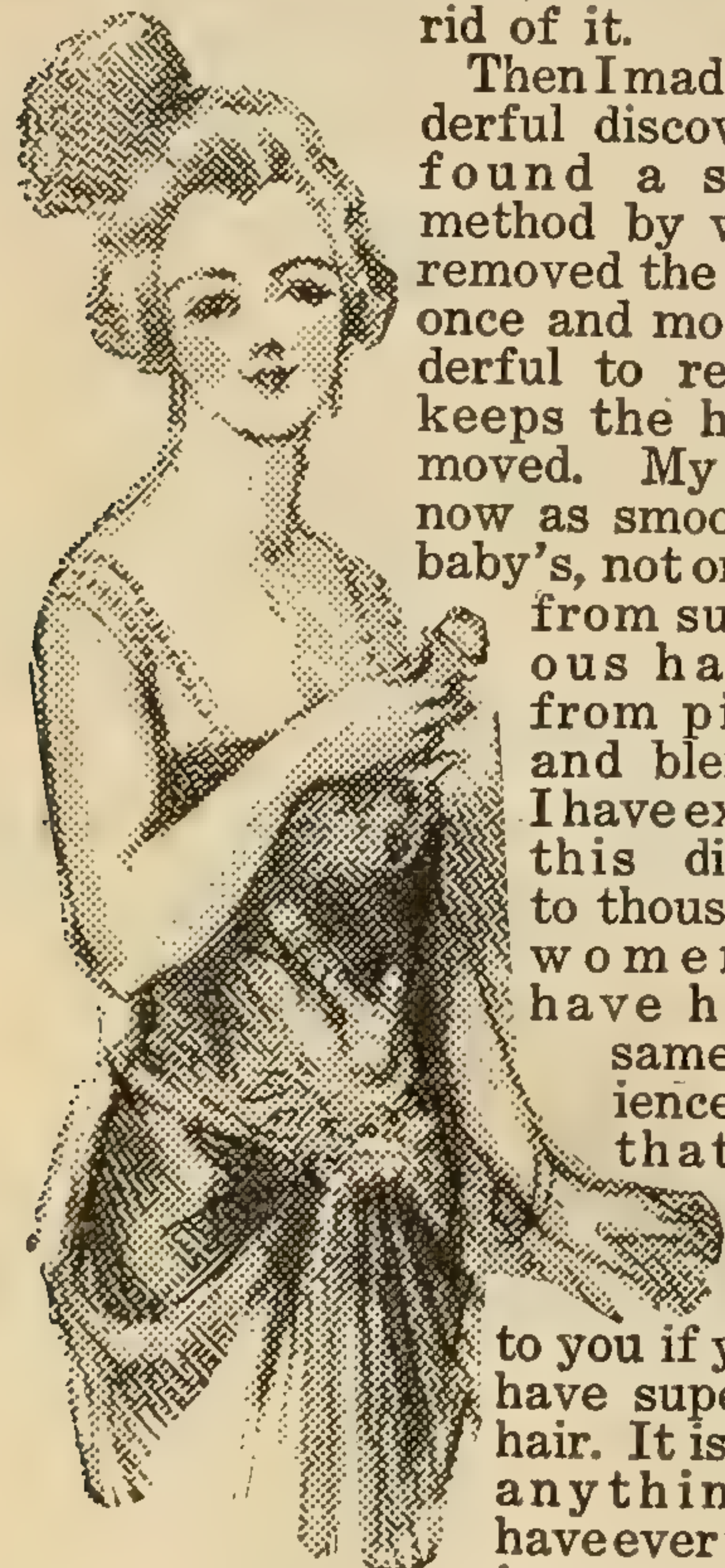
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The Editor Reviews the New Films—From page 52

New Screenplays in Review

the real reason why *Tiger Rose* has not edge of interest.

A Box Office Tale and That's All

SLAVE OF DESIRE is one of those so-called "box office titles," this time given to a film version of Honore de Balzac's immortal tale, *The Magic Skin*. The magic skin brings the wealth of the world to its owner as the gratification of a mere wish but it grows steadily smaller with each wish—and brings death with the last one. Charles Whittaker's film version shows the spell being broken finally by an unselfish wish. Mr. Whittaker's version, however, is very dull stuff, indeed. Here is an annoying evening in the theatre.

Stephen Steps Out, adapted from a Richard Harding Davis story, served to introduce Doug Fairbanks, Jr., to the more or less waiting world. Judging from present indications, it may be his last appearance, for something seems to have intervened between the younger Fairbanks and a screen career. Anyway, the Famous Players didn't renew their option upon his services after this one effort.

Yet *Stephen Steps Out* isn't bad at all—and Doug, Jr., is pleasantly—if mildly—ingratiating. The story is just a boyish tale of adventure at school and later in far off Turkey. You'll see many a worse screenplay almost any evening. Yet, somehow, I hope Doug, Jr., doesn't go on with his screen career—at least just

now. He is too nice a boy to be spoiled by studio artificialities, menacing enough in themselves to break many an older person. I, for one, would rather see him a year from now as honestly boyish as when I met him recently than the film idol of all the world.

Connie's Pallid Costume Piece

DON'T ask me to say much about Constance Talmadge in *The Dangerous Maid*. It is just pallid costume stuff with the waning Connie having one of her old brittle moments just here and there.

We commented last month upon *Long Live the King*, little Jackie Coogan's newest vehicle and perhaps his most elaborate. Yet this costume opus deserves further comment. This story, by Mary Roberts Rinehart, has certain human qualities, being the story of a lovely little royal prince. But, in it, I fear you will detect the same thing that is manifest to me—that Jackie is growing up.

If you watch, you will observe that a calculated technique is supplanting that once matchless spontaneity. In other words, "the kid" is becoming an actor. It isn't serious yet, but it is there. And it will grow. For that is the inevitable demand of life. And so the little boy who dreamed glorious dreams in front of the camera—dreams that came straight to you and me—will grow up. He may become a great actor—but he will never again be a child with the ability to dream golden dreams.

Announcing Screenland's Raspberry Award —From page 27

I can't remember the name of the movie. It was something about a working girl with curls who was chased around an office by a scoundrelly factory owner with a mustache and evil intentions. He wanted to kiss the girl. Leastwise, he carried on

like that. That was after he had put the key in his pocket. But she kissed the honest factory Sup't in the last scene." Surely some of our readers can help Mr. Strudel. We need his vote.

Kitty Kurves' Tale of Her Darkest Hour—From page 38

said he would pay me, and pay me well, for my services. All he wanted me to do was to pose for some photographs. Well, it had been so long since anyone had wanted any pictures of me that I was flattered and consented. It was not until

the other day that I discovered what it was for. Looking through the back pages of a magazine I found my own picture as the "Before" of a before-and-after fat reducing advertisement. This is, indeed, the end.

Lotta Lyons Tells of Her Darkest Hour—from page 38

gee—very brief negligee—and appear in a shower-bath scene. And there I was—after all my years of work and suffering

for my Art—dripping wet for the first time in my career. Stay at home girls; it isn't worth it.

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Not the Perfect Male, But—

By Eunice Marshall

EDWARDEVERETT HORTON took up acting because he thought it would be fun. With his first pay envelope came the discovery that it was merely hard work. It's been hard work ever since and the only ones who get any fun out of his acting are the audiences. Which is as it should be.

In addition to giving us a well nigh perfect *Ruggles*, Horton has brought to the screen a new personality. And personalities, Heaven knows, are far more sadly needed than new faces. Horton's face is nothing to write home about. It's a perfectly good face, of course, with the proper number of eyes and noses and ears, but Elinor Glyn would never pick it for her Perfect Male.

But when it comes to personality, the man simply oozes it!

It was his popularity at the Majestic Theater in Los Angeles, where he has been the mainstay of a stock company for three years, that brought him his chance to play *Ruggles* in James Cruze's picture, *Ruggles of Red Gap*. And the perfection of that characterization gave him the lead in Cruze's last picture, *To The Ladies*. In it, Horton plays the part of a male Dulcy, good-hearted, arrogant, provincial and *dumb*.

Edward Everett's parents had their

boy all cut out to be a teacher. He seemed to "take to" languages and English composition and history, so why not? The boy himself didn't have any other great ambition, and it wasn't until

his junior year at Columbia University that he acquired one. The university dramatic club put on their annual play, and Horton had a part. The thrill he felt then definitely lost to the teaching profession a most potent educator.

He toured with Louis Mann for two years, and then passed into that finest training school for actors, stock. Horton has played in stock in almost every big city in the country. At present he is doing a ten weeks' engagement at the Fulton Theater in Oakland, California, at the ex-

piration of which he is to do another picture.

He's a bonny actor! He can express more by a quirk of an eyebrow than most screen actors can with Expressions 1, 2, 3 and 4.

He has an excellent sense of humor—and good taste in ties.

And his photograph adorns the dresser of one who has been exposed to all the male charmers of filmdom, including Valentino, with no lasting effects.



Edward Horton

Authors vs. Producers

To what extent producers will be permitted to change the stories of writers is a question of great importance to some film makers, says *The New York Times*. The fact that the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court has decided that the Fox Film Corporation must defend an action by Frank L. Packard for \$75,000 damages has caused talk in motion-picture circles. Mr. Packard alleged that he sold his story, "The Iron Rider," to the Fox concern for a film, but that the producers made two films of it by using his title on a play he didn't write, and putting a new title, "Smiles Are Trumps," on his story. He asked \$50,000 in the first instance and \$25,000 for the second.

In an article headed "Grief," Joseph Dannenberg, in *The Film Daily*, declares

that this decision is grief for some producers, as it may mean that the picture maker must hold to the author's story, or the author can collect at law. He adds that this makes the Authors' Congress of last Summer wither and pale.

"All the kicks registered there were trifling," writes Mr. Dannenberg. "And if all the authors who are sore at producers changing their stories begin action, based on this decision, the courts will hardly have a chance to hear any other cases for the next thirteen years. The grave question arises as to just what a producer buys when he purchases the picture rights to material. Of course, in the Packard-Fox case it was a bit different. Packard sued Fox because the latter had used his name to a story 'altogether



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different' from what had been sold to the producer."

Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-President of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, when asked about the court decision, said:

"As was so often pointed out at the International Congress on Motion Picture Arts, held at the Waldorf-Astoria last June, a novel and a motion picture are essentially different art forms. Both have in common the telling of a story by characterization, but a novel depends on conversation and philosophizing, while the motion picture must tell the story by action. Consequently a director must confine himself to use whatever pictorial material can be brought within the range of the camera, and to this end he must necessarily make deviations from the incidents and situations described in some sixty thousand of a novelist's words.

"I hold no brief for buying a title and throwing the story away. That has never been the policy of our concern. I do not believe that it is good policy to buy the screen rights to a widely read novel and then change the title. I do believe, however, that when the title is obviously unsuited to motion-picture purposes it should be discarded for a better one, and I believe we are justified in changing the title of a story such as Julian Street's 'Rita Coventry,' of which probably not more than 25,000 copies have been sold, although it is an excellent and well-told story. As a novel it never achieved any great success, and probably not more than 40,000 persons, mostly in New York, have read Mr. Street's story. Who are they compared to the millions of people who will see the picture which William de Mille has produced? And the title, 'Don't Call It Love,' which has been chosen for the picture, will of itself attract to the theatres ten times as many people as have read the novel.

The Rheumatic History

—From page 37

the same time. The loss of the cuckoo, which was thrashed out for years in the courts, was a stroke of luck for Coogan. The camera worked just as well without it, and as it had a bad habit of flying out and biting the players, it was often an inconvenience in the studio.

While the storm clouds gathered around Coogan, Mr. Montgomery, father of Baby Peggy, jumped into the fray and defied the then really infant industry by operating a studio in the Rare Print Room of the Metropolitan Art Museum, where he worked for two weeks without being discovered by the public or the attendants.

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Your eyes are like loot from a cathedral.—*Eleanor Hollowell Abbott.*

Fleeting as a ferryboat shoe shine.—*Franklin P. Adams.*

He felt like the symptoms on a medicine bottle.—*George Ade.*

Verse . . . as liquid and persuasive as drifting in a gondola.—*Conrad Aiken.*

So thin that she could fall through a flute and never strike a note.—*Anon.*

Homely as Mrs. Devil.—*Anon.*

Dumb as the man who thought a football coach has four wheels.—*Anon.*

Unlike as a yacht and a coal barge.—*Anon.*

Infinitesimal as a defeated candidate's opinion of himself after election.—*Anon.*

Acrimonious as post-mortems of the bridge table.—*Anon.*

About as neat as a coal-heaver's nails.—*Anon.*

He ran for third base like a wholesale bootlegger pursued by revenuers.—*Anon.*

About as much privacy as a statue in the park.—*Anon.*

Some men are like the Einstein theory—nobody at home understands them.—*Anon.*

Noisy as iron waves splashing and dashing on an iron ocean.—*Anon.*

Her mind is like a sundial: it records only pleasantness.—*Anon.*

Different as Piers Plowman and Mr. Pickwick.—*Anon.*

Absurd as a Hottentot marooned on an iceberg.—*Anon.*

Her hair is like an exploded can of tomato soup.—*Anon.*

Distressing as an amateur cocktail.—*Anon.*

Difficult as to put a blister on a porcupine.—*Anon.*

No more privacy than a Broadway waffle cook.—*Anon.*

Littered with debris as a picnic train.—*Gertrude Atherton.*

Lonely as a bachelor looking at Niagara Falls in June.—*Arthur Bear.*

Harmless as filtered water.—*Thomas Beer.*

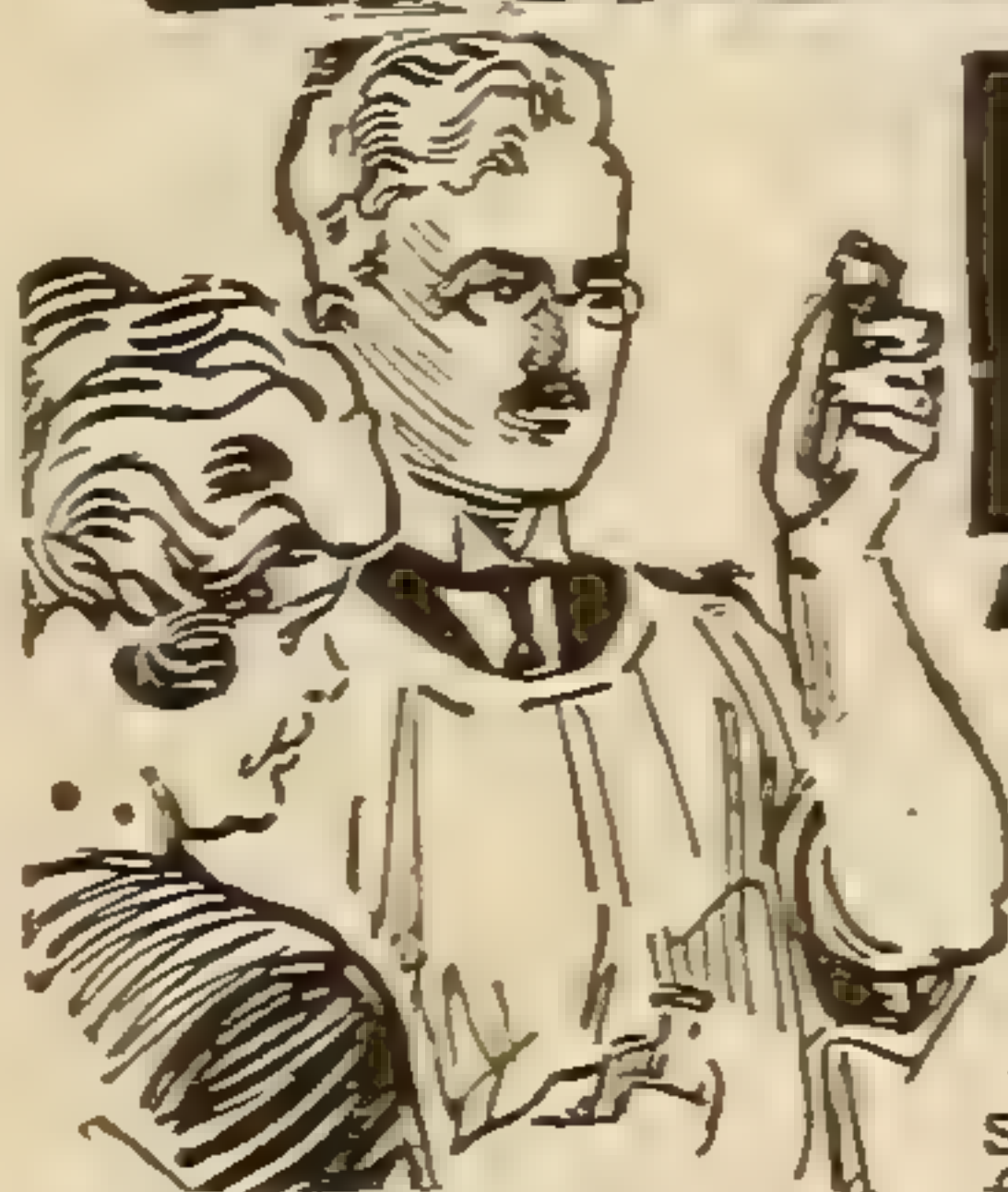
Scattered like storm-lashed birds.—*John Bojer.*

His heart knocked like a Ford car

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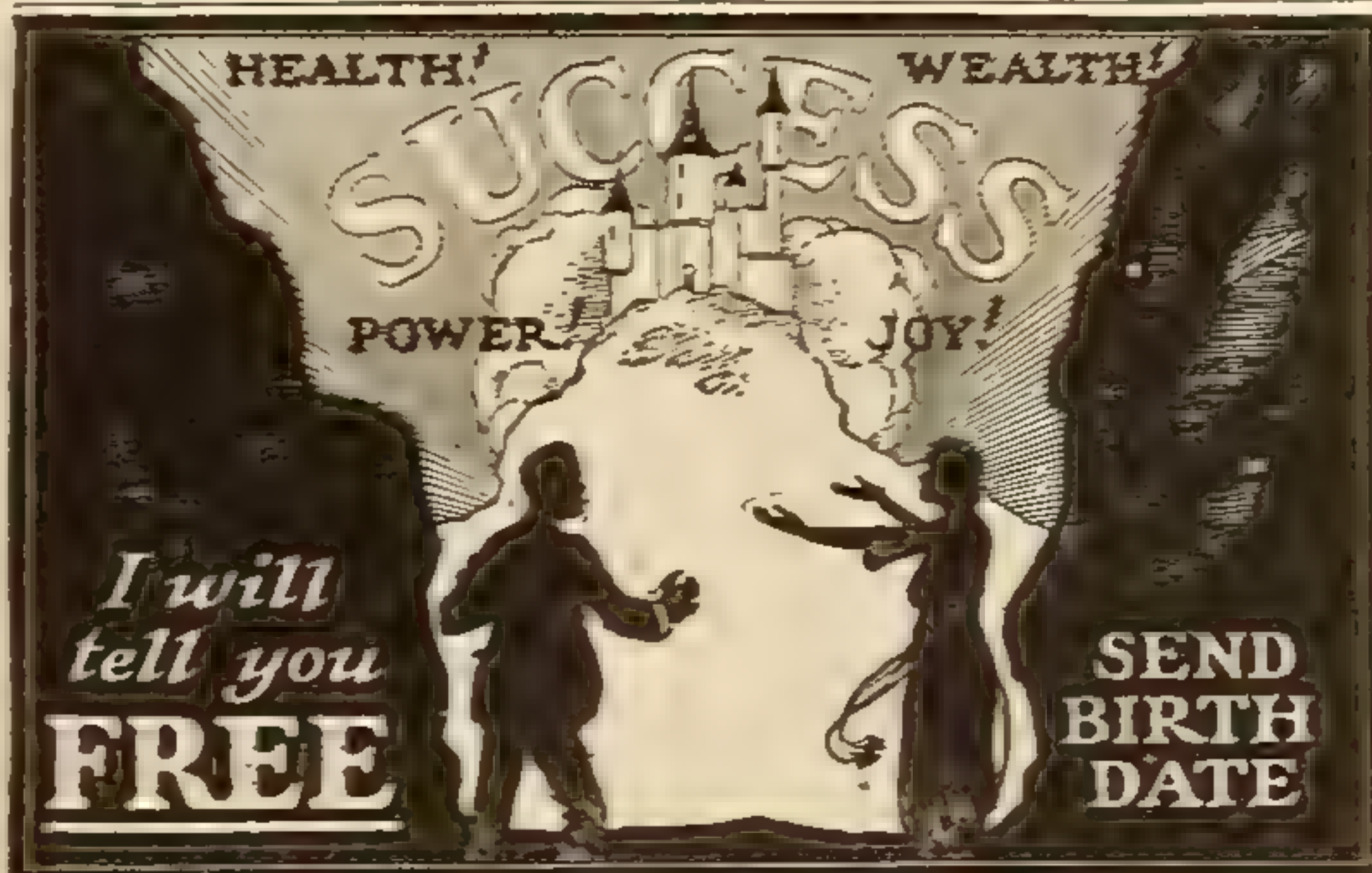
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trying to climb the roof of a Methodist church.—*Gelett Burgess.*

Vainly as one strikes at water with a sword.—*Witter Bynner.*

Freckles, like rust spots.—*Willa Cather.*

Woman is like a gun. Her range is limited. But in the home she hits a man like ten thousands of brick.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

Locked teeth, like the tight edges of a sprung trap.—*Irvin S. Cobb.*

The face of the world looks as though it had shaved itself with a broken beer bottle while standing on a barrel in a cyclone.—*Benjamin De Casseres.*

She looked like a fire in a pawnshop, fair covered with diamonds an' watches chains.—*F. P. Dunne.*

His voice was like a buzzsaw striking a rusty nail.—*Arthur Folwell.*

Her head poised like a parachute.
Zona Gale.

Bounded like a rate exchange when some one has trodden on the tail of a Foreign Minister.—*Philip Guedella.*

Felt as out of place as an Elk at Oxford.—*Percy Hammond.*

Apparent to the naked eye as the Woolworth Building.—*Robert Cortes Halliday.*

More money than the telephone company's got wrong numbers.—*Sam Hellman.*

Eyes slits, like wise, smiling old button-holes.—*Fanny Hurst.*

Face like a three-parts deflated football.—*A. S. M. Hutchinson.*

About as much chance as a quart of whisky on an Indian reservation.—*Peter B. Kyne.*

Slowly pronouncing and delivering the words like a man pitching quoits.—*D. H. Lawrence.*

Pathetic as an octogenarian messenger boy.—*Charlotte Le Beau.*

Durable as a pig's nose.—*Warren Lewis.*

Laughter, like love, is an expression of man's vehement revolt against reason.—*William J. Locke.*

Discouraged as a frog catcher in the Desert of Sahara.—*Don Marquis.*

Women are just like elephants t' me. I like t' look at 'em, but I wouldn't want one.—*Abe Martin.*

Needful as the sun.—*George Moore.*

Sacramental, like the sweeping of a hearth.—*Christopher Morley.*

One star, serene and still, hangs like an altar light.—*Maurice Morris.*

Beautiful as one red rose in a garden of lilies.—*Robert Nichols.*

Out of date as yesterday's shave.—*George Jean Nathan.*

Hospitable as a hungry shark to a swimming missionary.—*Frederick O'Brien.*

Firpo was as open as an umbrella.—*Neal O'Hara.*

Drab as the annual parade of the Columbia University professors making their New Year's call on Nicholas Murray Butler.—*Frank Ward O'Malley.*

The gray marsh clouds are tangled like angleworms in a pail.—*Elliott H. Paul.*

About as easy to do up an elephant in a shawl strap.—*Channing Pollock.*

A husband, like unto religion and medicine, must be taken with blind faith.—*Helen Rowland.*

Wistful as a letter lying unclaimed.—*Sara Saper.*

Irrelevant as discordant notes of far-off birds.—*Evelyn Scott.*

Menacing as metal.—*Vance Thompson.*

Happy as a traffic policeman with flat feet.—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

He never could get over a feeling that to discover a woman excited about an intellectual thing was like coming on her bathing.—*Rebecca West.*

About as thrilling as a lesson in swimming would be to a middle-aged goldfish.—*H. C. Witwer.*

¶ *Anna Prophater Satarizes the unheard of Father—From page 44*

The Diary of a Movie Pa

say mooron, snaps the wife, it is vulgar colleg boy slang.

How do I know, I went on, that I will keep on getting the 100 dollars after the 1st week or 2. I know a thing or 2 about studios myself, I remind her.

You sine a contrack, answers the wife, promising not to act, nor rite nor have no photos taken and you get the money.

Ill think it over, I told her. And so I went back to the garag and told Ben and Ben yells thats talking turkey so we sat down to have a conferens. So came nite and I went to the house where they was giving a party for swells to say Id take the job but the Deluge seen me coming

and made me set on the porch so as not to disgras her. Finally she cum out and says what do you want. And I says I want the job of busines manager. Well, she says, you manage your way back to the garag and Ill have your contrack in the A. M.

So here I am setting and wating for the contrack wich meens I cant act no more nor have no more pictures taken just like poor Ruddle Valentino. But it also means that I cant rite no more wich is too bad as I must give up my diry.

But Ben and me is going to take a week off and go to Catalina where we is sure to have a plesant time in the grate outdoors.

Mr. Wills says Directors like old locations best—From page 47

Shot to Hades

quite a bit of this. In fact, one could get his pocket picked there every day while his attention was diverted by a movie company at work. The city earned quite a revenue retrieving displaced comedy mustaches with early morning combings of the lake.

The combing puts the lake's surface and marge in shape for shots conveying impressions of the continental oases of romance—the placid lakes about which the man punts or skiffs the maid, depending upon the role in which he is cast. Only a villain would punt a lady.

The winding, gravelled paths amid the whispering trees, banked with dank verdure and beauteous blooms (I bet I could write a title!), are ideal for catch-as-catch-can love scenes, in the opinion of scenemen. That is why you see them so often.

The Busch Gardens as a Background

BUSCH GARDENS have superseded Westlake Park of late as a trysting place par excellence. Parts of the place are in a primitive state while others are carefully groomed. Both kinds of love-stuff backgrounds are hence eternally filmed there.

The actors in the garden party in *The Spanish Dancer*, Laskyzing Pola Negri, became Buschwackers for the day. Mary Pickford used it for shots in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, lately due to her satisfaction with the scenes of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* which were taken there.

The Busch Gardens are the boast of Pasadena, cinematic hunting ground for fashionably ancient homes and estates, sunken gardens, hedgerows, terraces and porte cocheres. One might even find a what-not or a lambrequin there. Screen thespians, by forever cluttering up the Crown City, excite no more curiosity in Pasadena than do the indigenous butlers.

Where the Fords Skid

IT matters not into which realm of the cinema one fares. The same old shots are doing duty in the same old way. If it be comedy the intersection of Western

Avenue and Santa Monica Boulevard is sure to stare you in the face.

The custard pies, hurled at the Corner of Comedy Cops, placed side by side would form a line nearly twice as long as that formed by placing all the stuffed clubs wielded there end to end or a distance equal to the sum of the diameters of the smoke bombs touched off at that locality.

This is the corner about which autos of every vintage skid dizzily in comedies. If the film drama is of the straight and narrow variety traffic shots are grabbed at Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue.

It takes a lot of drag for film canners to get permission to use the congested downtown crossings for automotive gymnastics. But they do it though screen photography has recorded every wrinkle in the asphalt. Ince, in making *Human Wreckage*, gained permission to stage a dash of death amid familiar scenes.

Filming Those City Fires

THE favored path for whizzing taxicabs, rumbling fire apparatus, clanging police patrols, limousines and other vehicles used in traffic scenes, so dear to the heart of the producers, lies along Broadway in Los Angeles between Fourth and Seventh Streets. The movies get some great stuff along this congested thoroughfare late in the afternoon, the open season for pedestrians who do not seem to enjoy the kick they get out of it.

And speaking of traffic shots, the jack-knife bridge at Los Angeles harbor has been shot at least once for each rivet by comedy and serial companies.

All of which bridges the gap to the maritime scenes. For across the double-action bridges lies the way to the crowded gangplank of the good ship Avalon, thronged with flicker folk bound for the Beautiful Island of Wrigley.

Photographing Catalina Island

A COMEDY gang can start shooting at the studio gate as they leave for Catalina
[Continued on next page]



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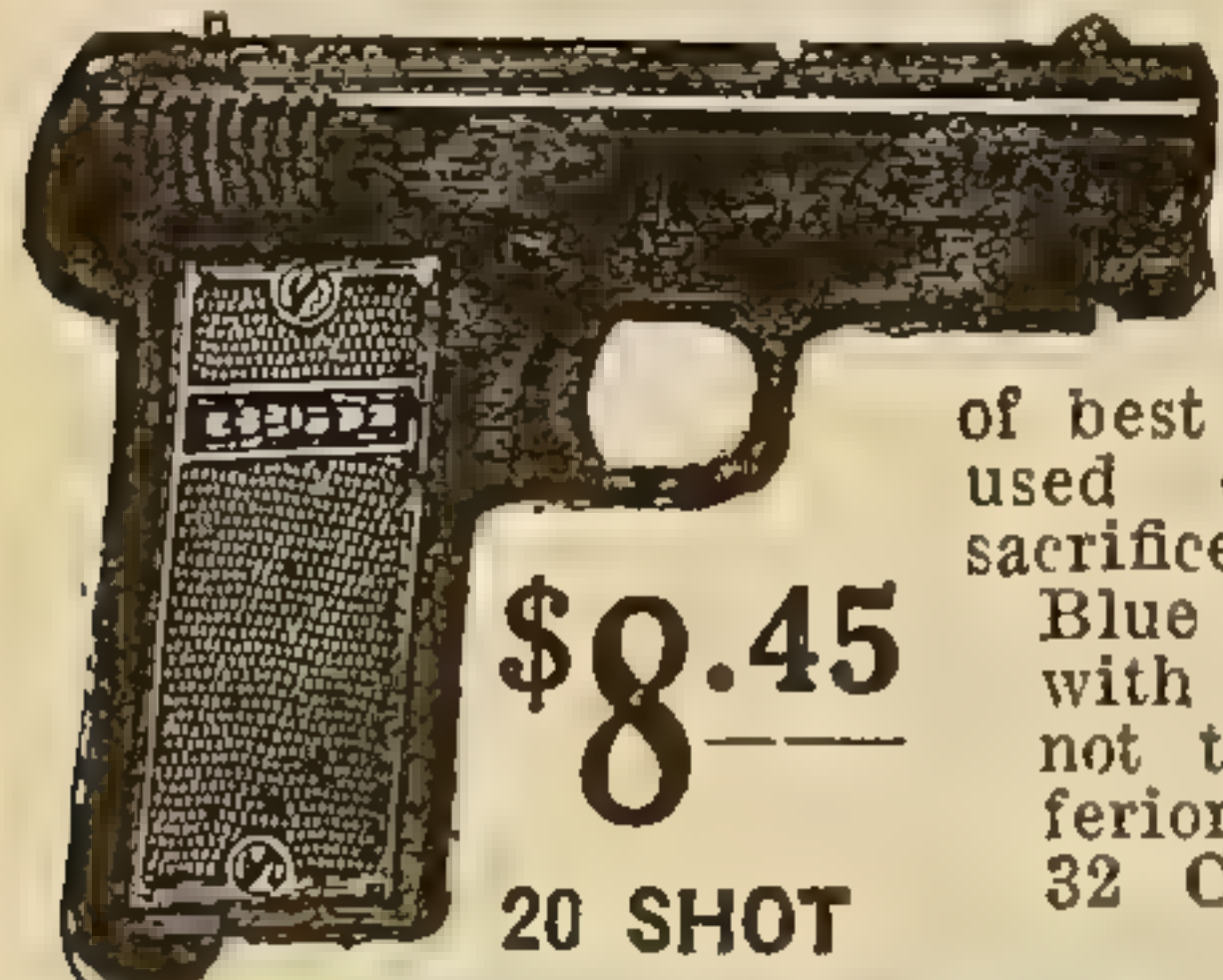
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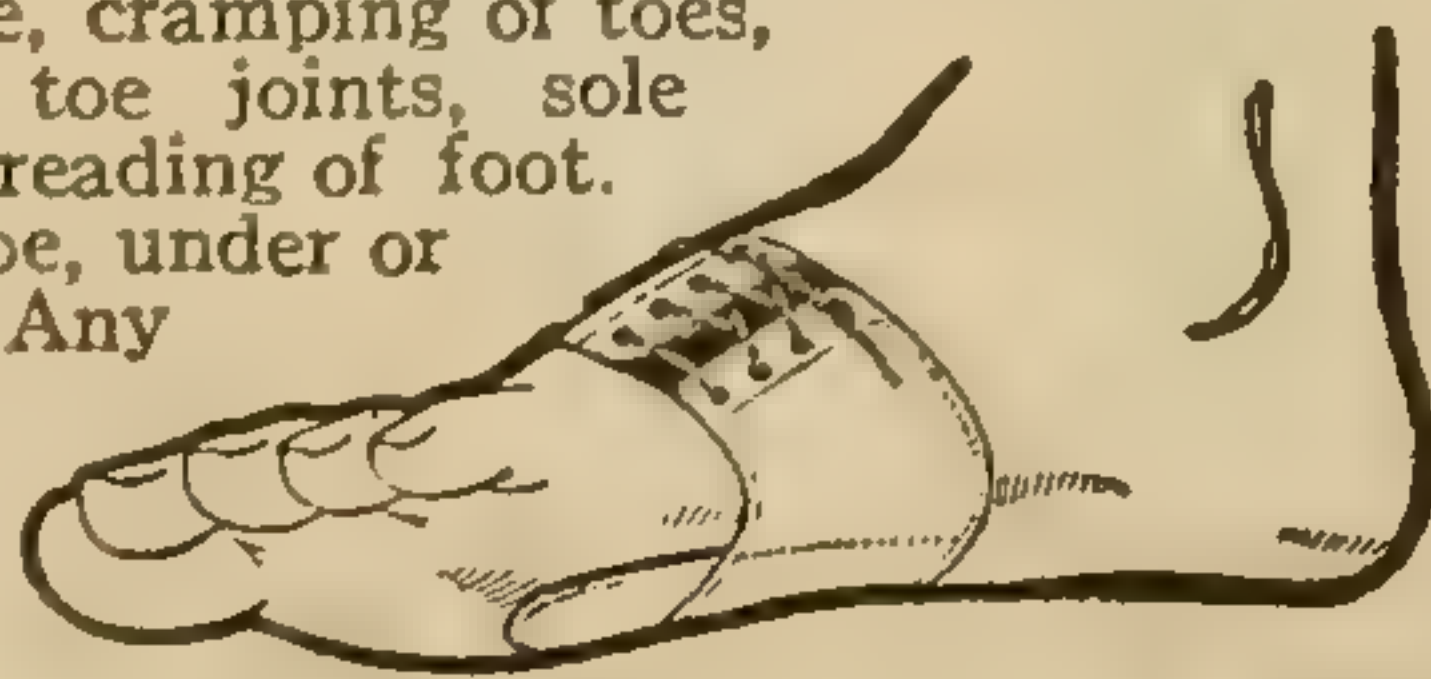
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on pleasure bent and come back in two days with a complete film, jack-knife bridge and all. Perhaps this is one reason why Catalina seems peopled solely by shapely bathing-girls, running from the decollette to the indifferent, goats, bands of pirates and smugglers, as is Santa Cruz, if one's geography is gleaned from the cinema.

The camera's eye is continually on Catalina.

"Rough stuff along the rocky coast, great dives into the sea, lost adventurers and that sort of stuff is made-to-order for Catalina," a locale scout told me, though I believe he meant it the other way about.

The Catalina boat is shot about three times a week by comedy and other small companies but the boats to San Francisco or San Diego are the ones generally used for the "big stuff," as it is called, because the rocky coastline looks great on the one hand while the open sea looks equally great on the other, according to the very words of a scene snooper. Then, too, he avers, in the latter case, the company has a bigger ship to work on as well as the chance of getting a shot including the battleships which are usually parked at each end of the run.

Moses at Anaheim Landing

It must also be remembered that when Moses, in *The Ten Commandments* parted the Red Sea waters it was not the screen debut of Anaheim Landing.

Not so long ago when the movies were as full of sand as the sandals of the numerous and overdone sheiks, the great California desert was in its heyday of popularity and crowded with homesick Hollywood players. You didn't have to walk a mile for a camel then. But it was used consistently before and has not been forgotten since.

Life was perfect for the sand-fleas when *The Ten Commandments*, *The Sheik*, *Souls for Sale*, *Bella Donna* and *Burning Sands* were made. Then they fed on fatted calves. And only lately Eric von Stroheim dragged the *Greed* company out into the alkali.

Although there is lots of desert in California whenever you glimpse a sand shot on the screen it is ten-to-one the cameras were cranked at Guadalupe or at Oxnard. Doing the same old dunes has made movie colony life one of just deserts.

Snow Stuff at Truckee

AND as for frozen pictures, those stark, shivering, snowbound features, which have not always proven to be frosts at the box office, they would not be properly frigid as to locale unless the outskirts of

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Truckee, Nevada, or the environs of Big Bear Lake loomed up on the screen.

It is safe to say that the Northwest Mounted Police have been able to get more men at Truckee than they have ever pinched in the dear old Dominion. The breeding and raising of malamutes should be a good business up there where the snowsheds begin.

But since Big Bear Lake is nearer Hollywood it is given the preference by less adventurous directors with home lives uncomplicated by suspicious wives or perhaps limited production allowances.

More beautiful screen stars have been exposed to frost-bite and the camera coincidentally up there in the cold and the snow, dying a death far worse than the death they are dying to escape the fate worse than death (No. 1, Stock Titles File, Winter Series, Exteriors Section) than anywhere else. In fact, if one should organize a club of screen belles who have contracted chilblains, divorce complaints or subpoenas there, the Big Bear Leading Women's League would be quite a sizeable association.

Each one would tell you that that place had been shot to Hades.

The Art of Patsy Miller

—From page 34

put just a few of my own ideas into my interpretation."

I am sure no one could be cross with Pat, not even the hard-hearted public, which may not be half so horrid and hard-hearted as some people think.

And then Pat told me some more of her wonderful ideas about the part and I thought of how fast this high-spirited girl is growing up and how each picture she undertakes finds her just a little bit different from her last picture.

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So Pat told me about Lady Macbeth and how she pictured that Scotch "vamp" in her own mind. But it isn't like Pat to be serious for long so I wasn't surprised when she suddenly jumped up and exclaimed, "Let's run over and see if Mildred Davis Lloyd has been cast for any Shakespearian roles today."

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